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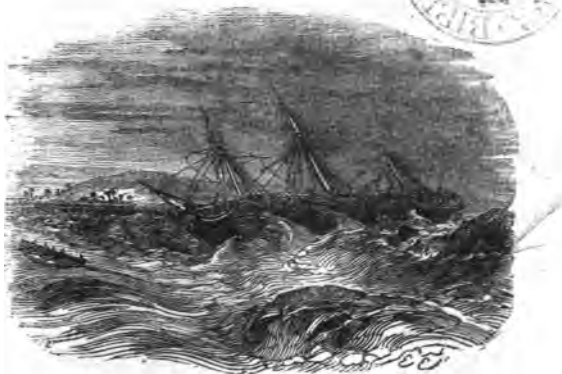
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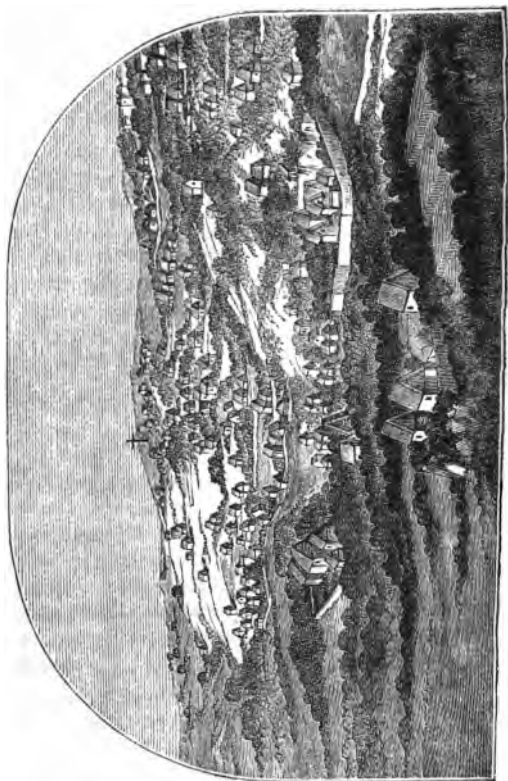
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PREFACE.

THE progress of every great and good work has been marked by frequent and some of them painful changes. These often appear in forms and under circumstances which startle spectators, and at times cause them great sadness and discouragement. "When they looked for light, behold obscurity." The harvest, which waved in the golden beams by which it was ripened, is suddenly swept away before a rushing flood. The topstone of a noble building has no sooner been raised than it is shaken and rent by the electric flash.

Thus has it often been with Christian Missions. Many and heavy have been the losses and sorrows which the labourers abroad and their sympathizing friends at home have had to bear, and sometimes appearances have been very gloomy, and events very sad. But there is nothing wonderful in all this. Such trials of our faith and fidelity are wisely permitted. Without them we should not work so well as we do, nor in so good a spirit. But are they always what they seem? Assuredly not. Look at the long dark night of storm and sorrow and slavery and death through which the Christians of Madagascar stood firm and suffered for the Saviour. Was that merely a time of evil? You know it was far otherwise. And when the news reached this country that good John Williams had fallen beneath the murderous clubs of the savages of Erromanga, how many tears were

shed, and how many bright hopes for Polynesia quenched in the shadow of his death! But what sorrow out of that mournful event? More pity for the wretched heathen, and a firmer resolve on the part of those to send to them the Gospel; and what, perhaps, most of all interest our readers, the missionary with the martyr's honoured name. And now she has sunk beneath the wave. When the news came, what sadness was felt by multitudes! But light is also rising out of this darkness. Though many young men had from time to time most heartily helped to repair her, the generation that bought her has grown up or passed away. Many of them, however, have not forgotten the pleasant time in which they worked for this object, and never will forget the part they took gave them happiness, and did good. From the day when they became collectors on the missionary ship, they began to think, and care and pray more about God's great work amongst the heathen than they had done before. And now her loss will be the gain of another band who, when this number of the Magazine comes into their hands, will be engaging in the service of collecting for a new ship. It is cheering to close this year amidst proofs that the young are more interested than ever in missions to the heathen, and we indulge the assurance that the Preface of the next volume will supply such proof of this as never appeared before.



PARAVOHITEA. DISTANT VIEW FROM THE WEST.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1864.  
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AMBATONAKANGA AND FARAVOHITRA.

OUR young friends who worked so well in raising the £2500 for the Memorial Church at Antananarivo will, we are sure, highly value the engravings contained in this month's Magazine. They are copied from photographs which Mr. Ellis has sent home; and they will enable our readers almost to see the scenes where the four nobles suffered.

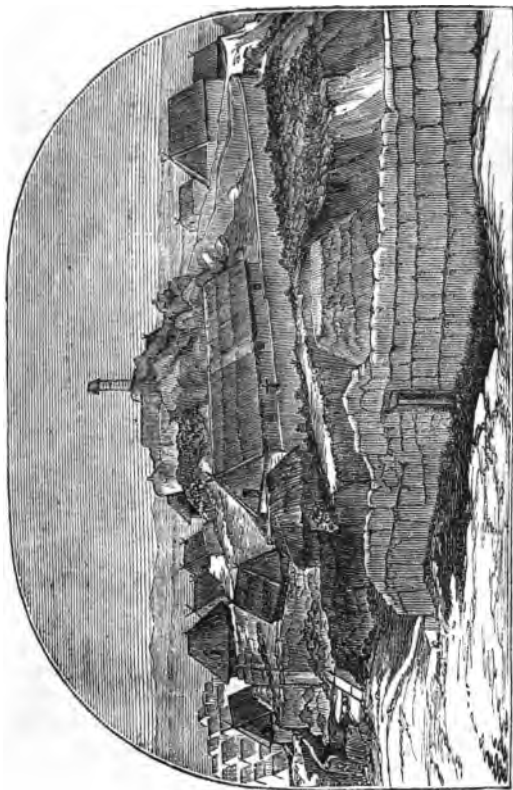
One of these engravings represents a spot named Ambatonakanga. You will see a house in the centre with the black cross. It is now connected with another house, but this was not the case formerly. This is, on many accounts, a deeply interesting object. No other building in the country has been so closely connected with the trials and the triumphs of the Christians. It was their first place of public worship. Here Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Johns, and other missionaries, preached the Gospel; and truly wonderful were the scenes they witnessed. Whenever it was known that service would be held, hundreds crowded into the place, and hundreds more listened at the door and the windows, to the strange but good tidings which

were brought to their ears. Nor was the Gospel preached in vain, for the Spirit of God carried home the message to many hearts. When the splendid palaces and temples of the world shall be as though they had never been, that rude house, with its mud walls, its narrow windows and its thatched roof, will be had in everlasting remembrance. Of this sacred place it will be said, "This and that man was born there!"

But, in 1828, Radama I. died, and Ranavalona, the late persecuting queen, took the throne. For a time, the Christians still flocked to Ambatonakanga. There, seated as close as they could be to each other upon the floor, with upturned faces and glistening eyes, the eager crowd might still be seen every Sabbath, drinking in the words which fell from the preacher's lips. But at length the darkness of a long night began to fall upon the capital. Command after command followed each other quickly from the Queen, which alarmed the Christians and hindered the Missionaries: and on Thursday, February 26th, 1835, public worship was held for the last time at Antananarivo.

For awhile this humble but honoured house of the Lord was unused. But, in two or three years, it was again filled with Christians, not now, indeed, as a sanctuary, but as a prison. Hither men and women were dragged, and were held in bondage. And from this place they were led forth either to slavery or to death. But a light shone into that prison, and, above the clanking of their chains, there was often heard the

AMBATONAKANGA.



voice of joy and melody. Thus to them the place became no other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven.

In that spot Christians had fellowship with one another, and with their Lord and Saviour. Amongst those who enjoyed this great privilege were the four nobles who were burnt alive at Faravohitra. Here they were confined, and here they might have been seen waiting for the hour of execution, seated upon the ground, bound with chains and surrounded by soldiers, singing hymns of praise to the great Redeemer, and thus preparing themselves for death. Nor had they long to wait. One morning, in the early part of the year 1849, the Queen's messenger entered the prison. When he appeared, the nobles, with fifteen other Christians, who were sentenced to be hurled down from the precipice at Arapimarinana, were engaged in their favourite employment. Still seated upon the ground, they sung a favourite hymn, which thus begins :—

“ When I shall die and leave my friends,
When they shall weep for me,
When departed has my life,
Then I shall happy be.”

But the hoarse, harsh sound of the messenger of death is now heard. He is pronouncing upon each the punishment they are about to suffer. As soon as the nobles learned what their terrible death would be, they sent to beg the Queen that they might first be strangled. But even this mercy was denied them.

And now all is ready; and through a doorway, which is not seen in the engraving, the four nobles

went forth to suffer for the sake of the Lord Jesus. As a particular favour, they were permitted to walk to the place of execution, instead of being carried upon poles. One of them was a lady, and it might have been supposed that she at least would have shrunk from the fiery trial. But no! they were all firm, and even joyful. They knew in whom they believed, and were quite ready to lay down their lives for His sake; so, as they went along the road, they sang a hymn which begins—

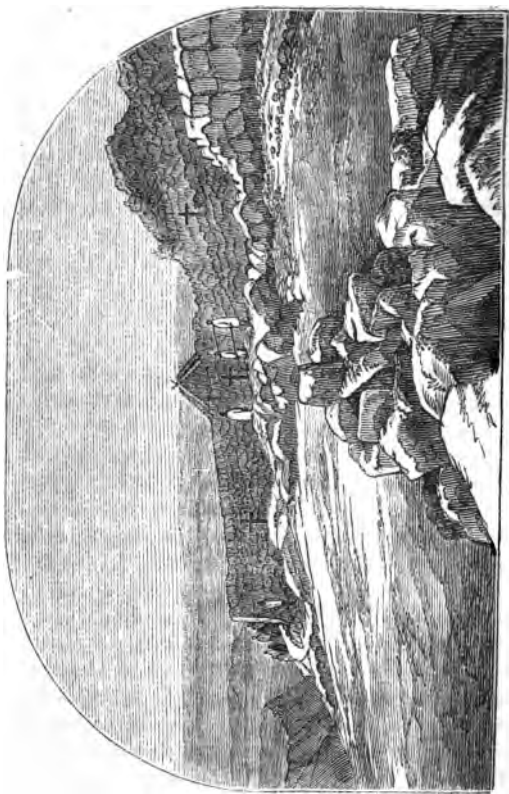
“When our hearts are troubled;”

And each verse ends with—

“Then remember us.”

Thus they came to Faravohitra. The stakes were fixed in the ground, and the fuel was piled around them. There stood the executioner ready to bind the Christians, and to light the fatal fire. But none of these things moved them. The pile was kindled, and then, from amidst the crackling and roaring of the flames, arose the voice of prayer and praise: “O Lord,” they were heard to cry, “receive our spirits: for Thy love has caused this to come to us; and lay not this sin to their charge!” “Thus,” writes one who stood near the martyrs, and saw that never-to-be-forgotten scene—“thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly—gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them.”

But we must again visit their prison-house. Shortly after the death of the Queen, and the renewal of Missionary work in the capital, the King allowed the building to be again used for



FARAYOHITRA, FROM THE SOUTH WEST.

divine worship. But it was soon found too small for the numbers who crowded to hear the Gospel. It was therefore resolved to join it on to another house that stood near it. So the people took out the ends of both houses, built up a piece of wall between them, and having thatched over the space, they prepared for themselves a rude but roomy sanctuary. The engraving will show where the houses were joined together. Within the space surrounded by the wall, one of the Memorial Churches is to be built, for there is not a spot on earth which the Christians of Madagascar regard with more interest.

Having looked well at Ambatonakanga, our young friends may turn to the three other engravings. These are different representations of Faravohitra. One of them is a distant view of the spot. It shows, first, the population of this part of Antananarivo; and thus proves how good a situation it is for the Church. There is no doubt but that here will be gathered one of the largest, if not the largest, congregation in the capital. And, secondly, our young friends will see what a noble position their church will occupy. When the four nobles were burned upon this high ground, the flames in which they suffered could be seen from the palace and from a large part of the city. And it will be the same with the Memorial Church. It, too, will be seen far and wide; and it will lead thousands, as they remember the past, to cry with joy and thankfulness, "What hath God wrought!"

But we will now, with the assistance of the other engravings, get a closer and clearer view of this

almost consecrated spot. At present a wall and a house stand upon it. These have been built since the martyrdom. When that took place the ground was open and clear, and the spots marked with the crosses are those where they were burned, while charcoal is still found mixed with the soil, which the natives say is the remains of the fires which consumed the Christians. Of course the wall and the house will be taken down to make way for the church, which will rise over the ashes of the faithful martyrs. As the good work goes forward, we hope to be able to furnish our readers with photographic views of its progress.

DESIRE FOR MISSIONARIES.

THE Rev. Mr. Vivian left this country last spring for Raiatea, and proceeded in the "John Williams" from Sydney for his appointed field of labour. On his way, the missionary ship called at several islands, and the following passage from Mr. Vivian's account of the voyage strikingly shows how eager the natives are to get a missionary:—

"Our long voyage from Sydney, though occupying nearly nine months, has been full of interest, and has contributed greatly to my experience. We have visited upwards of thirty islands, and I have seen the Mission field in these seas in all its length and breadth. You will not be surprised when I tell you that, on several of the islands to the west, the people are so anxious to receive Missionaries, that I had literally to drag myself away almost by force from them.

"At Uea, one of the Loyalty Islands, the natives were so anxious for me to remain, that they were ready to give up their lands, or anything they possessed, if I would stay and be their Missionary.



“At Fate, as soon as they knew that I was a new Missionary, they determined, if possible, to secure me. At first they tried persuasion; on finding this to fail, they next tried what brute force would do—they designed to carry me off. For this purpose six strong fellows came on board before daylight, and took their stand near the cabin stairs. Judge my surprise on ascending the ladder. I had scarcely reached the top, before I was caught in the close embrace of these six naked black men. They looked very resolved at first; but by a little coaxing I got my release, and when they found their case was hopeless, they desisted, and made no further effort. Every one of these poor fellows carried marks in his countenance of deep desire for further instruction in the Word of God. It was truly painful in the extreme to witness these things, and have no means of assistance at hand. Oh, that more labourers were sent forth! Truly, ‘the harvest is great, and the labourers are few.’

“On reaching Samoa, the same cry was heard from the brethren and people, ‘Do stay here; We need help.’ At the meeting of the brethren, no less than seven of the high chiefs came and made a formal request that I might be detained. Oh, if the Christian people of England could for one moment have witnessed the anxiety, or heard the pleadings of these men, I am persuaded they would think no sacrifice too great to make in order to supply their want. They said with tears, if a Missionary did not come with them, the priest would, and the people would be lost. If by gathering the whole population before me, to plead their own cause, they could succeed, they would do it, and 5000 people should come and present themselves as destitute of a pastor, and going to ruin. These things deeply wrought upon my feelings, and my heart melted in me for their sakes.”

BLIND BARTIMÆUS.

You all know the story of poor blind Bartimæus, who sat at the gate of Jericho and asked alms. You remember how he heard one day that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and cried to Him for help ; how our blessed Saviour pitied him, and called him, and gave him his eyesight, and commended his faith, and made him one of His followers. What we are going to tell you is not about that Bartimæus, but about a namesake of his, who lived in the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, and who was led to the Saviour in a most remarkable way.

The name which he first had was Pamiki. He was born a few years after Captain Cook paid his last visit to the islands. His mother saw he was a weakly and deformed child, and thought the best thing she could do was to get him out of the way. So she buried the poor little fellow alive, and left him to die. There, under the ground, he lay for a little while ; but God gave him strength enough to break through the clods of earth which covered him and to cry. That cry drew the attention of a woman whose only child had lately died ; and when the pitiful wail of the little stranger fell upon her ear, she was still weeping for her lost darling. The sound seemed to her just like the voice of her child, and, trembling with joy, she rushed to the spot. There lay the poor outcast ; he was just about as old as her own little boy. For a time she was rather frightened and astonished. Could it be that the hateful idol which she called God had sent her to this spot to recover her babe ? At last she took courage to place the child on her arm, and carry it home. There she treated it as her own, and for a short time Pamiki knew what a mother's love was. But when he was only in his fourth year, she died, and left him alone and uncared for. Everybody

turned away from the deformed cripple ; and he was driven off with contempt from many of the houses. Finding himself thus cruelly persecuted, he at last left the homes of men, went into the woods, and lived almost like a wild beast.

As he grew older he became still more deformed. Not having any one to love, and having received scarcely anything but cruelty, he felt a bitter hatred to all mankind. He committed all kinds of sins without any regret ; and when he did come into the company of his fellow-men, it was often to take part in the worst heathen practices. In these he so much excelled, that, after a time, the King and Queen heard of his performances. They let him come to their house, and he knew so well how to get into their favour, that he was appointed dancer and a sort of Merry-Andrew to the court. Thus he was employed in 1820, when the American Mission was begun in the Sandwich Islands.

But before long he suffered from a severe illness. He could scarcely use his limbs, and his sight began to fail. As he could no longer perform the tricks which pleased the King and Queen, he was sent away from the palace. Moreover, all his friends forsook him. Thus he lay for a whole month in great pain, but nobody came to see him or render him help. It was quite wonderful that he continued alive ; it was even a still greater wonder than that, that he had been snatched from an early grave. One day, however, it came into the mind of a Native Christian, named John Honoli, to try and find him out. After searching some time he discovered him under a wide-spreading covering of boughs, lying on the ground, unable to move, famishing from hunger, and almost blind. But his hard heart had not been softened by his sufferings ; he cursed the day of his birth, and wished for strength

enough to put an end to his life. Honoli had not known him; he had only heard of him. But he had received God's love into his heart, and he did what he could to help the poor sufferer in his need. After he had relieved Pamiki's wants, and restored him to a little strength, he began to tell him what a Saviour he had found in Jesus. Honoli assured him that the Lord Jesus could help even such a wretched outcast as he was, could give him health, and, what was far better, the blessings of salvation in this world, and a holy, happy home in heaven. Pamiki heard all this with great wonder, and while listening he forgot his pains. From that time he felt as if the power of this new Lord was already beginning to restore his strength. Day after day Honoli visited him, bringing him food and words of comfort. He drank in the promises of the Divine Saviour. The good seed fell into well-prepared soil. Pamiki felt himself less lonely. When his friend bade him "good bye," he thought over his words, till at last he began to call upon the great and wonderful God about whom he had heard for himself. Time passed more quickly and pleasantly; he prayed more frequently, and kept on repeating Honoli's words and thinking about them, until he felt that he had indeed found God as a friend who never left him. His health also returned, and at length he could accompany his kind teacher to hear the preaching of the Missionaries.

But now another trial came upon him. His former friends jeered and mocked him, and laid snares for him, in hopes of drawing him back into sin. But God was with Pamiki, and strengthened his faith and patience. At last the heathens gave up tempting him, and lived to see in him one of the strongest proofs of the power of that gospel which they were rejecting. Soon even the King and the Queen paid more attention to the Missionaries,

and throughout the Sandwich Islands a new life began to prevail.

Pamiki visited the Mission School and learned to read. He was baptized, and received the name Bartimæus. But, strange to say, he had no sooner learned to read than he totally lost his sight. He would not, however, let this trial stop him in his efforts to know the Word of God. He used to get the scholars to read to him out of their Bibles, and learned by heart verse after verse, until he could repeat whole chapters. To think over what he had learned was his great delight, and his chief employment. But he was soon called to perform other works. His conduct and character were so excellent, that, only a few months after his baptism, he was invited to become a preacher, and to take charge of a district in the capital, Honolulu. How much good he did here during his prolonged life it is not easy to say. His power of working hard was almost greater than that of any ordinary man's. The love of God, which had delivered him from an early grave, from exposure and starvation in the woods, from his hatred of men, and from his own darkness and sin, gave a life and a power to everything he did. His eloquence was almost like a voice from another world. Often have his hearers covered their faces with their hands as he described the awful majesty of God when He will come to judge the world. Year by year he delighted to point them to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" and we cannot doubt that, at the great day, many will stand up to bless God, who was pleased to raise up such a poor, wicked outcast to be a messenger of mercy to their souls.

APPEAL FOR SEWING MATERIALS FOR MADAGASCAR.

WE have had so many proofs that our readers are ready to help on the good work of teaching and saving the people of Madagascar, as to feel sure that many of them will be pleased to respond to a request from Mrs. Toy, who is labouring hard and successfully amongst the females of Antananarivo. That request is contained in the following letter to the Rev. E. Prout, dated September 9 :—

“MY DEAR SIR,—I write, through you, to solicit gifts of sewing materials for our schools, as I have greatly exhausted my own private stock with the class I have been teaching since my arrival in the capital.

“I have now a large class of poor girls in connection with our own school, besides the superintendence, in some measure, of the needlework at Mr. Stagg’s, and am very much at a loss for materials—things of this kind being extremely expensive here.

“We also want a little print or plain calico, as we not only have to supply them with cotton, needles, &c., but materials to work on. Many of the girls are quite able to make up plain garments, which could be given at stated times as incentives to order and industry, to the most deserving among them, and would, I am sure, be greatly prized.

“The women of this country know very little of the duties which we in England think pertain to the sex. They seem to spend the whole of their time in idleness. As is the case in all countries where slavery exists, work is looked upon as degrading. The houses are dirty and the children neglected. At chapel, or when visiting, they are clean and tidy; from their appearance you would never imagine the state of their homes. They admire

the diligence and cheerfulness of foreigners; and, should the Mission be continued here, I have no doubt but that we shall see great change in the domestic as there already is in the spiritual condition of many of the people.

"I have conversed awhile since for the family members of our Church. As I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the language, one of our deacons, who knows English, translates for me. While conversing in French here, I often feel very much encouraged by the attention and feeling manifested. One of the members of this place was one of the first Christians on the island, and remains here with affection his minister, Mr. Griffiths. He is now quite blind. Mr. Cameron has arrived and he carries Dr. Davidson's views to meet the new Missionaries. Mr. Toy will write shortly.

"With very kind regards, in which Mr. Toy unites, I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

"SAMUEL A. TOY."

A STORY ABOUT MONKEYS.

THE Hindus regard the monkey as a sacred animal; they therefore feed it, or let it help itself in food, and speak kindly to it, calling it pleasant names. In former days they say that monkeys were tame, and that they would put on if they chose to do so, but they will not speak that time should be made by work.

Let me give you an instance of how these creatures assist themselves, and how they are regarded by the Hindus. Early one fine morning, in the year 1857, two of these came walking down the middle of a road in the parish of Bangalore, in their usual style, with tails erect, eyeing us as we ran, probably to secure something useful for breakfast. Posing before, and then as they walked leisurely along, we saw a

numerous fruit and vegetable stalls, and stopped frequently to examine them; but the owners of the fruit were either too watchful in guarding their property, or they were too irreligious to admit the claims of Hanuman's descendants, for none of the coveted spoil could our friends profit by. They looked wistfully, and grinned; or they showed their teeth in anger, and, chattering abuse, passed on.

Presently, however, they espied a stall-keeper, an old man, squatted on the ground, eastern fashion, with a fan in his hand, fanning vigorously to keep the flies from his fine collection of sweetmeats. Before him they stopped, and held a parley of an amusing kind, which proved them to be keen observers. They found that the owner of the sweetmeats was perhaps feeble with age; or they judged from his countenance that he was good-natured and irresolute; or they may have thought that he was devout, and prepared to respect their demands. At any rate, they deemed him fair game; so they proceeded, to his discomfiture, and to the sustaining of their own reputation.

One of them boldly attempted to seize a nice, luscious lump of candied sweets. The old man remonstrated, fan in hand; *Illeiyé-yen-tambiyé-ap-padi-sèyâtchè*. "No, no; my younger brother, do not do so." The monkey renewed his effort to possess himself of the sweets, and the old man continues, deprecatingly, *Nan yeli*, "I am a poor man;" and then he suggested, "Yonder is a rich man—he is very charitable."

The monkey grew impatient, and darted forward to catch his prize. The old man raised his fan, threatening to strike the thief, while the other monkey, who has unperceived slipped round behind, quietly thrust his paw forward, and bore off the booty, which they both retired to share, leaving the poor old man to bemoan his fate, and lament the freaks of his gods.—*Missionary Recorder*.

AN ATTEMPT TO DO GOOD.

THE following is an extract of a letter from the wife of an American Missionary in Madura. It is a pleasant instance of a desire on the part of a simple-minded Hindoo woman to obey the command, "To do good and communicate forget not."

"I had not lighted my lamp after tea, when the school cook-woman came in. She is a very faithful servant, a very earnest Christian, and I can always understand her Tamil. I really love her very much. So I said, 'Come, sit down,' very cordially. 'I came to say a little to you,' she said. 'I have been to see Apparvoo's mother to-day, and she wanted me to get your favour. Vetham's daughter will marry Apparvoo, and she don't know how to read, and hasn't got sense like your school-girls. She will be just like heathen girls; and, if Apparvoo has a good learned girl for his wife, there will be great joy to me,' she said. 'She wants you to let her come to school, and, when she is like other girls, she can be married to Apparvoo. Here is my husband,' she said, 'and all my boys, getting so much good sense, I want her to be a reader.

" 'I think,' the cook-woman continued, 'that Apparvoo's mother did not like to see me at first. I never went there till last week, and didn't know the house. Apparvoo told me that when he said things about our religion, his mother was angry, and he asked me if I would go and try to do her some good. (The cook-woman was formerly a Roman Catholic). So I asked your leave, and Gabriel showed me the house. His mother was not very joyful to see me; but I only spoke a little and came away. I thought I wouldn't say any-

thing about our religion the first time.' Here was wisdom from a Hindoo woman's heart!

"'Severymmal,' I said, 'you must ask Jesus to go with you.' 'Didn't I?' she said, eagerly. 'When Apparvoo asked me, I thought, What can a poor woman like me do? Didn't I? When my work was done, I went into the little prayer-house, and asked Jesus to send the Holy Spirit in first, to make a little place for me.'

"'Do you think He did?' I asked. 'Didn't I ask Him to? I asked Him with all my heart! Two days after, I went again, and she spoke more kindly to me; and the next day she began to tell me how much the boys were learning; and the next day she said she would go to church if she wasn't afraid of the Roman Catholics; and the next day I talked a little about Jesus. I shall pray with her some day, and if she comes to our religion, I shall rejoice very much.'"



SPREAD THE GOSPEL.

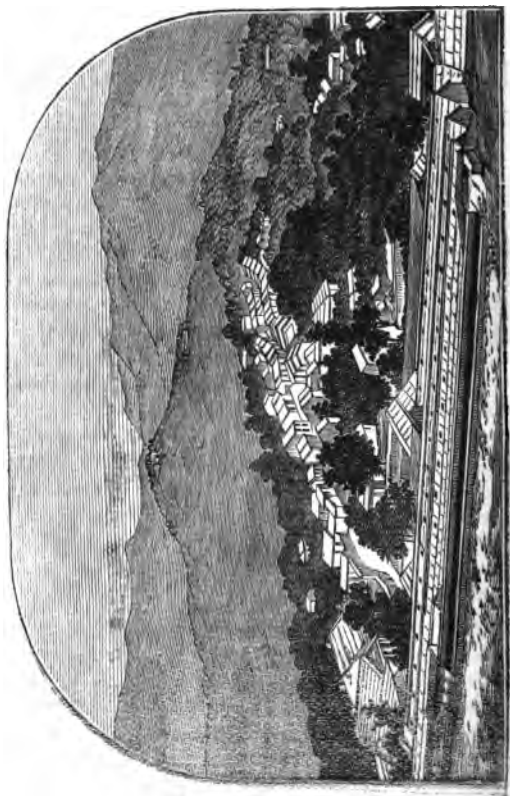
Songs of praise to God we raise,
For the Gospel, given
Us to teach how we may reach
Happy homes in heaven.

Chorus.—Spread the Gospel banner wide,
Tell the world its story;
Jesus Christ has lived and died,
Now He reigns in glory.

But while we rejoice to see
Gospel light and gladness,
Millions yet in darkness wait,
Filled with deepest sadness.

Hark, the word our risen Lord
Speaks to us from glory!
"Children, go! To all below
Tell the wondrous story.

"Go, proclaim my saving name,
Till my full salvation
Banish night, and fill with light
Every darkened nation."



ALMORAH.

THE
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FEBRUARY, 1864.  
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ALMORAH.

THE Frontispiece is copied from a beautiful photographic view of Almorah, a city in India, the capital of a district in Northern Hindustan, called Kumaon. It stands upon the ridge of a mountain, nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea; but upon the north-east rise the mighty Himalayas, to the height of 26,000 feet. Almorah is one of the stations of the London Missionary Society, and it was selected by the Directors, not only because the people around it were sitting in darkness, but also because the air there is so fresh, and the climate so bracing, that it would form a healthy and pleasant retreat for missionaries who had suffered from their labours in the scorching plains to the south. And most lovely is the country all around and beyond it. Thousands who have lived long in the warmer parts of India, feel, as they rise from the sun-burnt plain upwards to this city, and as they advance beyond it, the wonderful refreshment of the change. They seem as if they drew in new life with every breath, while all around them the trees and flowers and fields

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THE MISSIONARY'S VOYAGE TO INDIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—During my short stay in England at the beginning of this year, I added so many of you to the circle of my friends, and felt so much pleasure in meeting you in your different schools and missionary meetings, that I am still desirous of keeping up my acquaintance with you. This I hope to do by occasionally sending a letter to you through your magazine.

I left England in May last, in order to return to my station, and I am happy to tell you that the Lord, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, took care of me and all besides in the ship, and brought us in safety to this dark heathen land. And now, in good health and strength, I am once more among my people in Travancore.

When I was a little boy, I used often to stand on the Devonshire coast and see the ships passing and going right away out of sight of land to the other end of the world ; and it seemed to me a very wonderful thing that they ever found their way to such distant places and then got back again to dear old England. Those ships, with their great hulls, and their canvas wings spread to the wind, seemed to me like living things.

But when I thought in this way I was a child, as many of you are now. But since I became a man I have taken three long voyages—first to India, then back to England, then to India again. And now I know that the ship is not a large sea-bird wandering over the watery world, but that she must be under the management of clever and brave men, who are able to take her from port to port, and control her in wind and storm. It is the captain who decides which way to go, and the sailors steer according to his directions. So it is by the great goodness of our God, who holds the water in the hollow of

His hand, and who keeps the winds in His fists, that those people are at all able to do business in the great waters, and missionaries are able to go to distant lands to preach the everlasting gospel to the heathen.

I was exactly twelve weeks on board the ship, having seen land but twice all the time. The first land we saw was the island of Madeira, a fortnight after we left Gravesend. The next which gladdened our eyes was the island of Ceylon, five days before we reached Madras.

But during that time we saw many ships, some going back to England, and others going out to different parts of the world. We spoke with some of them, and sent letters home by one. Yes, "spoke" with some of the ships, and that even though they were two or three miles off. Some of you elder boys, who see the newspapers now and then, sometimes see a line, "Ships spoken with," and there follows a list of ships and figures, showing the latitude and longitude of the places where they were spoken with. I will tell you how this is done. Every English ship (and many foreign ships besides) carries thirteen or fourteen flags of different colours and shapes, and to each flag a number is given—one, two, three, four, &c. Then with these flags a book is always sent, and in it is printed the names of every ship that sails out of England or to England, and even the names of many that do not go to England at all. This is prepared with great care, and additions are made to it every year. To every ship a number is given, so that when that number is shown by the flags the name of the ship is known—for people look at their book and find it out. Besides the names of the ships, the ports and harbours all over the world are printed in this book, and a number given to each; so that we can tell where a ship is going to, and where she came from. Then also another part of the book is set

apart to a number of sentences on every subject that is at all likely to be talked about at sea. Such as, "What ship is that?" "Where are you bound for?" "Where are you from?" "What is your latitude and longitude?" and so on.

One afternoon we saw a large ship near us, and by looking through the telescope we could see flags flying, and we read, according to the flags, the question, "What ship is that?" We sent up our number, and they knew it was the "Alnwick Castle." They then sent up their number, and we knew her name was the "Spitfire." We sent up other flags, saying we were from *London*. She said, in the same way, she was from *Plymouth*. We said we were going to *Madras*. She said she was bound for *Australia*. We said we had 60 passengers on board. She said she had 425 emigrants. We asked for her longitude, and after she gave it, we gave ours. We then said, "We wish you a pleasant voyage," and she answered, "The same to you." We then made our bow and spoke no more. Ships make bows to each other by hoisting the nation's flag, and after it has remained up a short time lowering it a little—then up again—and down again; the greater number of times the flag is lowered and raised the more friendly is the bow of farewell. This is called by sailors "dipping the ensign."

This is the way ships "speak" with each other. But sailors do not call it "speaking," they say it is "signaling." They speak to a ship when they come so near to her as to be able really to speak; and sometimes this is done.

During the voyage of twelve weeks we sailed over more than 13,000 miles of ocean, at the rate of, on an average, about six miles and a half per hour. We met with fair winds and foul winds, storms and calms; sometimes had

more wind than we wanted, at others none at all, and were then left

“Like a painted ship,
On a painted ocean.”

Once or twice the sea washed over the sides of the ship and entered the cabins, which was not at all pleasant. Sometimes the ship rolled and pitched so that we could not sit at table without spilling our tea or upsetting our plate. Very often the plates and dishes would all roll and tumble into a heap, mixing up bread and butter and biscuits, meat, mustard, and marmalade ; salt, sauces, and sugar ; fish, flesh, and fowl ; curry and rice ; gravy and tea ; pickled salmon ; preserved oysters, and “good red herring.” All on the table would be sometimes mixed together as no one wished to see them mixed.

Before we reached India, we crossed the line twice. We went so far to the west as to be more than two hours behind English time. For instance, when it was twelve o'clock with you it was not ten with us. We went also so far to the east as to be more than five hours before your time ; and so it is now with me. It is seven o'clock with me, and I have been up more than an hour writing to you, while all the time you have been fast asleep in your beds ; for it is not two o'clock yet in England.

Whilst on board ship we did not forget the Lord, who made heaven and earth, and the sea. Every day a few of the passengers met together for prayer and reading the Scriptures, and almost every Sunday we had prayers and preaching. Three times a week also we conducted a service among the sailors, and very attentive and respectful they all were.

God was very good to us all, for not an accident or death occurred the whole voyage, and there was very little sickness on board.

After leaving the ship I stayed a few days in Madras, and then started for my own station, which I reached in one week, travelling sometimes by rail, at others in a cart without springs, drawn by bullocks, then in a boat, and last of all in a palanquin, on men's shoulders. It was in a palanquin that I entered Nagercoil. Many of my people came out for more than three miles on the road to welcome me back amongst them. As is their custom, also, they brought many presents of fruit, flowers, sugar, plums, sheep, fowls, rice, &c., &c., and one good man brought me a pair of brass lamps for my table. They all seemed very glad to see me, and I was very glad to see them. They never compliment any one on their beautiful and strong appearance, for they have been taught to think it bad manners to do so. The heathens think that to compliment another is the surest way to spoil everything you compliment them on. For instance, mothers never like any one to say, "Dear me, what a fine child yours is!" or "What a pretty little baby, to be sure!" for they think you must be envious of them, and that you say such things for bad luck. Their habit rather is to say to mothers, "Poor little thing, how ill it looks!" or to friends, though they may be never so well, "Dear, dear me, how thin you are looking!" This custom led them not to compliment me, or they might have said what my English friends in the Mission said, "How stout and well you are looking!" And I am thankful to say I am well—God has dealt very kindly to me, and has done me good. I now desire to spend my strength in His service. There is much to be done here, and I hope to do much.

And while there is much for us missionaries to do abroad, there is also something for you to do at home. It is for you to collect and to give money, and otherwise

interest yourselves for the sending out of the gospel to the poor perishing heathen. This many of you are doing, and I hope you will go on doing this great and good work. It is also your duty to pray for the heathen, that God would cause the gospel of His Son to be sent to them, and that hearts to believe and receive it may be granted to them.

You ought never to forget to thank God that you were born in a Christian land, instead of in a country like India, where "the children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead dough to make offerings" to gods many and lords many, and to devils and evil spirits. And then in return for this grace let me beg you all to give your hearts to the Lord. The best sacrifice you can offer Him is the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart.

God bless you all, my dear young friends, and help you to love and serve Him.

Your affectionate friend,

Nagercoil, Nov. 3, 1863.

JOHN DENNIS.



MISSIONARY VOYAGE.

"Samoa, 27th May, 1863.

"DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—A few days ago I reached home, and will now give you some account of our visit to Fakaofu, Atafu, and Nukunono, called on the map Bowditch Island, Duke of York's Island, and Duke of Clarence's Island. Each of these islands is, in fact, a group of tiny islets surrounding a lake, or lagoon. Fifty-eight of these form Fakaofu; Nukunono has ninety-three, and Atafu sixty-three.

"All the islets are formed of coral, and are covered

with groves of cocoa-nut, pandanus trees, and shrubs, and those that are inhabited swarm with white pigeons. The lagoons are shallow, and are all alive with many kinds of fish. There is a fine entrance to the lagoon at Nukunono, but none at the other two islands, where we must climb the reef on the crest of a billow, which we found a dangerous and difficult task.

The appearance of these islands is striking and beautiful. Fakaofu, when we first saw it, looked like a strip of bush or hedge-row out of the horizon. As, however, we drew nearer, one island after another came into view; but the islets are so close that we did not discover that they were distinct until we were quite near to them. As we sailed round a little promontory the scene changed. First we could count twenty-one islets; then there were only six; and in a few minutes afterwards the whole lagoon, with its fifty-eight islets, lay before us like a splendid panorama. It was the same with the other two islands; and it is quite impossible to give our young friends any idea of the surprise and delight which the changing scene produced.

"On the 23rd January, at 11 A.M., we were off Fakaofu. The 'castaways,' whom we were taking to their ocean home, were at once sent ashore, and we followed shortly after. The king and the chiefs were waiting to receive us, but their appearance was not very royal, for they sat upon the beach opposite the landing-place. We shook hands with them, and then sat down upon some plaited cocoa-nut leaves. Let me describe the group. There were nine of them, sitting in three rows. In the first row there were the king and two principal chiefs—three old men. The king, named *Olika*, is a tall, stout old man; his only clothing was a narrow strip of cloth round his loins, but he wore a necklace made of a withered cocoa-

nut leaf, with ornaments on the arms, legs, and toes, made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. I had enough to do to keep my gravity in the presence of his majesty. Three ladies, the queen being in the centre, formed the second row; and the third row consisted of three chiefs, one of whom was the king's son.

"Having made a small present to the king, I told them that we had come again to their land with the Word of God, and tried to explain to him the nature of our work, and what a great change had been wrought in Samea. I condemned the king for being cruel to his children, which brought tears into his eyes, and then asked him to allow the castaways to settle again on their own land, and receive Mafata as their teacher. I sat down. After talking with one another for a few minutes, Foringa, the speaker of their parliament, replied, 'Yes, we have agreed to your proposition. We will receive Mafata, and embrace the lotu (religion) of Jehovah.'

"I expressed, as well as I could, our pleasure, entreated them to be kind to the teacher, and 'to turn to God from idols, to serve the living and true God.' I then said, 'We are going on to Atafu, and will bring Mafata's wife and goods back with us to land them here. We have also another teacher and his wife on board. We are going to Nukunono, in the hope of persuading the people there to receive him. But if they won't have him, we want you to receive him also, as well as Mafata.' To this they also agreed. This ended our meeting. The whole population was present, and listened with wonderful attention. They brought us young cocoa-nuts, and we sat and took lunch on the beach. The people half filled our boat with a present, and if we had waited half an hour, it would probably have been full.

"Next morning, as the entrance to Nukunono was too

rough for landing, we went on our way to Atafu. Maka came off to us before we were near the island. The king and his people, who had been 'castaways' with Mafata, went ashore first; Mr. Gill and I followed in a canoe.

"Great was the rejoicing at the arrival of Fori, the king, and Mafata's crew. They had heard nothing about them since they set out.

"The appearance of the Atafuans contrasted strongly with the Fakaofoans. It was clear, at first sight, that the gospel had taken a strong hold upon the little community, so great was the change.

"I examined the school, and held service. There were sixty in the children's school. Words cannot tell my surprise and delight when I heard sixteen little girls and ten boys read the Samoan New Testament fluently. I was not prepared for this. The other children were plodding away, some at the alphabet and others at spelling. Nearly eighty adults also can read. Think of this, after only sixteen months' labour; and if you had seen them, 'all ear and eye,' at the service, listening with wide opened mouths, as if swallowing every word, it would have made your hearts glad. What a pleasure and privilege it was to preach to them. They had never heard a white missionary preach before. What a great work God hath wrought here, by the instrumentality of two native teachers. Only on the 19th November, 1861, the teachers were landed. *Then* all manner of heathen abominations were common; *now* all heathen practices are given up. *Then* they knew not the God who made them; *now* they both know and serve Him.

"The teachers have built two lath and plaster cottages upon the beach, which are a credit to them. The chapel is better than most of those in Samoa. It is seated with native rosewood, with pulpit and pews on either side, for

the teachers' families, of the same material. It is thatched with pandanus leaves. The settlement is situated in a cosy little bay. The native village is to the left of the chapel, nestled in the bush behind, forming the background of the picture ; but the chapel was the chief object before us. Greatly delighted with all we had seen and heard, we sailed for Nukunono. There we found Oulua the king, and Takua the Popish teacher, seated on a log of wood on the beach. No one was near them, but in a few minutes the whole population was assembled. Having given a small present to the king, I explained the object of our visit, and introduced *Sakaio* (who stood by my side), whom we wished to place in Nukunono. Takua replied for the king, in a very ill-natured, angry manner. He was inclined to be abusive and impudent ; and first, addressing me, said that mine was the religion of the devil. He is the son of the chief next in dignity to the king, and was for some time with three others at the Popish institution at Wallis Island. Then he returned to Nukunono and persuaded all the people except one family to embrace Popery. I observed all were adorned with beads and crucifixes. When I appealed to the king to settle the matter, he told me that he left it with Takua. Of course it was vain, worse than useless, to ask liberty where Rome rules. I concluded by pointing the people to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

“ There was one man amongst the listeners who was more deeply interested than all the rest. His name is Pou. He is the only Protestant in the island. He had gone to sojourn at Atafu, and there learnt to read the word of God, married, and then returned to his own land. He has been bitterly persecuted by Takua, because he will not become a papist. He was willing to keep *Sakaio* and his wife, if I could induce the king to consent.

When the meeting broke up, he invited us into his house. 'Pou,' I said, 'what do you mean to do? You see the king will not take Sakaio.' 'Well,' he said, 'Misi, it is no good me living here. I mean to stick to the Word of God, but I can't live here and do that. I wish to go on to *Fakaofu*, and attend Mafata's school, and learn more of the Word of God. Will you give me and my family a passage in the ship?' Captain Williams at once consented, but asked how long he would be getting ready. I put the question to Pou, 'Oh,' he says, 'I'm ready, let us go;' and, suiting the action to the word, he commenced rolling up his mats, and in little more than an hour, he, his wife and family, and canoe, and all his chattels, were on board ship, and we were on our way to *Fakaofu*; Pou rejoicing over his deliverance. How different the state of *Atafu* and *Nukunono*. The latter is little better than *Fakaofu*, where they are heathens.

"Though it is but thirty miles from *Nukunono* to *Fakaofu*, we did not reach it till Monday, 2nd February; nearly a week (from Tuesday to Monday) on the passage. This was the most wearisome part of our tedious voyage. Mafata came off to welcome us with mingled tidings. Dysentery was spreading fast in the land. Several children whom we had landed had since died. The prospect was very dark for people and teachers. A deadly disease raging in that little islet, and no medicine nearer than *Samoa*. Sakaio and his goods, and Pou and his chattels, and Mafata's, were got ashore with all haste, and by one o'clock we had bid farewell to those noble men who were ready to risk disease and death to prepare the way of the Lord.

"We set all sail for home; and, after a run of forty-three hours, again cast anchor in *Apia* harbour.

"P. GOULD BIRD."

SUPERSTITIONS IN DUTCH GUIANA.

You have often read of wretched idolaters bowing down to an idol carved out of a tree, which their own hands have cut down. Though nearly all the negroes in the West Indies profess themselves Christians, in Dutch Guiana some of them still practise the superstitions of heathenism, and worship not merely dead stocks, but living trees. One day a missionary went to one of the plantations, on which several of these idol-trees stood, and preached to the negroes about "the only true God and Jesus Christ" our Saviour. On the evening of the same day, an old negress, who was still a heathen, leaning upon her stick, went to one of the trees which she worshipped, and, standing in front of it, made a deep courtesy, and begged pardon of the tree for the missionary's visit. She told the tree, and begged it to believe that it was no fault of hers, that the stranger had come and spoken disrespectfully of it, and expressed the hope that it would not be angry with her on that account.

The same missionary came to another plantation where, sad to say, many trees were worshipped. Not far from the house in which he preached, there stood one of these trees. It was a very large one. And during the sermon in the morning he asked the few Christian negroes who were on the estate to help him to cut it down. This they agreed to do. The heathens, however, knew nothing of the plan. If they had known, they would of course have tried to prevent it. Indeed, some of the converts could hardly shake off their former superstitious feelings, and were a little afraid to lift their hands against it. But when the missionary himself began to help, they took courage, and, seizing their axes, hewed away at the root with all their might. Soon after this, the hour of after-

noon worship arrived, and their task was not finished. They therefore left the tree to hear the missionary. At this service many idolaters were present, and he gave them an address on the first commandment—"Thou shalt have no other gods before me." All at once, while he was speaking, they were startled to hear a tremendous crash. The service was stopped; the people ran out, and there lay the sacred tree—the false god had fallen, and its beautiful crown of branches was lying in the dust. Of course the heathens expected that the idol would punish the daring men who had destroyed it; but when they saw that no harm came to them, the minds of many began to perceive their folly.

In some respects the superstitions of the people are somewhat like the fears which ignorant persons, even in Christian England, feel in regard to witches and witchcraft. Just as over the doors of many cottages you may see a horse-shoe nailed to prevent a witch entering, so in Guiana some kind of charm is often hung on a house to protect those who live there.

On the same plantation on which the tree was cut down a sick man lived, who was still a heathen. On going to visit him, the missionary found a mussel shell hanging by a piece of twine over the door. He knew very well that this was placed there as a charm to keep off any calamity; and he therefore told the sick man that he wished to take the shell away. "Do you desire, then," was the reply, "to kill my children?" What was the missionary to do? Perhaps some of you would say he ought to have taken it away, and let the negro find out how foolish his fears were. But the good man thought otherwise, and answering, "Oh, no, I will not kill your children," he let the shell remain. And then he sat down and talked kindly to the sick man about the loving

Saviour who had died for his sins, and was able to make him truly happy. He told him that Christ alone could preserve him and them from evil, and he encouraged him to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that he might be saved. The next time he came to that plantation, he called again upon the negro. He was still ill, and the mussel shell was still hanging over the door. The missionary first talked to him about the salvation of his soul, and afterwards said, "Now, I think I will venture to take the shell away." "I am quite agreed," replied the negro; "take it away, it is a useless thing." Thus patience overcame prejudice, and faith cast out fear.

But now and then a long time must pass before such superstitious feelings can be got rid of. Even those who have received Christian instruction, and ought to know better, are sadly troubled by them. The following is a striking, though somewhat amusing example:—About an hour's walk from the town of Paramaribo there is a mission station and a church. Here an old negro, belonging to a neighbouring plantation, had been baptized. He seemed so much impressed with the profession he had now made, and paid so much attention to the instructions given to him, that the missionary felt great pleasure in the old man. But, to his great surprise, after a time, the negro began to neglect attendance at public worship, and at length stayed away from God's house altogether. It was said he was ill. But shortly afterwards the missionary was riding into town, and met him. His head was tied up; he seemed to be in pain; and there was a confused look about his face, which seemed to say, "I wish I had not met you." The missionary spoke to him kindly, and inquired why he had not been to the church. The man pointed to his bandaged head, and said he had been ill a long time. "Ah!" said the missionary, "but

it seems you can walk as far as this, and so you can come to church, for you know you passed the church on the way." The negro looked still more confused when his minister said, "My friend, I see there is some other difficulty in the way. I have not time to stop now; come to me to-morrow morning; then we'll look into the thing thoroughly." The negro promised to come, and kept his word. He was naturally a good-natured man, and, as his minister was very kind, he soon summoned up courage to give the following account of himself. "You know," he said, "that on my plantation an ungodly old heathen woman is living. She has been for a long time very angry with me. While I was being instructed she left me alone; but since I have been baptized she has been as savage as a tiger, and has tried to do me all the harm she could. And she has succeeded, too; she has bewitched me, and made me ill, so that I cannot come to church. The missionary talked to him a good deal about the folly of such fancies, and about faith in Christ, which should set us free from the fears of man. The negro listened with attention, and every now and then assented to what was said. Finding his pastor was not angry with him, he drew nearer to him, and, in a confidential tone, said "Teacher, now I will show you something." Thereupon he pulled out of his trousers' pocket a handful of potsherds, shavings, old buttons, broken nails, and other rubbish, and added, "Look, she has bewitched all these into my head, so that I am often obliged to go and have it cut out; all that you see has come out of my head." Then he pointed to a scar on his forehead, and said, "Don't you see this cut? It has all come out of that." "Ah," said the missionary, "I dare say it was the man who lives at Wanika who cut it out." The negro looked at him with astonishment, and said, "Yes, it was he." "And

you were obliged to pay him for it, were you not?"

"Yes, I was obliged to give him about a shilling worth then; but, besides, how do you know all this?" "That is soon explained. The man is a well-known deceiver, who he said, takes always the people out of their money. Do you really believe that he drew this stuff out of your head?" He laid it in his hand all the time, and then cut out instead and pretended to pull the things out. I understood you, who have been taught better, can believe so easily a man's words." The angry coloured laughter, a new light crossed his mind, and a ray of joy beamed in his eye. His mischievous grin soon gave advice which he promised to follow; but then suddenly came near to his teacher with a look of confidence, "Oh, teacher, what shall I do when I find I have got some more of those things in my head?" "I mean to me, I like them very much." "Will you, really?" "Yes, really, really?" "Very well, I will." I did not know whether he ever did come, but if he waited until some more silver and pieces got into his hand, you may be sure he would a very long time.

You will be glad to hear that since those troubles among all the slaves in Dutch Guiana have been ended. There will now, we trust, be better opportunities than ever for instructing both young and old in that Gospel which not only teaches the duty of righteousness and doing "as you would be done by," but points to the person whom we may worship as divine, and the great love of Jesus "so truly and love."

They looked attentively at it at first, until they began to think it better to move a little farther from the strange noise. Still they kept staring at the waggon, without ever taking their eyes off, and then started off and galloped away as fast as they could. Thus one heavy millstone of care was removed from my neck. I then went and told the men to look after the oxen. They had wandered ten or three hours' journey away, and were resting at a muddy pool of water. It was a mercy that they had moved so early in the night, and that I was asleep at the time and not able to keep them back, for otherwise the dogs would have killed some of them at least. In the course of the day we got upon the right track again, and before evening reached the mission station. I learned this morn by what simple means that our progress was no longer in danger, even while we sleep."

It is, however, a comfort to travellers to know that there are much diminished in South Africa, the last few years. There are many districts in which they used to be often seen by missionaries; now, however, have to go to the end of the ordinary paths in order to find them. The Caffres and other tribes often hunt them with great success, even without firearms. A missionary tells us of one very dangerous lion, who had a great liking for human flesh. The natives found out where his lair was, and surrounded the place. As soon as he sprang out upon them, they jumped out at the very moment as possible. But a moment later what stood behind him ran up, and ran by the tall, then to his body, and putting forth all their strength, killed him dead lives the ground. The lion was violently swelled & in a moment it was impossible for him to move at all, & when they all rushed upon him with spears and clubs, and then put to rest to his life.

DELIVERED OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE LIONS.

"HAVE you ever seen any lions?" a missionary was asked, who had lately returned from South Africa. "Yes," he replied, "and have been a great deal nearer to them than I liked." "Let us hear all about it," said his friend. "Well, then, I was travelling to a mission station; my wife and my little girl were with me. In the evening we found, to our great regret, that we had lost the way. It was a dry region; no house, and hardly a single blade of grass interrupted the view over the wide wilderness, and we searched in vain for water. We were obliged to comfort one another in the best way we could till morning, and in the meanwhile prepare for a night's rest. The most important thing to be done was to keep the cattle from wandering, for we knew if they strayed we should not be able to keep ourselves alive long, from the want of water. My wife and child lay down in the waggon, and the servants went to sleep under it, after they had unyoked the oxen; but I was obliged to watch the animals lest they should stray. For this purpose I did my best to keep awake; nevertheless, I fell asleep. It was morning when I awoke. The sun was just rising. Instantly I looked around for the oxen, but they were all gone, and instead of them three lions were looking steadily into my face. Still, in truth, the presence of the lions gave me less trouble than the absence of the oxen; for I knew that if they could not be found we must perish. I therefore got up and woke the natives, and bade them go as quickly as possible to look for the cattle. At this moment the morning breeze sprung up, and began to shake the white covering of the waggon, which hung loosely at its side, blowing it up and down several times. This flapping of canvas was quite a new sight to the lions,

They looked attentively at it at first, until they began to think it better to move a little farther from the strange noise. Still they kept staring at the waggon, without ever taking their eyes off, and then started off and galloped away as fast as they could. Thus one heavy mill-stone of care was removed from my neck. I then went with the men to look after the oxen. They had wandered two or three hours' journey away, and were resting at a muddy pool of water. It was a mercy that they had stayed so early in the night, and that I was asleep at the time and not able to keep them back, for otherwise in the time would have killed some of them at least. In the course of the day we got upon the right track again, and before evening reached the mission station. I shared once more by what simple means God can preserve us from danger, even while we sleep."

It is, however, a wonder to travellers to know that lions have nearly diminished in South Africa, the last few years. There are many districts in which they used to be often met. By indiscriminate war, hunters have to go far out of the ordinary paths in order to find them. The Caffres and other tribes assure that there were great numbers, even without firearms. A missionary tells us of one very dangerous lion, who had a great liking for human flesh. The natives found out where his lair was, and surrounded the place. As soon as he opened and upon them, they jumped and let him get as close as possible. But in a moment, those who stood behind him ran up, seized him by the tail, close to his body, and pulled him all these strength, until his head was torn from the ground. The beast was evidently terrified for a moment, it was impossible for him to use his strength; when they all rushed upon him with spears and clubs, and soon put an end to his life.

"WATCH THOU IN ALL THINGS."

**Be patient—life is very brief;
It passes quickly by;
And if it prove a troubled scene,
Beneath a stormy sky,
It is but like a shaded night,
That brings a morn of radiance bright.**

**Be hopeful—cheerful faith will bring
A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise,
From doubt and murmurs free;
While, like the sunbeam, thou wilt bless
And bring to others happiness.**

**Be earnest—an immortal soul
Should be a worker true;
Employ thy talents for thy God,
And ever keep in view
The judgment scene, the last great day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.**

**Be holy—let not sin's dark stain
Thy spirit's whiteness dim;
Keep close to Jesus 'mid the world,
And trust alone in Him.
So 'midst thy business and thy rest,
Thou wilt be comforted and blest.**

**Be prayerful—ask, and thou wilt have
Strength equal to thy day;
Prayer clasps the hand that guides the world—
Oh! make it, then, thy stay!
Ask largely, and thy God will be
A kingly giver unto thee.**

**Be ready—many fall around,
Our loved ones disappear;
We know not when our call may come,
Nor should we wait in fear;
If ready, we can calmly rest—
Living or dying, we are blest.**

MORAVIAN.



SOUTH AFRICAN HUNTING.

THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1864.  
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TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IN these days of comfortable travelling by rapid railway trains, it is well for us sometimes to remember the difficulties and dangers of our Missionaries in their journeys through the deserts of South Africa. You know that, instead of easy carriages gliding over smooth iron rails, travellers there must put up with lumbering waggons, dragged heavily by about twelve oxen each, along rough tracks, in deep mud, that do not deserve the name of roads. Such a waggon and such a path are represented in our Frontispiece. If you turn to the number of this Magazine for May, 1862, you will find some account of a journey by Mr. Casalis and his friends, who were the first labourers in the valuable French Mission to the Basutos. On that occasion, Mr. Casalis, having to leave his brethren and fetch a waggon, which had been left behind, full of valuable goods, gives us the following sketch of the trials and dangers of the way:—

“The country we were travelling over was al-
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most as new to my men as it was to myself. We went straight on, as ships do, simply taking care not to lose sight of that point in the horizon which we wished to reach. This hazardous journey was, as may be supposed, accompanied by fatigues and adventures of every kind. Now it was a rocky ascent, that it was absolutely necessary to climb, at the risk of breaking our wheels; now a deep ravine prevented our progress in the most unexpected manner. There was one in particular, where we were obliged to stop, and, standing on the edge, we looked down with feelings of terror into the depth we had to cross. I looked to see if there were no means of getting round the obstacle, but in vain. After having wandered about a long time, we were forced to acknowledge the uselessness of our search, and to set about crossing in the best way we could. I hoped that the oxen, aided by the motion given to the waggon in the descent, would send it up some way on the other side; but the poor animals, fatigued with their long journey, refused to move, and the two hindmost fell down under their yokes. To increase our difficulties, we had not a single tool, for they were all left behind with my friends. My men unyoked the oxen, in order that the poor exhausted creatures might at least profit by the delay; then arming ourselves with pointed staves and sharp stones, we set about making a road. As there were but four of us, this was a long and tiresome work, and it was not until towards evening that we reached the other side of the ravine, where,

to our dismay, a still more serious evil awaited us. The natives, towards the end of winter, are accustomed to burn the dry and tufted grass which covers the country, in order that their flocks may find pasturage as soon as spring begins. The lightest breeze is sufficient to spread the flames; they climb the heights, descend into the depths, follow all the irregularities of the soil, and at night paint upon the dark canvas of the sky mountains and valleys which seem not of this world. On issuing from the dangerous ravine, we found ourselves hemmed in by one of these lines of fire, and, as to return was out of the question, we were compelled to force our passage through the flames. This was done without hesitation by the natives who accompanied me. Perceiving a place where the flames burned with less fierceness, they rushed into it, and, laying about them on all sides with their large carrosses, or mantles of skins, they had soon cleared a space sufficient for us to pass without danger.

“The country through which we were travelling showed no signs of being inhabited; the only people who passed through it were the Korannas—those wandering lawless tribes of South Africa, who had done so much injury to the Basutos. One evening, before we had halted for the night, and while we were still on our march, the chief of these wild robbers, accompanied only by a boy, passed my waggon without seeming to notice us. He was immediately recognised by my men; one of them darted towards my gun, and would have fired upon the enemy of his tribe if I had not pre-

vented him. This incident made more impression on me than any that occurred during my adventurous journey, proving that man is often more savage than the brute."

DANGEROUS SPORT.

IN a letter from the Rev. T. Powell, of Tutuila, to his daughter in this country, the following passage occurred, which will interest our readers :—

"I went this evening to visit a sick chief, who is suffering from jaundice, and who has been under my medical treatment several days. While in his house, a message came from his brother, requesting me to go to him, as he had just been bitten by a shark. It appeared that the man had speared the shark in the sea, and was lifting it up on a rock by its tail, when it twisted itself round and seized his great toe, and hung by it; he tried to shake it off, but in vain. A man who had been fishing with him ran to his aid, and thrust his fingers into the shark's eyes and pressed its throat, and thus delivered his companion. The toe was cut nearly all round. I dressed the wound, and hope the man will do well. I often hear sad tales of accidents of this kind; but the people are so fond of sharks' flesh, that no danger deters them from trying to catch them whenever they get a chance.

"When I was last at Manua, Tanga gave me the following account of a man who came to converse with me as a member for the Church. This man went out one day to catch sharks. His canoe soon became surrounded by a shoal of some fifty or more of the fierce creatures. He let down his rope, with a noose in it, and got it round the body of a large one, which he began to

draw up ; but the rope broke, and his prey was gone. He looked down into the sea, and discovered his victim, with the rope round him, swimming about below all the others. Immediately he sprang out of his canoe, dived down, seized the end of the rope, came up again with his prey, surrounded by the whole shoal of sharks, got into his canoe, and beat his victim to death on the gunwale of the canoe, and got home in triumph.

“The chief referred to died a few days after the visit mentioned. Very soon after his death, some relatives from a distant part arrived. They got cocoa-nut leaves, and ran round the house several times, beating the roof, and calling the chief by name, demanding where he was—thus : ‘Fui, where are you? Where are you? Fui, where are you?’ In heathen times, they would have broken up houses, or canoes, or anything of the kind that came in their way. For many days after his death, all trading was stopped in the village, and no one was allowed to travel along the roads leading to it. In the houses of every family at all connected with the deceased chief, fires were kept burning night and day, and each night large fires were kindled in different parts of the village, while bands of young men went about singing in honour of the chief. When they came outside the house where he died, they sat down and sang there, while a company of young women responded from within. Then they entered the house, and there chanted alternately with the women during the remainder of the night. On these occasions they did not confine themselves to pieces having reference to the deceased chief, but sang anything which was in harmony with the occasion.”

THE TOKELAUANS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The "John Williams" has arrived at Apia, on her way to Sydney, and this may be the only opportunity of writing to you. In my last letter, I described our visit to Tokelau, but confined my remarks to the place. I will now tell you something about the people, &c.

I am happy to say that the Tokelauans are peaceful and good-natured, unlike those who dwell in "the dark places" of the west, which "are full of the habitations of cruelty," where even children run about armed with deadly weapons. I did not see one at Tokelau. They seem indeed to be a hospitable people, like the Samoans, and very kind to strangers. Woman is treated as equal to man; infanticide and cannibalism appear to be unknown.

The Tokelauans are a small tribe, but seem to be rapidly increasing. I should say nearly half of them are children, fat, plump, and very healthy-looking. But, indeed, the adults are not amiss in these respects. None of them looked starved, certainly.

Cocoa-nuts and fish are their principal food. When Mr. Gill and I dined at Fakaofo, a piece of cocoa-nut leaf, plaited, was spread before us, and on it was laid a good supply of both. The dried cocoa-nut is the "staff of life" in Tokelau—their bread. It is soft and sweet, and I am sure you young folks would enjoy it.

The magnificent lagoons swarm with fish; they form the finest fish-ponds, and furnish an abundant supply of food. They generally bake the fish in the sun. What we ate was cooked in this fashion, and was very good. But they get flesh as well as fish, for the uninhabited islets around Tokelau swarm with sea-fowl. The cocoa-nut supplies drink as well as food. Indeed, in some

islands there is no other drink. In Fakaofo there is a single well of spring water; this is most carefully kept, but there is no other in the two hundred and fourteen islets of the group. But the cocoa-nut is altogether a wonderful tree. There is no part of it which is not useful. With the timber they build their houses. Out of the fibrous husk they make "cinet," or string, which, amongst other purposes, is used in house-building, instead of nails, to fasten beams and rafters. The walls, doors, and windows, are formed of the plaited leaves of this useful tree. And this leads me to speak of the houses, which are not like the "beehives" of Samoa, but are chiefly oval-shaped, and are low and small, and are sometimes built on piles sunk in the ground, which was most probably to raise them out of the way of the rats, which, sixteen months ago, swarmed by thousands, and were very tame and impudent. Captain Williams told me, when here in November, 1861, the rats were running over his shoes as he walked along, but afterwards they were almost entirely destroyed.

Let me describe the palace to you. Fancy a shed thirty feet long by ten wide. The roof is raised on poles three feet apart, about four feet above the ground. Of course, we had to enter on all-fours, and when inside I could not stand upright. The spaces between the posts answer for doors, windows, and chimneys. At night they are closed with cocoa-nut leaves, plaited, and hung like Venetian blinds. The house, which was carpeted with new mats, then looked clean and cosy. The roof was thatched with leaves of the pandanus, and was very oddly ornamented with black bottles, which some foreigners had left upon the island.

Their canoes are frail things. They are made of native rosewood, which grows on Atafu and Nukunono. Very

few are scooped out of a single log, but are mostly built of planks sewn together with cinet. All our boats in Samoa are made in this tailor-like fashion. When taking long voyages, they fasten two canoes two feet apart, by cross bars, thus making a kind of raft. They also show their ingenuity in making small fishing-nets, pearl-shell fish-hooks, and rosewood buckets, boxes and basins. These they eagerly barter, along with sponge, shells, and coral, for fish-hooks, cloth, hatchets, knives, &c. They are keen traders, and can drive a hard bargain.

All are tatooed, women as well as the men. The women are tatooed on the mouth—five strokes on the upper lip and five on the under, to match. This gives them an ugly look in our eyes, but not in theirs. They are also tatooed round the neck and breast (the pattern resembles necklaces of small fish), and upon the backs of their hands.

The king is the father and high priest of the people. He gives out all the food. He is chosen by the heads of families from three of those families, and he must be an old man. But he does not rule alone; he has also a parliament and parliament house. The spokesman of the king seemed to be the real ruler. But it is not easy at first sight to understand the government. One day I was making a small present—all right, as I supposed—to the nine rulers; but before I begun my speech the king's son informed me that they should all be made to the king; so the presents were collected and laid before his Majesty.

I think I told you that they have some sort of belief in an invisible world, in spirits, in the immortality of the soul, and in futura rewards and punishments. But I will say a little about their idol, which is named "Tuitokelau," or King of Tokelau. It is a block of stone about

eight or ten feet high, sunk in the ground. In this the *Aitu*, or spirit, is supposed to dwell. I told Mafala that I should like to send "Tuitokelau" home to the Missionary Museum, in the "John Williams." "He would sink the ship," said he; "he is so big and heavy." The idol stands in a grove of trees, just before the ruins of a burnt temple. No effort has been made to rebuild it. My prayer was that a house for the only living and true God might stand on the same spot.

They worshipped another idol, called the Disease-making God, whose help was sought in time of sickness. The priest of the god received and presented the offerings of the people and offered prayers for them. But all of them worship from fear, not from love. They live in constant dread of offending the gods, and the priests.

About the middle of the year a festival is held at Fakaofo, which lasts a month. All the people of the group come together to the feast, and while it lasts no work is done. It was a time of great noise and folly and wickedness. Their worship consists of praying and dancing before the idol. They presented thank-offerings to him, with a prayer for plenty of food, health, strength, and protection, in the coming year. During this festival the temple is kept lighted up day and night in honour of the god. The chief offerings are fine mats. These are wrapped round the big stone, until it grows to a prodigious size. And here the offerings remain, and as they are exposed to the weather, the mats soon rot and fall off, when they are piled up in a sacred place. To steal one of these would be thought a great crime. What a pitiable sight was that rough block of stone, swaddled up with mats, and how sad the thought, that beneath those same blue heavens, and on this same green earth, there are hundreds of millions of our fellow-passengers to

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When a person is taken ill, the family go with mats to the priest to get him to pray for the sick. The priest then visits him and anoints the part of the body where the disease is, with oil, several times. This is the only medicine used. In this respect they differ widely from the Samoans, who have numberless native doctors and medicines. When a man dies, his friends are very curious to know the cause of his death. So off they go to the priest again with more mats, and beg him to find out why their friend has died. The priest comes to the house and stands beside the corpse. He summons the departed spirit. He pretends it enters into himself (the priest). He demands of it to confess before all what sins he had committed. Then, like a ventriloquist, the priest, pretending the spirit speaks within him, mumbles out a confession that he had eaten faisua, a sacred fish, or some such story. The poor deluded creatures take it all in, and feel quite satisfied. P. GOULD BIRD.

A MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN THE SOUTH OF CHINA.

Our readers know that missionaries in China are in general kindly received by the people. The Chinese have a great respect for learned men, and they consider foreign missionaries to be such. They are, therefore, thankful for their books; indeed, they almost reverence any paper with writing or printing upon it, and take more care of books and tracts than English people often do. When, therefore, a missionary gives away a Testament or Tract,

he feels pretty sure that, though he may never see or hear of it again, it will be treasured up and preserved. In many parts of the empire so little respect is felt for the idols, that a missionary may take his stand in a crowded temple, at the very foot of the image, and declare that it is no god, and cry to the heathen in the Saviour's name, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth: for I am God, and besides me there is none else."

But this is not the case everywhere. There are some parts of the country where it is difficult, or even dangerous, for a missionary to travel and preach. This is especially the case in some districts in the south of China. I dare say you remember reading about Ch'ea, the first Protestant martyr in China. He lived at Pok-lo, a place about a hundred miles from Hong Kong. If you turn to the *Magazine* for June, 1862, you will find a short account of him and of his cruel death, and the following narrative will further show the difficulties and dangers we have spoken of.

A German missionary lately paid a visit to this part of China. Previous travellers had sometimes passed through the country and tried to preach, but had always met with great opposition. Among other places he wished to visit was Tungkun, a large town of 70,000 inhabitants. When he first told his assistants that he intended to go a little out of his way to visit this town, they shook their heads gravely, and said it was very dangerous; but at length they gave way to his wishes. In fact, the scheme seemed to all the Chinese such a rash one, that when the missionary actually entered the place, and began to walk through the streets and preach, without any signs of fear, the inhabitants were astonished. At first they could not understand it, but soon began to whisper into one another's ears, "The foreign devil has twenty-five soldiers with him

on board the boat, and if any one attempts to injure him the soldiers will at once land, seize the culprit, and punish him forthwith." When he had preached in the town and suburbs without any injury, he returned thanks to God, who had delivered him, he thought, almost as wonderfully as He once delivered His servant Elisha, when he smote the Syrians with blindness. But when he entered Shakwan, the market town of the Pok-lo district, he did not meet with such good success. Here he narrowly escaped being stoned to death. But he would not be discouraged.

You remember that when Paul had been nearly killed by stoning, at Lystra, he came back again on his return from Derbe (Acts xiv. 21), not counting his life dear to him, that he might testify the Gospel of the grace of God—just as this good man, after a successful journey through several districts, came back again to Shakwan, in hopes that he might preach the Gospel, and gain the attention of the people to it by supplying their sick with medicines. He landed this time in a different quarter, in a thickly populated district, called Sheklung; but he found himself, as he says, "out of the rain into the gutter," or, as we should say, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." Early on the Sunday morning he retired to an inn quite out of the town, hoping to spend a quiet Lord's day, and then to begin preaching on Monday. But as soon as the people heard of the arrival of a stranger, the inn was surrounded and filled. The landlord soon begged him to leave his house, as it was impossible to carry on his business. He went out into the street and began to preach, hoping that by degrees the people would become accustomed to him, and allow him to go back undisturbed. But the crowd soon swelled to more than a thousand men, who made such an uproar, it was quite

impossible to continue the address. He found out a temple, which he entered, hoping he might be able to address them there, but could not succeed. The crowd kept increasing, and grew more and more threatening. A number of suspicious-looking men kept just in front of him, and seemed bent on mischief. Just at that moment, a pleasant-looking young man, whom he had noticed several times among his hearers, beckoned to him to enter by a side-door into the inner part of the temple. This he did so suddenly, that the people did not know where he had escaped, but kept searching around the temple, shouting and crying after the stranger. As the door was locked after him, his pursuers were completely at a loss. At last they became so furious, that the mandarin sent some policemen, under whose protection the missionary safely reached the river, and crossed to the other side.

He was now obliged to hire a boat and live in it, for no one would receive him into his house. But he still persevered, however, without much more success. A visit to a neighbouring village ended in his being driven away. On Monday he made a second visit to Sheklung, but was met with a shower of stones. At last a visit to a small island succeeded rather better, but only because he promised that he would give medicines after he had preached and distributed books. However, in the evening a band of robbers, under the pretence of fetching medicines, attacked his boat, and but for his firmness, and the circumstance that a mandarin's boat was anchored very near, the thieves would have succeeded in their wicked plot. So discouraging were all these circumstances that on the next morning his servant forsook him, and he was compelled to give up his plan of visiting Pok-lo and return home immediately.

After this long catalogue of misfortunes, you will be

glad to hear that a few months later the same missionary paid another visit to the district, accompanied by an American medical missionary. The presence of two "foreign devils" together, seemed to impress the people and restrain them from being quite so violent as they were before. The Gospel was preached to large, but by no means orderly congregations; medicines were distributed, and after a great deal of difficulty a house was hired, where it was hoped a Mission might be established among the lawless inhabitants of Sheklung.

NEGRO LIBERALITY.

WE have been holding our missionary anniversary in St. Kitt's, says a missionary in the West Indies. When the meeting came on, there was a negro fisherman with his promised subscription; indeed, he had a little exceeded the amount that he said he would give. He begged the favour of his name being withheld, and "Fish-pot" was to be put instead. The missionary inquired how it was he was able to give so much. The fisherman's reply was to the following effect:—"About three months ago," said he, "I wondered what I could do to send the Gospel to the heathen; so I made a fish-pot, and determined that all the fish caught in it should be sold, and the money given to the missions." A fish-pot is a kind of wicker-work or basket, with holes let into its sides, through which fish pass to a bait firmly secured within; the fish once in cannot escape. The "Pot" is still engaged in and for the same purpose.

At another missionary meeting, among the list of contributions was a "Cocoa-nut Tree, 14s. 7d." This amount was given by an old negro man, a leader of the church,

as he was induced from the purchase of a circumcised slave during the year. This tree the old man calls the mission tree. When I saw it last, it was heavily laden with hanging vines.

"I don't know how it is," said Peter Kinde, the deputation agent at Simon's Town, Simsbach, to Mrs. Thomas, "I don't know how it is, indeed, but my garden never before was before. Everything grows so abundantly, and I have so plenty of money, I never see anything like it before." "I can tell you how it is, Peter," said she, "God blesses those who honour Him. You have always given freely to God's cause, and this year you have increased your subscription, and God is repaying you by making you richer, more fruitful than it ever was before." "Yes, indeed, I think that must be the reason," was Peter's response. "I must still try and work for God."

Ever I have a very interesting circumstance to tell you of late. When our missionary meeting was held at the house last, the morning of the day, as usual, Peter went to the mission house to pay his yearly subscription. "Well, Peter," said Mr. Thomas, "what will you give this year?" "I don't know, master," was the reply. "I must try to give a little more than I did before, or master will put down of me this year." They said Peter, and so in the report you may read, "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kinde, £1 10 0."

At the last meeting, Peter presented himself again, and said, "Master, I must give you £1 10 0 this year, for that is the money that I obtained for my subscription, and I must give it all to the mission cause." "Will not you give some away that God will still continue to prosper Peter, so that he may still give as God has blessed him, to the great and good service?"

DEENO, THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY.

LITTLE readers have often heard of India, and the native schools there. I am going to tell you about a little boy in one of these schools. His name was Deeno. This little boy was very attentive. He did not trifle away his time, but diligently endeavoured to get all the knowledge he could ; and the missionaries were looking forward to the time when he should be old enough to go and preach to his countrymen. Deeno listened to the things taught him by the missionaries ; and not only listened, but gave his heart to the Saviour.

When this little boy heard people say, or saw them do what was improper, he did not imitate their bad example ; but told them that they did wrong. His father reproved him for doing so ; but he replied, " Father, they do not know what they do ; but, if told of their faults, they will refrain from such conduct."

Deeno lived in the habit of praying to God ; and if the sircar were absent at morning prayer, he would read and pray with the other children in his stead.

After a while it pleased God to disappoint the hopes of the missionaries, by laying Deeno on a bed of sickness. But though he did not live to grow up and assist them in instructing the heathen, they had the satisfaction of knowing that their labours had not been lost, and that he was indeed believing in Jesus. When he saw his parents grieving at the thought of losing him, he said, " Weep not for me : it will be well with me. I am going to the Saviour."

My dear young friends, if God were to lay you on a bed of sickness and death, could you say, with this little boy, " I am going to the Saviour : it will be well with me ?" If you would have Deeno's comfort in a dying

hour, you must seek Deeno's Saviour. Remember, He has said, "They that seek me early shall find me."

The evening before this little boy died, when he appeared to be speechless, the missionary's wife said to him, "Deeno, are you happy?" He replied, "Yes." "Do you feel your love to God increase?" "Yes." The lady again said, "There will be no weakness in heaven, no sin in heaven." His eyes brightened at the thought, and he exclaimed, "No, no!"

After eating a little food that the missionary's wife had sent, he appeared revived. Looking at his father, he said, "Father, I am not yours, I am the Lord's. Father, did Jesus die for sinners? Then believe in Him, pray to Him."

He was able to say no more. Having thus earnestly entreated his father to trust in that Jesus who had saved him, he fell asleep, at the age of eleven years.

Cannot my young friends learn a lesson from the account of this little Indian boy? Will they not imitate his diligence at school, his prayerfulness, his faith in the Saviour? Then if, like Deeno, they are called to leave their earthly parents, they will, like him, ascend to dwell with their Saviour in heaven, where there will be no weakness and no sin.



THE HOLE IN THE POCKET.

I VISITED a house not long ago, and the chief thing on the centre table was—what? An elegant vase? No. A splendid red picture book? No. A new game? No. It was a mission box. "It stands there," said the father of the little family who lived in that sitting-room, "a

silent preacher, but preaching always, 'Deny thyself for Christ's sake.' "

I examined the box, and found reading on it. On one side were Christ's last words; and last words you know are generally very full of meaning: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." On another side there was this: "Not because I desire a gift, but I desire fruit that may abound to your account" (Phil. iv. 17).

Every Sabbath morning the father recounts the goodness of God through the week, the mercies of God to his little flock, the privilege and the blessing of their all having been born in a Christian land; and then, as a testimony of his gratitude, he puts a part of his weekly earnings in the mission box, to help to give others their share of the blessings so highly prized by them. The mother and all the children follow the father's example, and put in their mites.

One day Georgy came into the room where I was reading alone, and he seemed very uneasy and restless. "Do you want anything, Georgy?" "No," he said, "nothing." He kept putting his hand into his pocket, pulling out something, looking at it, and putting it back again. At last, after a great while, he marched to the table, and there was a clinking in the mission box. "There you are, and I am glad of it," said the little boy, speaking aloud to himself.

"What is it, Georgy?" "Oh," said Georgy, "I had a penny-piece, and a nice orange down at Corson's seems to keep saying, 'Buy me; eat me; I'm a real good one.' Now I don't really want the orange; do I? but the heathen really want Christ; don't they?" asked the little boy, looking up with sweet earnestness in his face. "Indeed they do," I said. "Well, I thought so,"

replied he; "so I put my penny-piece in the mission box to-day, lest there might be a naughty hole in my pocket before Sunday."

The naughty holes in the pocket! Oh, I am afraid there are a great many of them, and a great deal of missionary money slips out through them. Georgy's was nearly gone.—*Juvenile Missionary Herald*.



A RECONCILIATION EFFECTED BY PRAYER.

MR. MAYFORTH, a missionary in South Africa, mentions the following fact, to show how prayer can soften hard hearts, and bring together friends who have been long estranged:—"We were lately," he says, "obliged to put away a woman, named Janetze, who was a candidate for baptism, from the class in which she had been receiving instruction, because she insisted on leaving her husband. All our advice and entreaties were in vain; she remained firm in her resolve. At last we threatened to send her from the station if she persisted, and gave her time to think over the matter. The husband, who was still a heathen, would not on any account agree to separate from his wife, and did all that he could, though unhappily not in the wisest way, to win her affections towards him. But her hatred of him was only increased. However, one day, to our great joy, both of them came to our house together, and told us they had agreed to forgive one another, but neither of them would be the first to stretch out the hand of forgiveness. They appeared to be only half reconciled; each seemed anxious to lay the chief blame on the other. They stopped in our room for a long time without saying a word. At last they were persuaded to kneel down and pray together in silence.

During the prayer their hearts became softened ; they burst into tears, and both at the same moment stretched out the hands in sign of reconciliation. We joined them together, gave them our blessing, and sent them away rejoicing.

Where can we find a better place for reconciliation than on our knees ? and when do we need to exercise a forgiving spirit than when we are praying, " Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ? "



HEAR THE TIDINGS BLEST.

HEAR the tidings blest,
Earth's remotest nation !
God's own Son hath died to save you,
Satan shall no more enslave you ;
Liberty and rest !
Hear the tidings blest !

Look to Him and live !
He rejecteth never !
Did He once His life blood offer ?
Doth He now salvation proffer ?
Can His word deceive ?
Look to Him and live !

Trust no other name !
He alone redeemeth !
God o'er all, and blest for ever ;
Suffering, dying,—changing never ;
Now and e'er the same ;
Trust no other name !

Hasten, Lord, thy day !
Give our eyes to witness
Bowing every knee, confessing
Every tongue,—all nature blessing
Thine unbounded sway.
Hasten, Lord, that day !

LATE REV. T. G. RAGLAND, B.D.

CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS BUILDING THE CHILDREN'S MEMORIAL CHURCH IN MADAGASCAR.

By Percy Deed.....	0 18 0
By John Katterne Manning	0 11 0

Kent Street Sunday School.

Collected for Madagascar Mission.

Robert Jones ..	0 0 8
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Joseph Boone	0 5 2
Robt. Brown.....	0 7 0
W. J. Brown.....	0 9 0
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Miss Halfpenny	0 1 10
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Miss Jones.....	0 1 7
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Infant Class	0 3 4
Mr. Witherford	0 11 0
Mr. Halfpenny	0 8 0
Mr. Am's	0 1 6
Mr. Sandford	0 1 3
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Private Cards	0 5 0
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E. Perkins, Esq., Super- intendent	2 16 2
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Mary Wilcox.....	0 2 10
Parthenia Whidborne.....	0 2 2
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Thorneybank Mission	
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Ilford.

Collected by Alice Grove ...	0 9 0
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Inverness. Fraser Street Sabbath School	0 13 0
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Kilmarnock.

Collected by—

Jane H. Macintosh	0 3 3
Jessie Millar	0 3 3
Missionary Box and other sums.....	0 3 3
11.	

Kingston, near Taunton.

Sunday School.....	0 7 0
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Lancaster Sunday School...	0 8 3
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Liverpool.

Richmond Fair Sunday School	2 7 7
Salem Chapel ditto	4 13 3
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Glan r Afon Sabbath School, for the Pulpit Bible.

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D. M. and J. J. Bynner	0 10 0
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Miss M. Evans	0 1 0
Watkin Evans.....	0 3 4
M. Lewis.....	0 6 0
Miss E. Roberts	0 11 8
D. Roberts	0 1 0
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Maidenhead Sunday School	0 13 6
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Mr. H. B. Pye Smith.....	0 10 0
Mr. Jonathan Corney	0 3 2
Sarah Sanders	0 0 3
Emma Nightingale	0 0 3
M. J. Gooch	0 4 1
Thos. Gardner	0 3 0
Mr. A. B. Hunt	0 7 0

Milton Welch	0 2 1
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Julia Chippendale	0 2 1
Smaller Sums	0 15 1
41. 6s. 5d.	

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St. Matthew's Church Sabbath School	0 13 1
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Neithorp, near Banbury.

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Nude Hill Chapel Sunday School	1 1 1
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Preston. Master T. P. Whitson	0 3 1
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Southport.

West End Chapel Sunday School	6 0 0
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Stroud.

Bedford Street Chapel Sunday Schools	1 7 0
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Wibsey. Sunday School ...	2 10 0
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Worcester.

Angel Street Sunday School	2 10 0
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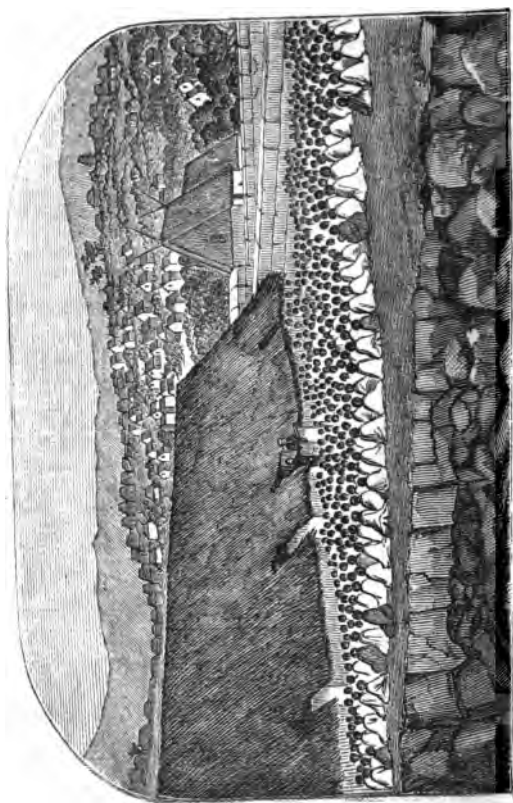
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Master Healing	0 3 0
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THE

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
APRIL, 1864.  
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THE FIRST MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING IN MADAGASCAR.

THE Frontispiece in this number of our Magazine has been copied from a photograph taken and sent home by the Rev. W. Ellis, from Madagascar. It represents one of the most interesting scenes ever witnessed—a scene upon which angels must have looked with joy, and which we are sure was well pleasing to the great and gracious Saviour. It is a view of the first Missionary Prayer Meeting ever held in that land.

Thousands of prayers had for years gone up to God from the hearts and homes of the persecuted Christians there, for the spread of the glorious Gospel and the salvation of the wretched, dying sinners around them. But never until now had the believers met together with one accord, in one place, to offer their common supplications for this great end.

This meeting took place on the first Monday in August last, at the chapel in Analakely, one of the largest in Antananarivo. Our young friends will be interested to know that this sanctuary stands

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near the spot upon which their Memorial Church is to be built.

"Long before the appointed hour," writes Mr. Ellis, "the building was completely filled, and by the time fixed for commencing, at least fifteen hundred persons, perhaps more, were seated upon the grass outside. The pulpit was brought just outside the door, so that those within and those without might hear. European and native pastors took part in the service; and the entire multitude, certainly not less than three thousand persons, appeared to feel unusual gladness in uniting to pray for the conversion of the world." By a glance at the Frontispiece our readers will see just what Mr. Ellis described. There is the pulpit at the door, with Mr. Toy and Dr. Davidson in it. In the photograph, which is much larger than our copy, the likenesses of those two Missionaries are very striking. The chapel has certainly no beauty to the eye; but it is one of the places where God dwells, and where His great Spirit is converting and blessing the people. Wonderful indeed has been the progress of the Gospel since the late Queen's death! Every mail brings fresh intelligence of this; and some of the changes are very striking. Mr. Ellis mentions one. During the last persecution there was a native minister who had very boldly preached the Gospel, not fearing the wrath of the Queen, but whom she had resolved to destroy. Knowing this, the good man fled and hid himself in the house of a friend. Thither he was followed by five of the

Queen's officers, who searched the house for some time, without finding him. At last one of the officers thrust his sword through a partition made of rushes, inside which the good man was hid. The sword pierced his body, and the pain caused him to cry out. Immediately he was dragged from his hiding-place, bound, and led away to prison; and after a time, like Stephen, he was stoned to death. We can readily believe that also, like that first martyr for Christ, this good man prayed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And, as in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, God answered Stephen's prayer, so has it been in the case of the chief persecutor of this faithful minister of Christ; for the man who pierced him with his sword has become a Christian; another, with all his family, professes to believe the Gospel; a third is under strong conviction of its truth and value, and the others are dead.

Thus God's Word leads captive its bitterest and most cruel enemies; and so it will continue to do, if there are many meetings like that which was held at Analakely. Happily there is reason to expect this, for the example thus set was followed by village congregations near the capital, and will be followed, wherever Christians are found throughout the land.

The following letter, just received from six pastors of the Churches at Antananarivo, addressed to the Directors, will show something of the spirit of the Christians in that city, and will, we are sure, interest our readers.

“Antananarivo, 7th November, 1863.

“To the beloved Brethren of the Missionary Society, London, who unite their efforts to spread abroad the Word of God.

“DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—The Churches in Antananarivo unite together in writing to you all.

“1. The Old and New Testaments, and the different kinds of tracts, and the lesson-books which you sent to us to make us wise in following Christ, have arrived.

“2. The missionaries and their associates, whom you have sent to teach the Christians of Madagascar, to teach them wisdom, and to benefit the people according to the Word of God, have come, and we are glad; we have friends indeed, who mourned with us in our sorrow, and now rejoice with us in our joy. For this we all bless God. 1 Cor. xii. 26.

“3. Our friends the missionaries, whom you have sent, and who are here at Antananarivo, have told us of your joy at the progress of Christianity, and that God has opened wide your hearts to build for us large and substantial stone chapels in Antananarivo, that we may praise the name of Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and also to keep alive the memory of our friends who have fallen asleep in the Lord, the martyrs of Madagascar. For this we are glad and thank you. Gal. vi. 18.

“4. The Christians are increasing in Madagascar; the people are coming forward and receiving

the Word of God, and we all rejoice and bless God; **for** this cometh not of our own strength, but of **that** which cometh from above.

“5. There are six chapels already finished in Antananarivo, and filled with people every Sabbath; but we intend to make others. The Christians in the country are making progress, and their numbers are increasing; therefore we thank God for His mercy, for He has prospered His kingdom, and enlightened those who were in darkness.

“6. The missionaries in Antananarivo are labouring indeed; teaching and doing that which will cause the kingdom of Christ to advance, and making us all glad.

“The Churches visit you.

“May you live,

“Saith your Brethren,

“RATSILAINGIA,

“RAINITRINO,

“RASOAMANAMBOLA,

“RANDRIAMBELO,

“RAINIMANGA,

“RATIANA, and all the Christians.”

SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE AMONGST THE NESTORIANS.

MANY who merely read of missionary life often form a very false notion of some things which those who dwell amongst the heathen and other unenlightened people must endure. And generally we think, and very properly, a good deal more is thought about their moral and spiritual

condition than about their personal habits and their wretched homes. But, without knowing something of the latter, we cannot fully understand the self-denial which faithful Christian men and women must often exercise, who would raise them out of darkness and degradation, follow them into their filthy hovels, and not only stand or sit, but sometimes sleep there.

A missionary who has laboured in Persia, in an interesting book entitled, "Morning on the Mountains," furnishes an illustration of this. When the missionaries first went amongst the Nestorians, they found that they had no word in their language for *home*; and no wonder, for they were quite strangers to everything signified by that sweet term. Houses indeed there were; but these consisted of only one large room, which sometimes had been in use for many years, and had retained the filth of several generations. Here all the family lived, ate, drank, worked and slept. "The beds consisted of three articles—a thick comfortable, filled with wool or cotton, a pillow, and one heavy quilt. On rising, they 'took up their beds,' and piled them on a wooden frame, and spread them again at night. The room was lighted by an opening in the roof, which also served for a chimney; though of course very imperfectly," as the walls and ceiling are blackened and varnished with what looks and smells very like coal tar. As the flat roof, which is made of coarse straw mats and pieces of carpeting, cannot keep out the rain, when a heavy shower falls it comes down upon the happy family beneath, in the form of a shower of black mud. But these are palaces when compared with the hovels found in the mountains, which are half under ground, built of cobble-stones piled against the sides of a hole in the earth. Here dwell not only the family, but all the cattle they possess; and to keep a

little clear of the sheep and oxen, the household must live upon a little raised place in the centre of the hut, called the "decana." But still they have no objection to their four-legged lodgers. Indeed, they could scarcely do without them; for, as fuel is scarce, and the mountain air is often bitterly cold, the animal heat of the cattle supplies the place of fire, except once a day, when they are forced to light one to dress their food. Sometimes, however, they take in restless and rebellious lodgers, and it is not an uncommon occurrence for the buffaloes to get up a fierce quarrel in the night. They will then break loose, fight each other furiously, and occasionally knock down the posts upon which the roof rests, and bury all beneath it.

It would be folly to talk of comfort and cleanliness in such a place. "If the truth must be told," writes the missionary, "vermin abound in most of these houses. The inmates are covered not only with fleas, but from head to foot they are infested with the third plague of Egypt. This last is a constant annoyance in many parts of Turkey, as well as Persia. If one lodges in the native houses, there is no refuge from them, and only an entire change of clothing affords relief when he returns to his own home. The writer has known daughters of New England, ready for almost any self-denial, burst into tears when first brought into contact with this."

Our readers may well suppose that children brought up in such places could not be admitted to the missionary school without a great outward change. This they underwent, and in due time their kind friends were delighted to see their altered appearance, and simple-hearted mothers really thought that their children had become pretty under the care of their teachers; and being themselves strangers to the efficacy of clean water, they

would innocently ask, "How do you make them so white?"

The returned missionary may well ask if such were the comfortless dwellings of the healthy, "what were they for the sick?"

But He who heals as well as saves, has visited many of these abodes of wretchedness, disease, and death, and those who dwell in them have found that "godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

A VOYAGE AMONGST THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.
TO THE LONDON ROAD SABBATH SCHOOL, CHELMSFORD,
ESSEX.

Raietea, October 20th, 1863.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—When I last wrote your beloved pastor, the Rev. G. Wilkinson, I told him to give you my very best love, and to say I should write you a letter as soon as ever I could find time. Feeling that I have a share of your truest sympathies, I am anxious to show you some small token of my love and remembrance.

One hundred days after leaving dear old England we arrived at Sydney. Here we met the mission barque, "John Williams," and, after spending upwards of a month in the colonies, set sail in her for the South Seas.

Now I cannot undertake to give you a full description of every island we called at, because, to say ever so little about thirty of these islands would occupy some considerable time, and that is what at present I cannot afford. However, if you can get a look into a good map of Polynesia you will be able to trace out pretty accurately many if not the whole of those islands which I may mention in my letter.

Norfolk Island was the first we touched at after our leaving Sydney. This was one of our penal settlements, and many of the large gloomy prison-houses are still standing, whilst the lesser buildings, and especially the officers' apartments, have become comfortable residences for the natives. The people here are the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty," Captain Bligh, who, with a handful of men, when off Tahiti, in 1787, was sent adrift in an open boat, and left to the mercy of the winds and the waves; the account of which many of you have read, I daresay, in the "Sunday at Home" for 1854.

They all speak English, and resemble very much in appearance our hardy fishermen on the coast. They have an English clergyman among them, to teach them the way of life, and they appear to live very happily.

Leaving Norfolk Island, we next visited a group of islands to the west, known as the Loyalty Group, calling at Maré, Lifu, and Uea, three of the principal ones.

We next visited the New Hebrides, commencing with Aneiteum, which is the only Christian island in this large group. Leaving Aneiteum, we touched at Erromanga, about which you have heard so much. Here, as you are aware, Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris were murdered, and since that time, poor Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. Oh, I cannot describe to you my feelings when I first saw this island, it is such a dark-looking place; and when the recollections of the past comes before one, it is enough to make one's heart sink within him. Before us was the very spot where our poor Brethren fell, and in all probability the very men who butchered them were looking at our ship from the shore.

Well, as soon as these poor wretched creatures saw our ship, which was just as day was breaking, they commenced

setting up such awful shouts and savage yells, that, at the moment, they quite alarmed us all. We could also see them, black and naked, running by hundreds along on the top of the rocks, between the trees. At every opening they would stop to look at us, and then, brandishing their tomahawks and pointing their spears and arrows against us, they would start off again with all fury, in the same direction as we were going, shouting and yelling all the way as they went. Fortunately none of them came off to the ship to do us any harm. Savage and degraded as these poor Erromangans are, however, there are some among them who have a desire to go beyond the limits of their own horizon, that they may see the world. As an instance of this, one of them came on board and asked to be taken to see the strange lands which he had heard of. I should so liked you all to have seen him when he came up the ladder; I am sure you would have laughed aloud, and yet have felt sorry for the poor creature. He had no clothes on, not a rag; but his face was as black as a coal, and as thick with paint as could be. Then he looked so silly; and when the men laughed he would join them so heartily, that to keep our gravity was more than we could do. With all sailors, you know, every one is called Jack, until his right name is known. Our Erromangan, therefore, according to custom, went by that name. The first thing Jack had to undergo, then, on his becoming a passenger with, us was to have his face washed. Mr. Turpie, the chief officer, undertook the job. Soap was by no means spared in order to get him clean, and a little did not suffice. How many buckets of water it took I cannot tell; but a good many. The poor fellow's ignorance of the properties of soap at first led him to keep open both his eyes and mouth. Of course there was no help for it; they became full of the suds. This contributed

very much to the amusement of all on board ; you should have seen Jack winking and blinking. The operation no doubt made his eyes smart exceedingly. It, however, made him clean, and that is what he had never been before in his life. As soon as we put to sea he became so sea-sick that we saw very little more of him.

Fate is not much better than Erromanga, save in one spot where a few of the people of one tribe have embraced Christianity, and have a teacher settled amongst them.

At Api, after being on shore a short time, we were told by a friendly chief to go on board as quickly as possible, for the people were contemplating our capture. If this had been done, we should all have been in the oven that evening, to a certainty. That our condition was a dangerous one became too evident. For, just as we were all seated in our places, and the boat was being pushed off the shore, about two hundred of the most horrid demon-looking creatures rushed out of the bush and stood upon the beach close to us in the attitude of attack. A shower of their poisoned arrows would by no means have been pleasant visitors. Just at this moment, providentially, the breast of my coat, which I had kept buttoned, flew open and exposed my telescope, which I happened to take with me. The sight of this thing so frightened them, that in a second they all vanished into the bush. Our crew, seizing this opportunity, put all their strength to their oars, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of danger and escaped their cruel hands.

At Ambrym and Espirito Santo things are equally dark, and practices too degrading for you to hear are quite common among them. The children here have not loving mothers such as you have, dear young friends. They have no Sabbath Schools and kind teachers like the children of England. When children become a burden to

their parents, or an hinderance to their work, they dig holes in the earth and bury them alive. The only teachers they have are those who can teach them how to eat human flesh and drink human blood. Oh how thankful we should be to God for teaching us better things and blessing us with a knowledge of His Word!

Well, from the New Hebrides we came to Savage Island, and from thence to the Navigators' or Samoan Islands, calling at Tutuila, Apia, and Savaii, and also the Taukelaus, Bukabuka, Manihiki, and Rakaana, which came next; then the Penhryns and the Hervey Islands, —the islands we called at in this group being Aitutaki, Raratonga, Mangaia, Mauke, Mitiaro, and Aitui, about which you have read a great deal in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine."

Wonderful things have been done on these islands through the Gospel of Jesus. They were once the dark places of the earth, but now their light has come, and the glory of the Lord has arisen upon them. We next came to Tahiti and from thence to Raiatea.

You shall now hear how I am getting on and what I am trying by God's help to do, and then I will tell you what I want you to try and do for me. Of course, the first thing I had to set about was to learn the language, as, without that, I could not get on much. I have been doing this, however, in connection with my missionary work. I have a large school at which I attend morning and evening; and, having no efficient teachers to help me, I have the whole of the work to do myself, which I assure you makes me tired enough every night. I am amply repaid for my labour, however, in seeing my scholars perseveringly trying to get on; and there are not a few of them who, I think, will do me credit by-and-by. It is due to them also to say, that while I have

been engaged with them they have not failed in do their best to get me on to the language; and as well have they succeeded that, last Sabbath morning, scarcely five months after my landing among them, I was enabled to preach to them the marvellous rules of Christ in their own tongue.

I should so like you to see my scholars on a Sabbath morning. They all come to school so clean and new most of them dressed in white, that they look quite pretty.

About a fortnight ago, the "*Tritona*," one of our most chosen, a twenty-one gun frigate, called in here for a few days. Looking at this noble ship one day from the shore, the thought occurred in me, What a nice thing it would be if I could get permission to take my school on board. Accordingly, when in company with the commander (Lord Gough), at the Consulate, I made known to him my request, which, to my great delight, he readily granted. This was Saturday evening, Monday morning was the time appointed for the deed, so by nine o'clock we were all in readiness for leaving the beach. Boys were procured some from the island and some kindly sent for us from the ship. So we all got off in a very short time, and with very little trouble. The children were all dressed in their best clothes, and the girls, according to their custom, were next to the weather of Hawaii, which gave them quite a pretty appearance. My half-past nine o'clock I was on board the fine ship, with upwards of two hundred children. Five pounds were given us by the commander, and the officers only felt not the least to place us all aboard; the officers were all so much pleased as my own, and the boys soon made great friends with them.

They were all, as you may suppose, very much amused.

to see the wonderful things. The guns—the machinery, for she was a steam frigate—the quarter-deck, with all the brass fittings and ornamental work as bright as silver, made them exclaim and stare with surprise. But this was not all they got by going on board this beautiful ship, for both the boys and girls got lots of nice biscuit and many of them nice cakes from the stewards, and lemonade as much as they wished. So kindly were they all treated that they will never forget the “Tribune.” We left the ship about half-past twelve, much delighted and too excited to go to school, so I gave them holiday for the day. The next morning, when I went to school, a letter, to which all the scholars subscribed, was handed me, thanking me for the treat they had so much enjoyed, being the first ever known on the island.

Now I must try and bring my letter to a close if I can, though I could find lots of things more to say; but I must forbear, and you must try to look upon my brevity as kindly as you can.

Before I say good-bye, however, there is one little thing which regards my comfort, and which I feel half inclined to mention to you. Just below our house there is a beautiful lagoon which stretches out for miles all around, and is bounded by a magnificent coral reef. This is a splendid place for a small boat, and one will be a great accommodation to us. My predecessor had one which was purchased on the Society’s account; but unfortunately she was too large for inside the reef and not large enough for out, so was unfit for the purpose. I mention this to you because I thought you might like to have an opportunity of doing something for your old friend; and if you would do this I shall be very gratified.

Just one thing more remains for me to say to you, my dear young friends, and that is this:—We often think

about you all, and sometimes busy ourselves sitting with you in your nice *studyroom* under the chapel. We remember all our Chalmersford friends with the kindest feelings, and sincerely hope that we have not been forgotten by them. We never cease to pray that you may all be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and at last stand around the throne of God and the Lamb.

With kindest love to your dear mother and her family, and all the friends and members of the Church, and last, but not least, your unwearied supporters, friends, and yourselves.

JAMES C. FIVKA

10 Years' Follow-Up

clearly explained, even the most clever Brahmin of Assam is silenced. Yet there can be no doubt that many of the Hindoos are attached to their own religion, and do not wish for anything better. Indeed, the purer morality of the Gospel, and the want of earnestness in some who hear it, are too clearly shown by the conduct of many. One instance I will mention. One day a Boria, or half-Brahmin, came to see me in my tent. After he had looked carefully all round for a long time, and found that we were really alone, he began, in a quiet confidential tone, to try and convince me that he had a sincere faith in God and the Saviour. He said he was quite ready to be baptized, and that all his family, and about twenty servants, were also ready. He said that he was a man of great influence, very much respected in the village, and that he did not need my help, but, on the contrary, could be of great service, both to me and to the government, if I would only let the commander of the district clearly understand how needful a fresh and better 'Pad-jiri' (a kind of mayor) would be in the village, and that no one could be found so fitted for that office as himself. But when I urged upon him to be baptized first, because, after he entered on the office he was hoping for, he would not find time for instruction, he once more glanced carefully round to see that nobody was near, and then said, in a firm, decided manner, 'Sir, if I once become the first man in the village, I shall not trouble myself then whether other people cast me out, and declare me unclean ; *if they do, I can soon make them shut their mouths.*' You may be sure I did not baptize such a calculating and cunning disciple as this."

DARKS IN GUJARA.

Mrs. MAHAJAY writes to a very little girl the following letter—

"We have," says she, "some very naughty mammae in Panchaw—mammae who if they give them a little good baby, feel very much displeased; and sometimes they have a bucket of water prepared, and they put the baby into it, and hold it down under the water till it is drowned. There are very many such naughty mammae in Panchaw, and because there were very many, our missionaries at last said to the people, 'If you do not want your little girls, do not kill them, but give them to us; and we will take care of them.' It is about two years and a half since we told them this; and I suppose we have had not less than thirty little babies brought to us. Sometimes they have brought them and laid them down on a hard stone, without any clothing at all on them, and in the morning we would find them. It has often been the case that they have soon died after we have taken them, in consequence of the exposure to which they were subjected. A day or two after our late arrival at our house, two persons came with a beautiful little baby (two days old). The women had decided that they would not take her home, as the money which had been given for this purpose was nearly all used, and they feared they could not get enough another year to support those which we already have. We therefore said to the women that we would not take it. They agreed to for a long time, yet we could tell it is a duty to save. No! Now, what do you think they did? They took the dead little baby, and stripped off its clothes, and laid it down on the cold stone with a stick for its pillow, and went off and left it. Let it be very well to death. Was not that dreadful? Oh I

thought, and so Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Sites thought who were where they could both see it and hear its cries; and I think the baby did not cry harder than they did; at all events, their eyes were very red with weeping the next time I saw them; and Mrs. Sites had said, 'If the Mission cannot take it, I *must*;' so, without knowing how it would be taken care of, she took it into our Orphan Asylum, and there it is living and growing nicely.

"Since it was taken in, one of the children which was in the Asylum has died, so that our little new-comer does not increase the number in the family."—*Missionary Advocate*.

THE WIDOW'S FARTHING.

A POOR woman, just after a Missionary Meeting held in the country, called at the lodgings of a minister who had been engaged at the meeting, and told him she had been prevented from attending it, but hoped she was not too late to present a little contribution she wished to make to the Society. The poverty of her appearance induced the minister to say he feared she could not afford to give anything; but the poor widow told him that, though a widow, and with four children to support by her meagre earnings, she had still a little to give the Missionary cause; and untying a bundle she had brought, gave him three hundred and thirty farthings. The minister asked how she got so many to give to him. She told him she had made it a practice to lay by one farthing every day for above a year past, excepting such days as she was prevented from working by illness, and here was the whole store for the cause of God. How much could be raised for God's great work in the world, if every one of His people would only give one farthing a day!

MOTTU, THE HINDOO BOY.

In the year 1834, an interesting Hindoo youth, of the name of Mottu, lived at Burdwan. The missionary there felt interested about him, and spoke to him on the subject of religion. Mottu used to reply, "I cannot give up caste now; if I were to do so, all my friends and relatives would cast me off."

Mottu became ill, but recovered. Shortly after his illness, he saw the congregation of Native Christians at Burdwan, and began to assemble with them. He listened attentively; and he thought in his heart, "If God helps them, surely He will help me; I can become a Christian too." So he came to the missionary, and begged to be instructed. He lived like a Christian boy from that time forward.

In the November following he was seized with a violent fever. On the Lord's day after he was taken ill, the missionary called to see him; and, perceiving that his end was drawing nigh, he said to him, "Mottu, how are you? I think you will not remain long here." He replied, "No, sir; I believe I shall go to Jesus, and I am not afraid to die. I love you all very much; I should like to remain here to be useful to my poor heathen brethren, but I should like much better to go to Jesus. He has loved me, and given Himself for me; and I love Him and long to be with Him." He saw the tears in the eyes of the wife of the missionary, and said to her, "Oh, dear ma'am, don't cry now, but when I'm gone. I can't bear to see you cry. I'm going to heaven." He remembered that it was the Lord's day, and he said, "This is a beautiful day to die; the day on which Jesus rose from the grave, and became the conqueror of death and hell. I shall soon see His face, and be free from sin and pain forever." These were his last words.—*Ch. Miss. Juv. Instr.*

THE LITTLE RAIN-DROP.

WHAT a little thing a drop of water is! And yet all drops of water put together make the nice soft shower which pours down on the thirsty ground. Now you be like these little rain-drops. You can do good to others. You can cheer and refresh those around. You can comfort somebody. You can help to send showers of blessing where they are needed.

"But I am so young and so poor," you say; "I think I can be of any use in the world." Oh! you can. Only you must not expect to do something great and very grand. You must be willing to do small things. One rain-drop, you know, cannot water a whole field, but it can wet a tiny rose-leaf, or gladden a blade of grass. So, though you cannot be missionaries to preach to people, either here or there, you can read a chapter to a blind man, or go on errand for a poor woman, or carry some trifle to a child, or put a penny into the missionary-box. Whenever any one is in trouble, you can try to relieve them; whenever any one is suffering, you can feel for them, and pity them.

It is the number of little drops joined together that form the shower. Job says: "God maketh small drops of water: they pour down rain." (Job xxxiv.) Yes, that is just how it is. All the rain in the world is only a collection of *drops*. When you read about thousands and thousands of pounds that are sent to the Missionary Societies, it seems to you a great sum of money, and so it is. But the greater part of that was got in *small* sums. Ah! if you only knew how many pennies, and halfpennies, and even farthings it takes to make up that large amount!

Now, if each person who gave something

"Such a mite as I can bestow is of no use, I may as well keep it back," why, the Society would not have any funds at all, and would not be able to send out a single missionary. It would be as if each little rain-drop should stay up in the sky. Why, then there would be no "rain upon the mown grass, no showers to water the earth." (Ps. lxxii. 6). The flowers would wither, and the corn would die.

Try, then, if you cannot help to send the Gospel to those who are without it, but who want it even more than the dry, parched-up ground wants the fresh, beautiful showers. Drop a penny sometimes into the missionary-box. Get a box of your own, if you can, and persuade others to put a trifle in it. I have known children, when they have not had any money to give, try to earn some for that purpose.

A little girl in Yorkshire, when water was scarce, saved as much rain-water as she could, and sold it to the washerwoman for a penny a pailful, and in this way obtained several shillings for the Missionary Society. When she brought it to the Secretary, she was not willing to tell her name. "But I must put down where the money came from," he said. "Call it, then," replied the little girl, "rain from heaven."

Rain from heaven! Yes, that was a good name for her contribution, because it was to help in sending streams of living water to distant countries and to perishing souls. I want you to have a share in this noble work. Surely you can add "one drop" to the shower. And God can make that one drop very useful. Listen to this true story.

A son of one of the mighty chiefs in the mountains of Burmah was led by a little tract to believe in the Saviour. He was then on a visit to his father. When he returned

to his own home he preached the Gospel there, and by the means of bringing hundreds to Christ. In one year fifteen hundred natives were baptized.

And all this was by the means of one little tract. Each tract cost *one halfpenny*. Oh! whose halfpenny was that? Who gave it?

God alone knows. Perhaps it was the mite of a little girl; perhaps the well-earned halfpenny of a little boy. But it has taught hundreds the knowledge of their Saviour. It has cast down hundreds of idols from poor heathen hearts. Oh! how great the value of one halfpenny's worth of good, with the blessing of God upon it!

Then do not despise the day of small things; strive so to live, and so to act, as to win at last the lips of Jesus, those sweet words of loving approval: "She hath done what she could."

"The drops of rain and the rays of light
Are small themselves; but when all unite,
They water the world, and they make it bright.

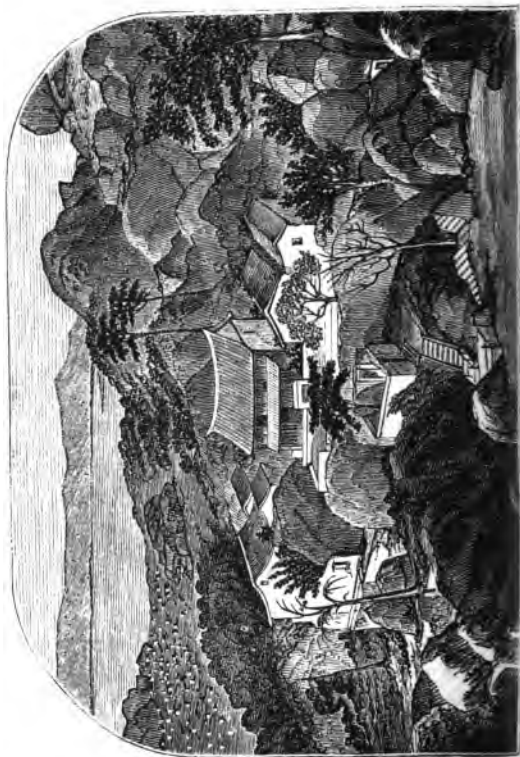
"They do not say, 'Of what use am I?'
We may each do good, if we will but try;
We may soothe some grief, or some want supply.

"We can lend to the poor a helping hand;
We can cheer the sick as we by them stand;
We can send God's Word to a heathen land.

"We can speak to others in tones of love;
We can dwell in peace like the gentle dove;
We can point the weary to rest above.

"Oh! how sweet to think that in life's young day
We may live to show forth our Saviour's praise
And may guide some feet into Wisdom's ways

Carried



THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MAY 2, 1864.

AMOY.

AMOY is the name given by the English to an island which lies off the coast of China. Upon this island there is one large city, containing with its suburbs nearly 200,000 people, and more than a hundred villages besides. You will learn something of the scenery of the island from the picture on the opposite page, which represents a Buddhist temple, nestled among the hills, and called the Ban-sek-giam, or temple of the ten thousand rocks. If you were to stand in that temple, you could look down a long narrow valley and see in the distance, first, a part of the city of Amoy, then, beyond that, the clear blue sea, studded with little islands, while far away in the distance rise the mountains of the mainland, whose distant summits seem blended with the clouds.

The greater part of the island is covered with rocks, which lie strewn in every direction on the hills. At some places on the mountain sides there are little patches of cultivated land, near where some spring comes bubbling out of the rocks, or some tiny rivulet winds along its narrow way.

In such places the poor husbandman turns aside the water to fertilize his little plot of ground, and strives to raise a few sweet potatoes for himself and his family. But the hill-sides are for the most part covered with graves. In the photograph from which the picture is engraved there are many little minute white specks, which are just so many graves. They are to be counted by thousands everywhere among the hills. The bones of millions of the dead are buried there—of millions, alas! who have died without hearing of Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners!

If you were to go in a ship and sail up the coast of China, you would find the scenery very wild and rugged. It is sometimes difficult to discover the right entrance between the hills to some of the ports; but sailors know the way to the harbour of Amoy by a little island that lies outside, which singularly enough, has a hole right through it. There is also a high hill, called the Great Southern Warrior, which is 1800 feet above the level of the sea, with a pagoda on the top. It was no easy thing for workmen to climb the sides of that mountain and build that pagoda there. And this is how it came about, as the Chinese tell the story. Hundreds of years ago a man sailed away from Amoy to some distant country, and after he was gone, his wife, afraid he might make a mistake in sailing up the coast, and not know the entrance to the harbour, caused this pagoda to be built on the top of the mountain, that he might see it from a distance, and be sure to come home all right.

How he was to know what had been done in his absence I cannot say. Perhaps she thought the gods would be so pleased with the pagoda that they would tell him. However, there the bethelling stands, and serves to tell British sailors who wish to reach Amoy that it is time to steer the ship towards the coast, and look for the passage between the islands which form the outer boundary of the harbour.

When the ship is at anchor inside, you can look from the deck and see a very long and beautiful sandy beach, and, behind it, a strong stone fortification, which is said to have been mounted originally with two hundred guns. This is a proof of the old unfeelingness of the Chinese. They built this strong wall to defend their city against the attack of the British in 1840, and the wall was so strong that the guns of the fleet could make no impression upon it. Then, as the Chinese say, the British, in a very cowardly way, instead of coming straight up to the battery, landed a party of troops further up the beach, who marched inland, and soon came within view of the sides of the hills. When the Chinese soldiers saw this they fled from their guns and ran as fast as they could to save their lives. Since that time missionaries, and of war, but of peace, have visited the city and now live among the people. Thus, the Chinese only know that the British would fight; now many in China know that the Lord's people in this country live there and pray for them. God has blessed the work of the missionaries at Amoy, so that there

are now in the city and country round about more than 800 Christian men and women, serving the same God, loving the same Saviour, as ourselves. Perhaps I shall have something to tell you of these Christians another time.

W. K. L.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF MADAGASCAR.

OUR readers know that Mr. Sibree has been sent to Madagascar as the architect of the memorial churches. The following extracts from his journal will, we are sure, be read with interest:—

“We reached Ambatimoram, on the outskirts of the great forest of Alanamazaotra, at eight o'clock, and breakfasted there. It was a beautiful morning as we recommenced our journey, and began to mount hills, and descend valleys, and cross streams, as before; with this difference, that the hills were higher and steeper, and sometimes it was really frightful to look down into the hollows. How our men managed to carry themselves up and scramble down, to say nothing of the heavy loads on their shoulders, fairly puzzled me; but they seem a wiry, hardy set, with firmly knit limbs, and did their work apparently without any fatigue. My eight bearers are especially good fellows, merry and cheerful, and always take the lead, bringing me in from ten to fifteen minutes before my companion or the luggage.

“The night preceding this might have been termed ‘a night with the fleas,’ and ‘a night with the mosquitoes;’ but this was emphatically ‘a night with the rats.’ We saw and heard them racing round the eaves of the house

Before we went to bed ; but as soon as the light was put out they came down, and began to rattle about our pots and pans in search of food. We got up, and fired a pistol amongst them, which appeared for a time to scare them away ; but, about half-past one o'clock, my friend awoke me, and said they had been scampering over him for some time, although he was in his hammock : evidently they had been practising a little in the Blondin way. He said he had heard them all about me. We therefore lighted a candle and set it on the floor, and heard no more of them that night. As we advanced on our journey, there were signs of approaching the capital in the number of villages that appeared. It was noon before we reached Ambatimanga, the last station on the road to Antananarivo. Ambatimanga is the place where people generally put themselves in order before getting to the capital. I therefore mowed away a beard which had had free course since leaving the coast, and enjoyed a wash and change of clothes. The wash, by the way, was in a soup-plate ; a feat which, however difficult it may appear, I accomplished. All this was in full view of a score of people, who appeared highly interested in viewing my proceedings for getting more civilized in appearance, as during the last few days I had felt gradually reverting to the original savage, from which some pseudo-philosophers would make us believe we have emerged. On the 13th we passed for a quarter of an hour through a perfect cloud of locusts, which covered the ground and filled the air. I began to realize one of the plagues of Egypt. They are extremely common in the country, and often cause quite a famine by the destruction they effect.

“As we got a nearer view of the capital, which is situated upon a lofty, oval-shaped hill, I was struck by its

general resemblance to parts of the plain of Jerusalem as shown in pictures; and the country I thought at times had a good deal of resemblance to parts of the Holy Land. About a mile and a half from the city, men suddenly brought me into an enclosure of high walls, with a house or two in the area, and set me down. A large number of Hovas were assembled here, and I waited for more than two hours; at last I was delighted to see an English face. We started at once, and getting to the top of the last hill, we had a fine view of the capital, stretching along the heights. I was struck by the great size of the palace, far surpassing in magnitude and extent any view yet published. It is a magnificent situation for a metropolis, the height at which it is placed being visible for many miles in every direction. The paths by which we went up were most execrable—merely rough and steep stairs cut out of the rock in many places—and few of the streets were any better. We went on to Dr. Davidson's house, which is situated at the corner of the triangular open space called Andohalo, where the great national kabarets are held. The Dr. and Mrs. Davidson received me very kindly, and shortly afterwards other missionaries joined us in. The city is much larger than I had anticipated, making, from whatever side it is seen, very picturesque and interesting pictures. A beautiful artificial lake adds variety to the scene. Indeed, varied prospects are seen from almost every part; and were the bare hills clothed with grass or trees, hardly anything could be more charming. As it is, the only green is in the valleys, where the bright colour of the rice-paddies quite refreshes the eye.

"As to the manners and habits of the people, I think laziness and inquisitiveness form the greater part

shing to see the hundreds of men squatting the streets all day long, doing nothing. One, that food and clothing are so cheap that a very small sum suffices to procure them, and they seem to do nothing more. Another cause is, that almost all men are slaves, or, if not, are compelled to work for the government without any pay, so that they naturally become clever artisans; and thus the nation makes no progress.

On the Friday following my arrival I rode round the city, and visited the memorial churches with Mr. Ellis; and let him know that I can fully corroborate all he has said about the interest and importance. Could our English friends see the city, picturesque in their situation, and with their many interesting memories, they would feel as enthusiastic in the desire to see such positions occupied by memorial churches. We think of building the first at Ambatanokanga. It is a most capital situation at the junction of four roads, the greatest thoroughfare in the place. It is raised, perhaps, twelve or fifteen feet above the roads, and great masses of rock rise on all sides; but these are being cut away, and squared blocks. It will be visible from a great extent of the country. This is where the prisons were placed, and many Christians endured 'bonds and imprisonment.' There are many difficulties to encounter in the construction of these buildings, one of the chief being that all workmen are slaves or servants of some of the chiefs, and we cannot get them without their consent, and they are liable at any time to be called off for government work. It is, however, a favourable circumstance that almost all the influential chiefs are friendly to us.

On Friday the Queen sent Ramaniraka (a young

chier) down to Mr. Ellis to inquire my name, and that she should be happy to see me, and would send Mr. Ellis word previously when it would be convenient. The following morning, before I was dressed, Mr. Ellis sent me a note to say we were to go to the palace at six o'clock; and, before I had finished dressing, Raraka came to see if I was ready; for the Queen does things and goes on journeys an hour or two before the time fixed upon. I hurried as much as possible and went on to Mr. Ellis's house, and we walked towards the gateway, and had to wait there for some time. Two young men, officers of the palace, came down to escort us up. Soon the gate was opened, and we mounted up the steep ascent, taking off our hats. By this time, the gate being open, we were supposed to be in the presence. Passing through the archway, we entered into the spacious courtyard, the palace in front with its verandah of three stories, supported by immense wooden columns and lofty roof, all painted white. To the left was a low stone building, the tomb of the great Radama, and beyond it another smaller palace, similar to the large one, and called the Silver House from its nails and ornaments being of that metal. On the second story of the verandah the Queen was seated under a large scarlet umbrella, with her court around her. We made a bow or two as we passed, and proceeded along the side of the building to the farther end. A line of the native troops was drawn up across the courtyard, dressed in nothing but 'clout' and worn cross-belts, which have a funny appearance on their brown breasts and backs. They were armed with well-fashioned flint-lock muskets and bayonets. We went up a narrow, curious dark staircase to the first-floor, and then passed along to the front of the building.

was seated on a chair raised two or three steps above the floor, with her ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other. The former were all dressed in European fashion, and some really looked very well. The ladies had head-dresses of bright colours, rather like the English servants than ladies; however, they were not 'the thing,' and suppose it is all right. The Queen has a pleasant face: she is not handsome, but dignified and ladylike. She was dressed in a brocade silk dress, with a light scarf shawl, and quite a fashionable looking hat, with scarlet feathers. She wore a brooch, which Mrs. Ellis sent her as a present. She made several bows as we proceeded towards her. She came to receive us, and shook hands very pleasantly. In a minute or two, I made a short speech, saying I was very happy to find that she showed kindness and protection to the English, as in the case of her predecessors, and that I should have the same protection. I went on to say what I had come to do, and hoped the result would be for the good of her subjects and her kingdom. Rakaka translated my words, and she replied that they were very good. Mr. Ellis then spoke in Malagasy, saying that I had been acquainted with the condition of roads and other public works, and that if I could be of service in this way to her officers, I should be glad to render it. He then presented her with a handsomely bound copy of the Congregational Hymn-book sent by the committee of the Congregational Union. After shaking hands again we backed out, and with more ceremony retired. As we passed along the verandah, I looked into some of the rooms, which are very splendidly furnished with beautiful parquet floors and rich furniture. The Queen has shown herself extremely friendly to the mission, although she is a decided idolater.

The Prime Minister is, however, the real ruler of the country, and he is most favourable to Christianity, although he seldom attends any of the services. The French are quite put second to us at the palace. The missionaries lately arrived took precedence of Latimer, the ex-consul, and I was presented before a new person who had arrived about the same time.

Last Thursday the Queen gave us another proof of her kind feeling. She sent to invite us all to accompany her to Mahazoarivo, a place two or three miles from the city, where she has a sort of country house and gardens. I went to Mr. Ellis's house to ask about going, and found that the Queen had sent for us nearly an hour ago. An officer had been instructed to wait for us, and, as the others had not come, we went together in our fillangans. We found the place to be a very charming retreat. Large gardens laid out in European style, fine trees overshadowing the house, and an extensive lake, together with hundreds of people in their white dresses, and a brilliant sky over the water, made a really beautiful scene. The band was playing, and a *cordon* of soldiers surrounded the house where the Queen was sitting. Several bullocks were being roasted, and in a few minutes cooked also in great iron kettles. Games were going on—racing, jumping, &c.—and the whole scene was animated. We went and inspected a large stone building just completed, the verandah supported on granite columns and arches; the material brought from Ambohipotsy, one of our sites. We went to get the workmen for our churches. We were then summoned to speak to the Queen, who shook hands with us and received us very pleasantly. Her Majesty was dressed in a very handsome robe of muslin embroidered with gold. All her attendants had on the simple r

white calico. I was also introduced to the minister, who had quite a little court around him. A brewd, clever-looking man, elderly and agreed in a mixture of English and native costume. At a time we were summoned to come and eat; and you would have laughed to see us squatting, in fashion, on a mat under the mango-trees, tearing pieces with our fingers, scooping up rice, &c. A bowl of water was handed round, out of which all drank promiscuously. It was a semi-savage proceeding far more congenial to them than a knife and fork. Despatches from the French recalled the sooner than was expected. We accordingly dismissed our fillangans, and returned with the train of chiefs to the city. Altogether it was quite a pleasant outing.

On the first Sunday morning I went to Mr. Ellis's chapel, which was about two-thirds full. The men sat on one side, the women on the other. Their singing is peculiar: they are fond of repeats, and go over the same words and parts of it half a dozen times. They sing responsively, first the men and then the women taking up the tune; but they alter our English in a curious way, putting in notes and passages not contemplated by the composers. They have, however, a good idea of music, and some have excellent voices, and were some one here with a good voice, and musical knowledge, and perseverance, he could effect a great improvement. The men sing in a full, manly way, and the women very squeaky. At Mr. Ellis's school the children have grand voices, and sing very well. Yesterday afternoon, after chapel at Antananarivo, Mr. Cousins got a lot of little lads and lasses to sing in the verandah of his house, and they sang

a chant; also the tune of 'Here we suffer,' and are marching,' quite as well as any English child. You would have rejoiced to see the group squatting on the ground, wrapped in their little lambas, with intelligent faces and bright black eyes. But to return to the congregations. They will come to chapel at seven in the morning, and stop there until eleven or twelve o'clock, singing, prayer, and reading, and two or three sermons from their native preachers, occupying the time until the English missionary comes. They would stay there all morning till night were there not school to be held at the place between the services. At Mr. Toy's chapel at Ambohipotsy, the place was filled to the very doors. I had much difficulty in making my way through the people. I spoke a short time, Mr. Toy translated. Two of the natives preached, and some of these men were truly eloquent and impressive speakers; and the missionaries tell me that they are extraordinarily correct in their views of doctrine and church government. There must have been at this service nearly a thousand people. I believe if there were as many more buildings there would soon be full, and nothing can be more encouraging than the present aspect of religion.

"As soon as I get into my own house, I expect, I shall have plenty of people come to 'mamanga' me, to visit. We had mobs of people every day at the school; they would come in before you are up. One morning a score of women came, and walked into our bedroom. They think nothing of that; and everybody shakes his head at coming and going, down to the slaves. The people are kind, and good, and simple-hearted, and their conduct amused me, as it was meant kindly, and was their custom."

MISSIONARY'S JOYS AND TRIALS.

missionaries of the Basle Missionary Society many years laboured at Hoobly, in India. A from this place is the village of Unakallu. It about twelve hundred inhabitants, most of whom labourers, who cultivate the soil, but some are

This village had been visited by missionaries neighbouring town for many years past; the had been preached, and the young taught; and circumstances had led the people to think but the idols which they and their fathers had ed. They had also begun to look upon caste of the priests, and they believed all men to be

At length a few of them learned something e important than this. By the grace of God e brought to trust in the Saviour, and to glory cross. During the last five years, before this was sent home, twenty of these were received Christian Church. The first of these converts was onathan. He was an amiable and upright young d was soon followed by several others, one of own brother. But their decision cost them their families would not allow them to remain company. So they were obliged to leave house e, and some of them even their wives, and to Hoobly.

fter a time, another and more important event l. This was the conversion of Daniel, the smith, man than the other Christians, and one who t influence amongst the people. Although he d a very bad life, his sound judgment and manly r gained for him the respect of friends and the foes. After his conversion he determined to

remain in his own village ; but by doing so his faith severely tried. First, his wife, instead of joining his Christian profession, became his enemy, and did not shrink even from muttering curses at him. But not only did she, but the whole village, plot against him to determine if possible to drive him away. Then, his business fell off ; no one dared to give him any work to do, or buy anything from him in the market. At last his wife returned to him ; but she did this only for the purpose of using all her arts and influence to bring him back to the religion of his fathers. Shortly after her newly born babe became dangerously ill, and she threw all the blame of this illness upon her husband, declaring it was a punishment for his change of religion. Night and day she kept on praying and weeping for him, urging him to forsake the hateful Christian religion and return to his family. Who can wonder if, under such trying circumstances, Daniel at length wavered. He therefore resolved that his choice should depend upon whether his only child lived or died. But the child died, and the father decided to forsake the Lord. The missionaries knew nothing of this, and therefore could not come to his help. But at this very time a heathen appeared, like an angel sent from the Lord to protect him. This man had in former years been his friend, and therefore Daniel told him what he had resolved to do. But, to his surprise, his friend urged him not to incur the guilt of such false and wicked conversion. "for," said he, "if you act thus, a heavy blow will be given to the work of the Lord in your village, and you will hold you responsible for it all. God has called you to open up the way for others ; so you must not give up of giving up your profession for any light or temporary reason, but must be ready to endure your trial."

show yourself worthy of the honour to which you are called." Happily for Daniel, he received words from this man's lips as though it had been the word of God. He therefore resolved to bear the trials he prayed that the Lord would increase his. His most immediately afterwards his wife was taken. Since no one of her heathen friends in her own country could pay any attention to her, or give her any help, he was obliged to let her husband take her to his country and ask shelter for her in the house of one of the good Christian women. In this new home she was greatly astonished at the watchful care and tender love she received. Her disease, however, appeared to intensify the kindness of her Christian friends so affected her and so prepared her to receive the higher and holier love of Christ, that during her illness she was baptized a disciple. Much to the surprise of all, she recovered, and thenceforward as a new creature. She was of one mind with her husband, and welcomed the coming of missionaries or Christians, whom at one time she would not allow to step across her threshold. They believe that this change was the means of still strengthening the man's faith. In fact, his trials about seemed to come to an end now. The people of his village, although remaining heathens, had begun to see that the faith which had stood so long was genuine. And they could not help but notice the change in his character since he had joined the Christians. No one was afraid of him now. All his friends, and gave frequent and plain proofs of their love in which they held him. The families in the village which had professed Christianity was one consisting of a husband, wife, and children. The father, who received the name

of Abraham, had not so much influence among his
bours as Daniel, but was regarded by all as a quiet
man. When he became a Christian he was not o
to leave his home and endure such trials as Dan
a great change had then come over the villagers
they were far less violent than formerly. Abrah
received his first knowledge of Christian truth fro
same man as warned Daniel against denying
He did not at all intend, at that time, to make a
sion of the new religion; however, he called his
around him and told them what he had heard. H
words made a far deeper impression upon one of
than he expected. They fell into the heart of his
daughter like seed into good soil. She was a girl
seventeen, very open-hearted and kind. When
child, according to the Hindoo custom she had
betrothed to a man, who, however, never marrie
But as he was not dead, she was not treated as a
and shut up to pine away the rest of her life in solitu
sadness, but was sought in marriage by others. I
declared that she would marry no heathen, as s
anxious for the salvation of her soul. Her father v
pleased with her resolution; but remembering tha
himself who first put thoughts of the new religio
her mind, he felt he ought not to try and stifle th
violence. So he allowed her to take her own
She therefore attended the worship of God, and
the missionaries. One by one she led the mem
her family with her. And her labour was not i
First her mother, then her younger sisters, devoted
selves to the Lord, and, last of all, even her fathe
her baptism she received the name of Martha. S
since married a member of the Church.

Daniel, after his conversion, threw open his ho

service once a week. But, not content with determined to build a place of worship. It was that, a short time before, he had received a commission from Government for saving the life of a woman and her enraged husband, who was trying to kill her. So, he risked his own life, and was wounded. He showed so much courage, that the Government gave him public thanks and a reward. The money thus given was spent upon this building. It was very plain, but well fitted for the purpose. Here Divine worship is held every Lord's day, and a school is taught one week. The heathen villagers are aroused; many come in considerable numbers to hear the Gospel, and there is a hopeful prospect of much good being done. It is a joy this change in Abraham's family must have been to the daughter with whom it commenced! It is an encouragement to all of you to give yourselves entirely to the Saviour! Perhaps you too may be enabled by God to win over your brother, or your sister, or your parents, if they do not love Christ, to the Father and that Divine Master whom you find to be your Lord and Saviour.

Although the missionaries thus met with much to encourage them in this village, there were many persons who felt great anxiety and some hope, but in their decision for God they could not rejoice. There were many who seemed to be kept back from consecration not only by the influence of an elder brother, but also by the young inquirer who came to the missionary's residence. He determined to confess himself a Christian, but on several occasions his brother had followed him and urged him with tears to delay his decision until he could join him, which he said he could not do. His wife became more reconciled to it. They both

forgot the truth that whoever loves wife or brother more than Christ is not worthy of Him. Another, who was not far from the kingdom of God, would not submit to receive Christian baptism. He said that his not being baptized was the only difference between himself and the professed Christians, since "he was seeking salvation from the same place, and drinking from the same spring as they." The missionary tried to convince him that "he who is not with Christ is against Him," and that he must not only believe with the heart, but confess with the lips. The thought seemed to strike him deeply, but he still held back. There is one other person whom we must tell you. He is the heathen man who came as a messenger from God to the families of David and of Abraham. His name is Kallana, and he belongs to the family of the Gaudas, that is, of the mayors of the village. He is a man of considerable shrewdness and strength of mind. His acquaintance with the Word of God is so full and accurate that it would be an honour to a professed Christian. He is fully persuaded that he ought openly to confess the Saviour, and to unite with the people. Why he does not do so has often been a puzzle to the missionary, for he seems as near the kingdom of God as a heathen can well be; his heart seems to be half we may so speak, half in it, and yet he delays taking a decisive step. At one time there were many hindrances in his way, but they seem all removed now. One of the difficulties arose from one of his wives, for he had two. This woman hated the thought of her husband becoming a Christian; and, fearing he would take a step she so much dreaded, in a fit of anger and jealousy she threw him into a well and was drowned. He was expecting great fortune with this wife on the death of her mother; the old heathen, laying all the blame of her daughter's

on her son-in-law, and being very angry at his conversion to Christianity, was determined he should not have any of her money, and therefore left it to some one else. He was thus obliged to depend on his brothers, from whom he lived and had things in common. But his fortunes passed away, for his mother-in-law, being suddenly ill with cholera, changed her mind, became attached to Kallana, and died leaving him in possession of the fortune. He thus became independent again, and bought a good house for himself. Now, thought the missionaries, we may hope he will come to a right decision. But we were again disappointed. He remained as he was, earnest, friendly, and kind-hearted, full of respect for the missionaries, and promoting in various ways the cause of God, but undecided. About the time of the conversion of Daniel he had a singular dream, which may illustrate his state of mind. He dreamed that he and himself were walking along an almost untrodden path. On the way they came to a small stream: there was no bridge over it, but it must be crossed if they were to reach their destination. Daniel, full of courage and confidence, took a run, and leaped right across, and called on his friend to follow. But he, with less courage, hesitated at the stream, and ran up and down the bank, trying to find some stepping-stone to help him. The poor man seems convinced that he must step out, and discharge the solemn duty of publicly renouncing idolatry and professing Christ; but he shrinks from the trial, and is trying to find some easier way of reaching heaven than by denying himself, taking up the cross, and following Christ. Poor man! while we pity him, let us pray for him. He is like the young ruler who asked our Lord with the solemn question—"Good Lord, what must I do that I may have eternal life?"

but who was not prepared to stand the test and the sacrifice which the heart-searching Saviour saw necessary, and who went away very sorrowful. though it is hard for such an one to enter the kingdom of God, let us take courage, and ask God to give him strength to break through every thing that holds him back; for "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God."



PAPER PREACHERS.

WHAT can be done for the heathen? Their number so great—six hundred millions! And missionaries so few—only one to a million of people! Their work is far away, and often unhealthy; and those who go there to preach the Gospel may soon sicken and die. What can be done?

We must send them *paper preachers*. Do you know what these are? We answer, they are Christian tracts and books. These go forth as messengers of peace and bearers of good news—teachers of truth, to those who are ready to perish, telling them that the Son of God came from heaven, and that He is able and willing to save sinners.

These preachers can go almost anywhere. They can enter the deepest forest; go up the longest mountain, cross the most dreary deserts, and climb the highest hills. They travel at little cost, can bear heat and cold and live without food. They get into the idol-temples and kings' palaces, and speak without a sound being heard. They go into Indian wigwams, African Hindoo huts, and on board Chinese junks. They go to places to which the living preacher has never gone.

g words have led many of the heathen to cast idols, and to look to Jesus as their Saviour. Follow them, and see what some of these paper have done, though we can tell only a very of their doings.

tracts were once carried by some men, returning heathen feast, into a distant part of India. They the hands of some learned men, who read who talked about them. At length they got which had in it a part of one of the Gospels. that, and wonderful preaching it was to them. The time had passed, they found a man who had missionaries, and could tell them more about christian religion. These men then met in a heathen and in the presence of the idol they knelt to- prayed to the Saviour of sinners. What these was all got from *small books*. They soon wished to see a living preacher; and when, file, they travelled a long distance to a mission- n, and made known their feelings, the mission- they seemed like Christians who had been long the ways of truth.

am, which is a country in the East Indies, a , who for two years had attended the mission- ame one day to tell her teacher the sorrow she n. A few days after, as she was going to the ouse, she picked up a torn leaf of a tract, which d an invitation to sinners to trust in the atoning Christ. She read it again and again, and showed of her school-mates, saying, "What beautiful She carefully laid up the torn leaf, and every it out to read. By degrees her soul found peace , her fears fled, and she became a true Christian. ng woman in Burmah felt a great wish to learn

to read, that she might study the sacred book of the Bible in her own country. After some trouble she was able to obtain it, and for ten long years she tried to find in it the peace for which she longed. But she could not find it; when one day a friend brought her a tract, which pointed out the only way of rest for the soul. After some time she heard where the missionary who wrote the tract lived. She soon went in search of him, and when she found him she was further taught the truths of God's word. For some years she lived as a Christian, and then died in the faith. In her last moments she was happy in the thought that she should meet her pious teachers who had gone before her. "But first of all," she said, "I shall hasten to my Saviour, sit at his feet, and fall down and adore him, for his love in sending me those who could lead me in to glory."—*Carrier Dove.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Look out upon the ocean,
The deep and mighty sea:
If it were not for its drops,
Where would its greatness be?

Look out upon the sand,
That checks the mighty deep:
Say, if its grains were gone,
Where would the billows sweep?

Were little words despised,
How could a book appear?
How could the preacher preach?
Or how his hearers hear?

Despise not, then, the pence:
They serve to make the pound;
And each may help to spread abroad
The Gospel's joyful sound.

Missionary Recollections



THE
LE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JUNE 1, 1864.  
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PEKING.

ess of Christian Missions is continually
o our knowledge places in which many
ut little interest until they were visited
gers of mercy from heaven. From that
ever, we have sought to know more
. This is the case with many of the
wonderful cities of China. One after
these is becoming a new centre of light
t of deepest and wide-spread darkness.
the more we know of these places, the
rned we must be about them, and the
usly must we mark the movements of
have gone to turn the people from idols
e living and true God. As, when the
n has set, and twilight spreads her dim
rth and sky, we mark here and there
ens one star, and then another, and
oking down upon us, first feebly, and
a clearer, stronger light, so should we
s upon every new sphere of missionary
nd happily there are *new* spheres, and
f them. Look, for a proof of this, to
—no. 241.

G

that vast Empire, China, once so closed and against the Gospel. Encouraged by the which had attended the labours of their aries in Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai, especially Amoy, a short time since the of the London Missionary Society entered other great cities—perhaps the three most important in the empire. These are Hankow, T'sin, and Peking. This last, as our readers know, is the capital of China. Here the Emperor and the Government live, and hither it was first sent to send missionaries. Dr. Lockhart led the way. More than two years since, that devoted and laborious servant of Christ opened a home in the city; but for some time he had to work almost alone. Now, however, Mr. Edgerton has joined him, and Dr. Dudgeon is about to take his place, while missionaries from other Societies are taking part in the good work.

In our short space we cannot attempt to describe the city. Of its general appearance our frontispiece may help our readers to form an idea. Like other Chinese cities, it is very large. The population without and within the walls is said to be about two millions. But the city is divided into two classes—the Chinese, and the Tartars, who, many years ago, became conquerors and rulers of the country. These live in the northern part of Peking, which is surrounded by walls, and occupied by the Imperial family, the nobles, and others of high rank and influence in China. Some of the buildings

striking; but the Christian visitor chiefly struck, not with the palaces, but with the pagodas. These rise up before him on every hand, and they show how much attention people pay to religion, and how much sin are called by that sacred name. These pagodas, or temples, contain the priests of Buddha; others are dedicated to Confucius, or to men who, in former times, were regarded as wise; in many, ancestors are worshipped, and one contains the tablets of kings and nobles. But the most interesting is the Temple of Heaven. This differs from all the rest, and is dedicated to "the God of Heaven."

A good missionary of Jesus Christ must look upon this great city, sunk in idolatry, and wholly given to idolatry, we can perfectly conceive. But we know how *we* think of it. It should certainly be with words expressed in the words—

"O God, I feel the mournful scene,
And my heart bleeds for dying men;
While vain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the fire-brand from the flame."

Though there is so much to give the Christian, there is now much reason for hope, even in Peking. Preaching stations and schools are established in different parts of the city, doubt not but that hereafter we shall see the fruits gathered from these labours.



SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE London Missionary Society has now reached a good old age of three score and ten years. But it is pleasant to say that it never enjoyed better health or greater vigour. Every succeeding year it seems to renew its youth, and happily shows that neither its own natural force, nor the warm affection of its friends, has abated. Those of them who had the privilege of being at Exeter Hall on the morning of Thursday, the 12th of May, at the Annual Juvenile Missionary Meeting at the Poetry Chapel on the evening of the same day, saw proof of this. As on former Anniversaries, Exeter Hall presented a sight which it was worth a long journey to see. None was the Evening Meeting less interesting. Few assemblies could have been more so, or more full of encouragement to those who desire to engage the love, zeal, and earnest labours of the young in the great work of spreading the Gospel through the world.

THE REPORT.

The first business at the Meeting in the morning was to hear the Report. Some persons fancy that such documents are dry. No one, however, said or thought that of the Seventieth Report of the London Missionary Society. It was made up of missionary facts which were not only instructive and important, but interesting. If this had not been the case, the people would not have heard it with such evident pleasure, nor have expressed that feeling so strongly. But our readers shall judge for themselves, as we shall now give them some specimens.

THE INCOME OF THE SOCIETY.

we know, gratify them to learn that the income of the Society was nearly £9000 more last year than the year before, and that it will soon have increased and seventy-six missionaries labouring in various parts of the world.

SAVAGE ISLAND.

Young friends who do so much for the Missionary Society, we are sure, be thankful to find that the good work continues to prosper in those islands of the sea recently visited by the "John Williams." Let them follow the following passage from a letter written by the Rev. G. Lawes, of Savage Island, as one striking evidence of this:—

Fifteen years ago a foreigner would not have dared to land, or been suffered to live on the island. Now, the natives are treated with hospitality and kindness, and they live amongst the people lack no good things and produces. Fifteen years ago they lived in a state like brutes; now, villages and neat plastered houses evidence the progress of civilization. Fifteen years ago anarchy, war, and bloodshed prevailed throughout the island; now, law, order, and peace. Fifteen years ago the people were all dark and degraded, strangers to God and praise; now, 'clothed, and in their right minds' they surround their family altars night and morning, bow down to the God of heaven, and the air is filled with their songs of praise. Fifteen years ago they had no written language; now, they have the Gospel in their books, with *two thousand readers*. Fifteen years ago they were all, before God, dead in sin; now, 360 in church-fellowship, living to His glory, and many who, we have reason to hope, are new creatures in Christ Jesus."

Now, through the blessing of God, this wonder change has been brought about by the visits of the Missionary Ship. But for that messenger of mercy, people of this island, once so dark and cruel, would have been as still.

MAN-STEALING.

But a dark shadow has fallen upon this, as upon many other parts of Polynesia. Murderers and man-stealers have been there. One night a fine ship appeared off the island. Many natives hastened aboard to sell the produce of their ground. Having suspicion nor fear, they went into the hold of the vessel but they were no sooner there than the hatchway was fastened down. Much alarmed, they knocked and called for a long time in vain: at length some of the crew came down, and beat them with great pieces of wood for making such a noise. Next day the vessel stood in again towards the shore, hoping that other natives might be obtained on board. Just then those who were confined heard the well-known voices of their friends; they shouted for help, and at length broke a hole through the deck and, rushing upon deck, sprang into the sea, and saved for their lives. But, alas! some were drowned, others were shot, and many more were followed and brought back in the ship's boat. Twenty-three of these were Church-members; and only three of all that went to the ship escaped to tell the terrible tale.

"But," writes Mr. Murray, "one of the most touching incidents connected with this sad affair, is the fact that on the morning following the dreadful day on which the murderous proceedings took place at Savage Island, the natives, while their hearts were bleeding and their tears flowing because fathers, husbands, brothers, and so on were torn from their embrace, should lift up their voices

to God in prayer, not to invoke vengeance upon the heads of their guilty oppressors, but to pray that their hearts might be changed, and that they might be led to abandon their wicked course. How like the spirit of Him whose followers they profess to be! 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' And still more touching, perhaps, is the scene on board that distant coast where the poor captives were confined. When they supposed the hour had arrived at which they had been sent with their families to worship God in their happy homes, now no longer theirs, they united in their solemn family exercises; they prayed and sang praises to God, and, no doubt, like their friends on shore, sought blame for the miserable men by whom they were being so unkindly wronged."

On such ships, and by such means, about 1500 Portuguese have been stolen from their homes and married in Peru, most of whom have perished. One of these slave-ships was caught by a French man-of-war, and the Government of Portugal most righteously condemned the captain to die, and the passengers to ten years of penal servitude. As soon as they reached the said coast, the Directors brought the subject before our Government, who had already sent money which will, we hope, save the island in question from similar visitations.

LIBERATION OF SLAVE CHILDREN.

In former Reports striking proofs have been given of the liberality of the negro Churches in the West Indies; and these gifts during the past year show that their love to Jesus Christ and His cause has not diminished. Will not our readers think it marvellous and joyful that, mostly from poor people and in small sums, they have contributed 20000? Most of the negroes still pay taxes

from Africa, and brought across the Atlantic Ocean, are dead, many of whom have entered heaven. But a few still linger upon earth. "It is most precious," writes Mr. Scott, "to see these aged disciples, through life, sustained in death, and dying in the love of Christ, and in the full assurance of that faith lessened by their prayers and benedictions. I have been cheered in my visits to the sick and dying beds of those whom we regretted to lose, but in whose bliss we had our joy."

THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.

"During the past week," writes the Rev. A. J. Jamaica, "I have committed the bodies of two members to the grave, both of whom had been connected with the Church for many years. The life of the first of these is full of interest. His name was Thomas B. an African. He was brought to Jamaica when about twenty years of age. He was a great favourite with his master, who placed great confidence in him, and made him a waiting-servant. He was afterwards intrusted with a dray to fetch goods from Spanish Town, where, one evening, he attended a prayer meeting, and heard of the love of Christ, who died for sinners. From that time he 'felt himself a poor sinner from Africa, and begged the care for him, but one Massa Jesus love him;' so he once gave his heart to that Jesus. So anxious was he to hear more of his Saviour, that on a Saturday evening, after he had finished his work, he would walk to Spanish Town, a distance of thirty-nine miles, to meet with the people on the Sabbath. He walked back to his estates, and was at work by four o'clock on the following morning.

"During the week he would go to neighbouring

and hold meetings with the slaves. He was successful in his endeavours to bring others to put their souls, and many began to pray for us, and for so doing were dreadfully beaten, and put to death. His master told him he might die when he partook of his food, but at no other time to pray; if he did, he was to be shot. But not those who could only destroy the body, continued to pray. He said, 'Massa, me canna praying, Massa Jesus too good to me.' His valuable life was twice spared in a remarkable instance of two men, on separate occasions, who were witnesses against him for praying, died on their knees. His efforts and example he has done much for here, and he bore his late affliction with great patience. He used to tell us that he feared not to die, waiting for Jesus to take him to Himself; and to live with confidence, 'his end was peace.'"

MISSIONS TO THE MATEBELE.

Missionaries have been more self-denying than any who went to labour amongst the Matebele in South Africa. These good men live so far away from their homes and are separated by so many hundreds of miles of desert and forest from other missionaries, that it takes them only now and then to reach the Directors. When these letters are received, they chiefly show the patience and courage of the writers. It was hoped that Selekatse, under the influence of Mr. Moffat, would induce missionaries to settle in his country, that he might give his people free to learn the truths of the Gospel, and to some extent this terrible old tyrant does so, though he does not prevent the missionaries from preaching, and the people from listening to their

voice, it is death for a Matebele to learn to read. "Still," writes Mr. Thomas, "though our field is a difficult one, it is not without its encouragements. The glad tidings are preached to scores, if not hundreds of natives." We must, therefore, as these faithful workers are doing, hope on, and continue instant in prayer, until God appear to effect amongst the Matebele what he has wrought amongst the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, the Bechuanas, and other tribes of Southern Africa, which were once as dark as degraded, and as cruel as the subjects of Moseleka.

THE SPEAKERS.

But we must now leave the Report, to say a word about the speakers. Amongst these there were four missionaries, and our readers would have been delighted to listen to them.

A YOUTHFUL CONFESSOR FOR CHRIST.

The first of these was the Rev. G. Hall, of Madras. He said many interesting things about India. Our readers will remember his name, and some facts they have read respecting his important labours among the young. The following is one striking proof of many that those labours have not been in vain :—

"About 1854 a young man nineteen years of age was a student in one of our classes. He was a worshipper of Siva, belonging to one of the highest castes, his relations all being in respectable positions in the native community. The young man, from reading the Bible, became convinced of its truth, and came to me for private instruction, and I have, on such occasions, frequently knelt with him in prayer to God. At length he came to me and begged of me to protect him, in order that he might make an open confession of Christianity. I then sent a

stating that the young man was in my house,
 ded to become a Christian; and ere long his
 ne, accompanied by a crowd of persons, in a
 eat excitement. I told the father that his son
 voluntarily forward, and said if the son wished
 go home to his relatives. The father said he
 so, but the son said he would not, for if he
 ul would be lost. The father then took him
 ave a private conversation; but this had no
 still remained firm. A younger brother then
 by the hand, and eagerly besought him to go.
 he said, 'No: I have done with idolatry for ever.'
 y prejudice was appealed to, and all kinds of
 and everything they could think of to shake
 ion were made use of, but still he remained firm.
 his mother came, and said, 'O, my son, why
 eft me thus? am I not your own mother? Come
 me, and I will give you everything that you
 ' He said, 'Mother, I love you still, but God has
 d me to leave all and follow Him.' Then his
 er came and kissed his feet, his mother was
 bout his neck, and all, in piteous terms, be-
 n to go back with them, and not bring such
 n them by breaking his caste. I thought that
 man was greatly moved, that he had a great
 ith himself, but he turned to the tenth chapter
 w, and read the latter part of it. I had often
 chapter with him, but never, till I saw him
 under those circumstances, did I realize our
 rds, 'He that loveth father or mother more
 s not worthy of me:' 'and he that taketh not
 and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.'
 rds gave him courage. He told his relatives
 ved them, but that he loved God rather than

man, and that he could not go home with them. seven hours of that day were spent in similar entreaties, but still he remained firm. After his were gone, I and a brother missionary, now sit on this platform, knelt down with him, and thanked him for having given him firmness. That night his lock was cut off, he broke caste by eating food from the table, and after a few weeks I baptized him in the Church. But still his troubles were not over. His father would often come, and many an hour he would spend with him, sometimes plying him with arguments, and sometimes with tears, over hopes crushed and honours lost, in what he thought the fall of his son. Oh, this young man was deeply tried! his cross was hard for human nature to bear. As I can testify, he loved his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. A few streets from where I lived was the house in which he was born, and had been his home. There were many that were dear to him on earth; but by his own choice he had for ever shut himself out by breaking his caste. His own parents looked upon him as utterly polluted, and he had cut himself off from all intercourse with them for ever. But he struggled against these temptations. For nine years he has been a diligent student for the ministry. He has been a great help to us in that Mission. Frequently since then has he stood by others, and Christian brethren, who have been led to break caste, and to become Christians; he has been their counsellor and friend, and from his deep sympathy, from his own heart, he has greatly aided to build up that little Church of Christ, of which he was one of the first members. That youth spends his whole time in advancing the work, and I hope ere long to see him ordained as a minister of the Gospel among his own countrymen.

HINDOO INTELLIGENCE.

v. J. Makepeace followed Mr. Hall. He also a missionary in India, and gave the following facts to show how keen and clever the Hindoo are who have been taught in the missionary

chaplain was passing from Agra to Calcutta, where he was labouring for several years. On his way he called at a mission station. The missionary there was very glad that he should pay a visit to his school. 'Oh, my pleasure,' said the chaplain, and away they went. The chaplain was thus introduced, not to a school in one of the great cities of the Indian Empire but to a purely country school. 'Now,' said the missionary to the chaplain, 'these little fellows have been taught the Bible, and I should like you to catechise them, and test their acquaintance with Bible history and geography.' Well, the chaplain thought he would put a very simple question, so he said, 'Who was the wisest man who ever lived?' thinking, probably, that that was a very simple question indeed. I have put that question, my friend, in this country, and the reply has generally been 'Solomon.' The chaplain, no doubt, thought the reply 'Solomon;' but a little fellow in the class very much surprised and thoughtfully answered, 'Jesus Christ, sir.' The chaplain was immediately on the horns of a dilemma and knew not what to do, and he very haughtily placed the burden of the proof on the little boy who had given the answer. 'How do you prove that?' he said. The little boy, 'I can prove it, sir.' 'How?' he said. 'It is written, "God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him."' 'Capital!' said the chaplain, astonished at the reply. In order to test the quick-wittedness and independent thought of the pupils still further,

he said, 'Can any of you give me another proof?' 'Sir,' said another little fellow in the school, 'I can. It is written, "No man ever spake like this man."'
"So," added Mr. Makepiece, "if you were to go to some of the large cities, such as Calcutta, and wished to see some of the great Missionary institutions where education is given through the medium of the English language, the missionaries would be very glad to introduce you to a class of fine native youths, whom you would find speaking English as well as you speak it yourself." Not long ago an American missionary arrived in Calcutta, and he was naturally anxious to see the place, and to learn what the missionaries were doing there, in order that he might profit by what he saw. He went to his intended operations in the north-west. He went to see one of the schools under the management of the missionaries, and he was introduced to a class of native youths. 'Now,' said the missionary to the youths on their arrival, 'these young men have read almost every book they can get, and they think for themselves, and I should like you to tell me of their general knowledge.' 'Well,' said the missionary, 'I am fresh from the United States, 'can any of you you tell me how many forms of government there are in the world?' 'Yes,' said one of the young men very confidently, 'I can, sir; there are several.' 'Well, then, what are they? please to name them?' 'Well, sir, there is the limited monarchy.' 'Yes.' 'And there is the absolute monarchy.' 'Yes.' 'And there is the republican form of government.' 'Yes, there is. And pray, under which form would you like to live?' 'Under the limited monarchy, sir.' 'But how so, how so? You know there is a republican form of government in America, and under that form of government you can go where you like, and say what you like, and think what you like, and write what you like.'

live under such a free government as that?'
 'You, sir, I should prefer after all the limited
 'Well, but now, how so, how so? When
 all these privileges, social, political, and reli-
 y not prefer such a free government as that?'
 'I prefer the limited monarchy, and I will tell
 I know that, with all the boasted freedom
 t republican form, there are three millions of
 o could not exist under such a limited monarchy
 f Great Britain.' Now that is just a simple
 n of the way in which our missionary students
 ry and think for themselves."

CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

Following facts are the only ones which we can
 use just given. They were related by the Rev.
 a, from Amoy, in China:—

been said on high authority that the Chinese
 prepared to make sacrifices for religion. All I
 answer to that is, that they do. There was a
 a in the south of China, connected with Dr.
 church, who preached the Gospel to his fellow-
 n, and God gave him some fifty souls as his
 t man was called upon by some of his country-
 y whether he would give up Christ or die. He
 an die, but I cannot give up Christ.' They
 knife into his heart, and plunged his body
 ream. There have been many other cases in
 tive Christians have shown that they were
 be cast into prison rather than give up their
 ad have thought it their highest glory to suffer
 ke of Him who made himself a sacrifice for
 e Sabbath day a poor Chinese woman, who
 travelled a long distance to my church, told

me that her husband had been beating her for coming. I exhorted her to remember the saying of our Lord that it is through much tribulation that we shall reach the kingdom of heaven. 'Ah, teacher,' she said, 'I do need your words; when I think of the sufferings of Christ for me, a poor sinner, my own sufferings seem light in comparison with His, that I cease to feel them all.' I say that the Chinese are prepared to make sacrifices, and do suffer for the cause of Christ.

We think that the extracts now given from the Report and the speeches will satisfy our readers that the Meeting on the 12th of May was one of great interest.



LETTER TO CHILDREN FROM MRS. WARD, OF ASSAM.

Sibsagor, June, 1863.

A FRIEND said to me this morning, "You strew your path with roses." I had a basket in my hand full of fresh-plucked red, pink, and white roses, with which our garden abounds at this season, and was about starting for the girls' day school.

Children, what do you think I was going to do with them? I need not ask you if you love flowers. I know you do. When you gaze on their rich, varied, and glowing colours, and inhale their sweet fragrance, for the time at least you forget your little vexations, and feel a strange, indescribable pleasure. Many a time have I seen a little infant's eyes riveted on a bright flower, grasped unconsciously in its little hand, while the drawn up lips indicated how much he wished to say, "Oh, how beautiful!"

and, though morally so dark, is yet bright with flowers, many of them more gorgeous and far more fragrant than any to be found in America. On the side of the tank, a short distance from our house, stands a large rose tree that annually presents a truly gorgeous sight. Every branch is well covered with clusters of roses of a velvet texture, and of a deep orange hue; the petals are so bright they have a dazzling effect. These are the favourite flowers as idol offerings. Still, for their colour and its delicate fragrance, the rose is the favourite. The children say they are "very beautiful. Frequently groups of the school come to our house, and say they have come to see the roses. After a while their real object very modestly expressed is, 'Mem sahib, muk gulah-phul dega'—Mem sahib, please give me a rose; and with a rose or two go off happy children.

When I enter school with a basket of roses, a glance at the children brings a smile on every face, and I hear the cry, "Gulah-phul"—roses; not forgetting, however, to express their joy, to bow and touch their foreheads to me. Then they all lay their books aside and say, "Order" for me to examine them in the day's lesson. When this is done, I distribute the roses. Each one, as she receives the flower, bows and touches her forehead to it. As the polite little children in our country say "Thank you" when anything is given to them.

What do I give them roses for? Will roses make Christians? I cannot say what means God will use to change their hearts. A very little thing, or a very great thing, God has often made the means of opening the eyes to the truth. So I am strewing my path with roses. The hearts of these little ones, and when I get to the hearts of these little ones, and when I get to the hearts of these little ones, then I can do them good. Sometimes I

think I have gained my point, they seem so glad to see me. I passed and repassed their houses daily for two years, and these same little girls took no notice of me; but since the school was opened, and they have found out I am their friend, as I pass along the road the little girls run to the door to catch my eye, and smile, and make a salaam. Sometimes I meet a group, all watching for me to look and receive their salaam; that done, they frequently all burst out laughing. Perhaps you think that rude; but they do not mean it as rudeness. I like to hear them laugh, and I enjoy all these little indications of their affection, for it makes me hope the door open for me to lead these little ones to the "Light of the world." We wish to make the school attractive, so that they will like to attend; for they are hindered rather than encouraged by their parents. For centuries females of this country have remained in total ignorance. Among these little girls' mothers not one can read, when invited to send their daughters to school they say, "What profit will it be to us? It is well for our girls to learn to read and write; then they can get a situation and earn money; but our girls—what money can they get by learning how to read? If they are educated they will become bad, and bring us to shame."

This is the way these poor ignorant mothers think. They see no need of learning except for money. If we should promise two dollars a month to every girl who would learn to read, every one far and near would come to school. Their eyes are not open to see "how much better to get wisdom than gold." We cannot expect these children will see or feel the value of learning. Children of our own privileged country do not do it. But if these poor little Assamese can be led to think the school a pleasant place, they will come, notwithstanding

nice of their parents. The other day one little honest enough to tell me that her mother did not send her to school; she "ran away."

Long years must pass away before the females of our dark land will come to value an education; and we will never come unless we begin to throw in the towel: and though it be but a "little leaven," by the blessing of God it shall leaven "the whole lump."



TELL THEM WHAT TO DO.

There was once a great number of people assembled together. They had assembled to see the raising of a great stone—very long, very large, and therefore extremely heavy. In due time the machinery which was used for it began to be set in motion, and all went on smoothly for a while. But by-and-by it was found that the ropes by which the pillar was being raised, had not been made sufficiently tight, and that they were beginning to give way in consequence to slip down. Every one was in terror. They expected to see the pillar come down to the ground with a crash. They expected to see it fall on some of the people who were near, and who could not get out of the way (there were so many of them) in good time. And they did not know in the least what to do. But there was one man who *did* know, and who was standing in the crowd. He was a sailor, accustomed to the use of ropes, and he saw the danger therefore in a moment. He saw how much the people *desired* help. He saw how they *required* help. And he found himself, by the providence of God, where he could *give* the help they *needed*. This was enough for his heart. He called out

to the workmen immediately to throw water on the ropes, and especially on those parts of the ropes which were fastened round the pillar. And the moment they did so observe what ensued. The water made the ropes shrink. The shrinking of the ropes caused them to clasp the pillar more tightly. The increased tightness of their grasp prevented them from slipping. The machinery was able in consequence to act as it should. The pillar was soon raised therefore to its place, and the lives of the crowd were all saved. And all because an English sailor *understood* his duty—and *did* it.

I think the heathen are like the people who had come to see the great pillar. There is a great stony pillar of destruction threatening to come down upon *them*. Many of them see their danger, and desire to escape. None of them, however, know in what way. But *we* are like the sailor. We *know* how they may escape; and we can *tell* them if we like. I think that the knowledge of this ought to be enough for our hearts. I think that *this* is just the same as God speaking to us, and *commanding* us to help them.

THE YOUTHFUL PREACHER.

"I HAVE been very much cheered," writes the Rev. J. Vaughan, from India, "by the manifest tokens of the Divine blessing on our work among the lepers. All those who were baptized last year have held fast to their profession. Some have evinced more earnestness than others, but there is no reason to doubt that all are sincere believers in Jesus. I use the word 'sincere' advisedly. A little circumstance, in connection with a female leper, has pleased me greatly. In addition to

she had suffered some time from a new
of this she was subsequently quite cured ; and
at Sunday she sent me one rupee as a thank-
the mercy received.

the present year seven additional converts
added to the number, making in all fourteen
been recently admitted into the fold of
these were six Hindoos and one Mussulman.
pretty, and to me most interesting story, is
with the latter. It is now more than two
I sent a little boy from my school to the hos-
poor child was very feeble in body, and of
there appeared but little hope. The precious
the Gospel, however, had found their way to
By-and-by an attack of cholera in a few hours
s career. An account of his death appeared
een months ago in the little 'Green Book,'
(60). For some time after he was in the hos-
able to crawl about, and he employed his
th in going to two or three of his fellow-
ading to them the Scriptures, and pointing
rist. Among his hearers was a young, intelli-
alman. One day little Robert told me, with
es, that his Mohammedan friend was inquiring
th, and he believed he would become a Chris-
ent and spoke with the young man. He
ome extent interested in the subject. I saw
r three times, and gave him a Hindoostanee
After this I went on a preaching tour ; the
aving died just before.

ng scenes and new engagements put the young
out of my head. I had forgotten all about
e three months ago, on paying my usual visit
es, I observed at the end of the ward a stranger

lying on his bed ; and yet, as I approached, he gazed on the smiling face with which he welcomed me, and felt sure that we had met before. ' Surely,' he must know you : where have I seen you ?' ' I said he, ' don't you recollect me ? Don't you remember the little boy you sent to the hospital two years ago ? And don't you remember that he used to come to see me until he died ? Well, sahib, it was that boy who led me to think about Christianity. In the past two years I have constantly been thinking on the subject ; I have studied daily the Bible which you gave me ; and now I am fully convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. I know myself to be a great sinner ; but I trust in Him, and solely in the atonement which Christ has made for the salvation of my soul.'

"I could not help from my inmost soul praising Him. I listened to this striking statement. ' Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength.' This little, feeble, dying child had been the instrument for calling this man's attention to the truth. The boy had gone to his rest : the Mussulman had been moved from place to place ; no human teacher had been present with him. In the meantime the good seed had been germinating under the genial influence of the Spirit ; and after a lapse of two years, he made this bold and manly confession of his faith. His knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel was something remarkably good, sufficiently testified that he had indeed been a diligent student of the Bible."



THE
MILLE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1864.

THE PERILOUS PASSAGE.

There are several spots in Madagascar which in the future will come to be looked upon with great interest by the Christians of that country, on account of their connection with the faith and the labors of their brethren. One of these is mentioned in the Frontispiece. It is a scene on which stopped the progress of Rafaravavy and his companions as they fled from their fierce pursuers from the capital to the coast. The name of the place is the Mangoro; and, at the part of it mentioned in the Frontispiece, there is a ferry called the Mangoro, which the refugees had to cross on their way to Tamatave.

It was day and the night before they reached the coast, and the full of danger and dread. They had pursued their course, as well as they could, through the dense and almost pathless forest, shunning the natives and every stranger, until it was midnight. Then, weary and footsore, they laid themselves down to rest; but cold, and heavy rain fell upon them from their eyes. They were therefore in the morning dawned, to hasten on their way.

journey. The path now led towards the and, as more than two hundred soldiers travelling by it to Tamatave, the danger of discovery was very great. Having passed the village, they went on trembling towards where they were told that soldiers were everywhere. But He in whom they trusted, and for whom they suffered, once more delivered them; for, on reaching near the point of greatest danger, they were surprised and relieved to learn that the soldiers had left it. At length they came to the Mangahy, hid themselves until it was dark. They then asked one another the difficult question, how were they to get across. It was wide and deep, even if they had been able to swim, as canoes abounded there, the danger was very great. They therefore came to the conclusion that they must only get over in the ferryman's canoe. When it was dark, they went down to the ferry: the canoe had just returned from the opposite bank of the river to which it had carried a party of soldiers. Putting, therefore, a bold face upon the matter, and their faces being hidden by the darkness, they asked the man to take them across; and, knowing that they belonged to the party of soldiers who had just passed, he consented, and, by the hands of Providence, became the unconscious instrument of their deliverance.

THE MAGIC LANTERN IN INDIA.

MY FRIENDS,—A few months ago I wrote you, in which I gave you a short account of my journey from Gravesend to Madras. I wish now to write you, by which you may know a little of what I have been doing since my return to Nagercoil.

First, however, I must thank some of you for your subscriptions to the Nagercoil Girls' Boarding School, which I have received during the past six months. I remember telling you, in your Missionary Reports, that for £3 a Hindoo girl could be clothed, and fed in our school at Nagercoil for a year. Since my return I have been greatly gratified to receive several new subscriptions, which have increased the number of girls taught in the school up to 100. I cannot tell you all the good these children are doing, being taught and cared for in the boarding-school. "I do I think we shall ever know until we meet before the throne of God in heaven." All you people of happy Christian England, who subscribe to the education of these poor children in dark, heathen India, are doing something towards making the future of India better wives and better mothers than ever seen before. And as you are made instrumental in turning many of these to righteousness, your blessed reward is that you "shall shine, as the sun ever and ever;" you will have also the satisfaction of this life, of knowing that you are doing your duty towards those children not so highly favoured as

One month after my arrival, I held the Annual Meeting in our large chapel at Nagercoil, at

which upwards of a thousand persons were present. One reason for holding our Missionary Meeting in October and not in May, is because in October the people have not much work to do in the fields, as it is so soon after the harvest. We have two harvests in Travancore, one in March and the other in September, every year. The grain gathered in is not wheat, or barley, or oats, or rye, but *rice*, on which the people principally live.

At this meeting I had the opportunity of seeing very many of the people of my district for the first time since my return from England; and, as so many were present at the close of the meeting I showed them a new clock which some kind friend in England had given me for the chapel, and with which the people were greatly pleased. I showed them also a new service of electro plate for the Lord's Supper, which I had purchased in London for their use, and which, when they saw, they said they would pay for them out of their own pockets. They are now making the collection for it, and when next I visit I think I shall be able to tell you that they have paid for it. I told them also of many things I had seen and heard in England, and of what the people and children of England were doing for them.

I made known to them that I had brought out with me a large magic lantern; and when I said that, as so many of them were there together, I would show it to them that night, if they would remain in the village, (so many of them came from villages ten, twelve, and fifteen miles away,) their joy knew no bounds, and most of them said they would stay to see it.

Our meeting commenced at eleven o'clock and continued till nearly three in the afternoon, during which time several speeches were made, both by the Missionaries and the Native Christians, and the subscription

ing read, showed that the sum of nearly 400 (that is, £40), had been subscribed by the people of the London Missionary Society during the year. If you know that, within the tropics, the day and night are nearly equal, and that the sun rises at about six o'clock in the morning, and sets at about six in the evening, all the year round. Soon after sunset there is very little twilight, it gets quite dark. It was on the day of the Missionary Meeting. I told the people that the exhibition of the magic lantern would take place soon after sunset, and they were very impatient, both great men and women, and boys and girls, to see it. Many of them had never so much as heard of such a thing, and they were curious to know what kind of a lantern a *magic* lantern would be. The news soon got spread abroad among the heathen that an exhibition was to take place, and many seemed anxious to come to see it: this, of course, we allowed, and when the time arrived for us to commence, there had been nearly 2000 persons present.

I showed them first of all a beautiful chromotrope, and it was made to revolve, and the wheels, and the diamonds seemed going out towards them and coming back again, like a thing having life, their faces and voices found vent in such expressions as these: "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how wonderful! Look, how beautiful colours! how they move! here they go! eiyoh, eiyoh, how wonderful, how wonderful, how grand!" They were indeed taken by

I then showed them several Scripture pictures, illustrating the history contained in both the Old Testament and the New, from the time of Adam in the garden of Eden to the Ascension of our Lord at Bethany. We

were very pleased to hear many of the children, especially the boys and girls of our school, what the picture was about, before we had the opportunity of explaining it to them. They were very much interested with a large moveable slide, illustrating the story of Noah's ark. Many of the animals they could name, and every now and then were to be heard saying, "There's an elephant; that's a lion; this is a tiger, and so on; and very sorry they were that they had not the animals had entered, Noah and his sons and their wives, all dressed in the most beautiful and of the brightest colours, brought the ark to land, and the door of the ark was shut. They would have waited to see them all come out again. When the men, women, and beasts came out back of the ark, they were much pleased also with a similar slide illustrating the passage of the Red Sea, and were permitted to refrain from expressing their joy, when they saw that the Israelites had escaped the fury of Pharaoh's hosts, "with his chariots and horses," with the army of the wave."

After the Scriptural slides, we showed them some fine views of London, with some of the principal streets and buildings. They wondered greatly at what they saw, and expressed their thoughts and admiration in many ways. Then we showed them one or two pictures of the life of a pig, which they laugh very much; such as that of a boy holding a boar's head on a dish in front of him, and another, of the butcher's head flies into the dish, and another, of a man is seen on his shoulders; another, of a man teased by rats, which he unresistingly allows to be put into his mouth; another, of a London shopkeeper showing a gentleman's boots: and others, some of which you may say many of you have seen, and at which you would

d. These all caused much merriment among

hibition was closed by another chromatrope, in the centre the words "Good Night," which, in English, many of them perfectly understood. The evening's entertainment passed off to the great satisfaction of the people, and very much

They went away and spread abroad every account of what they had seen, and ever since have been wanting to see it again, declaring that it was a magic lantern indeed.

Now, I have exhibited it at two other of our Stations, and my Missionary brother, Mr. [name], exhibited at two or three others. On each occasion the people were highly pleased, and very many of them used to say, that all the great and clever men in England, the white men, and everything wonderful came from England.

When I arrived at these heathen and people of our Missions I exhibited the magic lantern. So perfectly pleased were the natives, that after an exhibition in [name], the chief town of Travancore, Mr. Duthie was invited to take it to the palace of the Rajah, to exhibit it there. Accordingly, in January [year] I went to the palace, and had the pleasure of showing it to the Rajah, his mother, and the heir apparent, and some of the young princes and princesses, and was received with the palace.

When we arrived at the palace, we were ushered into a very beautifully furnished apartment on the first floor, the walls being nearly covered with mirrors of all sizes, and small, while from the ceiling were hanging many chandeliers and globe lamps. In this room we were to exhibit the magic lantern.

We had asked the dewar, or prime minister Rajah, to see that persons were there to wait us and also to provide us with a sheet, on which to place the image of the picture. We were, however, very surprised to find some fifty persons there waiting to do whatever we told them, and to prepare themselves for the exhibition. There were a score of coolies (i.e., labourers) to bring and to take, and to lift and move, and to do whatever else they were told to do; a dozen or more carpenters, with their chisels, mallets, and hammers and nails, to do what was required to do; and several tailors, with their thread and needles and tapes and thread, to put up the picture in a workmanlike way. Then there were overseers of these workpeople, and officers, both great and small, high and low, to direct everything, and to tell everyone what to do. Some spoke Tamil, others Malayalam, others English, but all were making a very great fuss, as though their industry and zeal in our service could be reckoned according to the amount of fuss and noise each made. However, we managed to get our lantern stretched and wetted, the lantern placed at a proper distance and at a proper height, our gas-bag near to it, two stout strong Indians to sit upon it, as we had stones at hand, to press out the gas in a continuous stream. Then, when we had lit our spirit-lamp and turned on our gas, and focussed our picture, and found that giving promise of success, we sent a message to the Rajah that everything was ready. The messenger went, the tumult of tongues soon ceased, the crowd was cleared away, chairs were placed for our royal spectators, and they stood waiting to receive them. We had put in a pretty chromotrope, thinking to begin with that, but it looked very well indeed. The lamp was to

was quite white, and, thanks to our two sudras, as coming out in a continuous stream, when the passed that the Rajah was coming, "Hush! quiet! hush!" Soon we saw the Rajah coming on, attended by the members of his family I mentioned, when, directly they appeared, up jumped from the gas-bag, and left us all in darkness, our fine chromotrope, because they had cut off. They would not sit down even on the gas-bag. The Rajah was near, but when he went to the other screen we managed to get them seated again. It is not the first time we had seen the Rajah, but I had not seen him. There are very few children in Travancore, except my own little daughters, two of whom I brought from Althamstow, who have seen the present Rajah of Travancore, so I will tell you what kind of a gentleman he is, and how he was dressed.

Now I must give you a lesson in spelling and pronunciation. Here it is, pronounce this:—His Highness Sree Palmanābha Dāusa Vunchee Bāula Rāma Koolashagara Kíreedā Padee Munnay Sultān Rājah Rāma Rājah Bahāudur Shāmsheer Jung, Rajah of Travancore. These are the names and titles of His Highness Rama Vurumah, the Rājah of Travancore. To assist you in the pronunciation, I will tell you that the letters *a* marked thus (*ā*) are pronounced as in the English word *father*. The others are pronounced as the *a* in *China*. I hope you will pronounce them all properly.

The Rajah is not a tall gentleman, nor is he very short; he is not a stout gentleman, nor is he very thin; he is not what you would call a black gentleman, nor is he as black as you are. He was not dressed in coat, waistcoat, and boots of the fashion commonly known to

you; he had his coat made of purple velvet trousers of white calico, he wore no shoes but was barefooted. On his head he wore velvet and gold lace. He had very valuable his fingers, and others in his ears. I think, you had seen him, you might have been disappointed in finding him barefooted and so dressed. This, however, is the custom of the Rajahs. They never wear shoes in the house; they go about every day in gold and glitter. Only on state and public occasions, sometimes the Queen, do they appear in costly and grand dresses. But the Rajah was very kind, very affable and gentlemanly; he shook hands with us, and we sat down, and made us feel quite at home in his palace.

So also was it with His Highness the First Prince. He was more plainly dressed than the Rajah. The other princes also were plainly dressed, though they wore valuable rings in their ears and on their fingers. The princesses, or Ranees, were dressed in a more elegant manner; on their wrists and ankles and necks wore ornaments. They wore rings on their fingers, bangles on their toes, in their ears and in their nose; their dresses were very costly, wrought with gold thread.

Mr. Duthie undertook to superintend the exhibition and to arrange the slides. I stood in front of the pictures. We first exhibited the views of the city, and though the Rajah and Prince were, by seeing photographs, tolerably well acquainted with the principal thoroughfares of that great city, they stood in need of some one to explain things to them as the different pictures appeared. For instance, to tell them what the roads and pavements were of, and whether the houses were of brick or

amined, the Rajah took his departure, followed by other members of the royal party, but not before he thanked us for the entertainment. As soon as we packed up everything and put all into boxes, we were taken to the palace in one of the Rajah's carriages, which he had ordered for us, being very well satisfied in having had such an evening's entertainment.

I think now I must stop writing, and reserve what I have to say till another time.

Praying that God will bless you, and make you a blessing,

I remain your sincere friend,

JOHN J. D.

Nagercoil, April 5th, 1864.

LETTER FROM MADAGASCAR.

THE following is an extract from a very interesting letter written by Mr. Sibree last December, to the officers of the Salem Chapel Sabbath School, Hull, of which he was superintendent before he went to Madagascar, speaking of former happy days with the young people whom he had left behind, and giving a very interesting sketch of his journey through France and up to the Mediterranean and across Egypt, which our space does not allow us to insert, the writer thus proceeds:—

"For a week we were steaming down the Nile. The heat here was very great; and I could not do any better than I had previously done the value of hot countries, and many passages of Scripture bearing on this subject. Getting at last out of the Red Sea, we passed into the Indian Ocean, and in less than a

at Mauritius, a beautiful island belonging to
The chief town, Port Louis, is surrounded by
mountains, and here I saw new and beautiful trees
figs, palms, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and others, only
of hot climates. I stayed at this place but a single
day, and crossed over to Madagascar in a sailing-vessel.
The morning after leaving Port Louis we were off
the coast of Tamatave, and at last I looked upon the
island I had been thinking of for so many weeks. It
was a beautiful picture ; the shore was lined with cocoa-
nuts and palms, amongst which I could see wooden
groups of the natives on the beach. A line of
reefs fringed the coral reef which protects from the great
waves which roar over it ; while some miles
inland a dark line of mountains stretched away in the
distance. I felt that it was a heathen land I now looked
upon, yet a land where Christ's Gospel had come,
where many had felt its power, and had been willing
to suffer ' bonds and imprisonment,' the loss of all
possessions, and even cruel and painful deaths, rather than
renounce its name. A rainbow was stretching over dark
rainy-looking clouds, and I thought this was an
omen of the hope of good days in store for the country,
when the times of persecution are passed, and the
cross has been taken away. I travelled up to the
interior, which is nearly two hundred miles from the port.
I landed, in a palanquin, carried upon men's
heads. There are no carriages in this country, for
there are no roads. You would be astonished to see the
paths through the forest along which we came,
so steep and difficult that it is a wonder how any
one goes up or down them. For many miles we passed
through forests of enormous trees, of kinds new to Eng-
land, with beautiful and strange insects and animals

inhabiting them. Everything was new: the people, their strange language, the rude houses, the luxuriant vegetation—all made me feel I was a long way from home. For ten days I was travelling in this way, at last we approached the capital, and I was rejoiced to think that my long journey of seven weeks was at an end. We saw the city when we were some fifty-sixteen miles from it. It is beautifully situated on a long lofty hill some three or four hundred feet above the plain. High above all the other houses towers the palace, with a lofty roof painted white, so as to be seen from a great distance. I was delighted to meet English Christian people again—those connected with the Mission—and to be able to use my tongue once more, for, as I could not speak the language of the people, they did not understand mine, it was no use speaking to them as I came up the country. The people who live in this part of the island are called Hovas, and are not very dark in colour; some few, indeed, are as fair as Europeans, and, when dressed in English costume, do not look very different from us. They are dressed chiefly in large pieces of white cloth or calico worn round them, and not in close-fitting dresses like Europeans. Many of the people came to visit me and the gentleman with whom I stayed: this is called 'mamang' or visiting, and is customary when any foreigners come to live amongst them. Some brought presents of rice, eggs, or bananas, to show their good will and to assure us of our coming. A few days after my arrival I was accompanied by Mr. Ellis round the sites where the memorial churches are to be built, and which you will remember I have come out to superintend. The place is called Ambohipotsy, a fine level piece of ground at the south end of the city, overlooking the coun-

side all round. There many Christians were put to death by being executed, and the bones of some were still lying in the sun on the place where they died. The next place is Anguimurica, situate at the top of some wooded mountains, down which other Christians were driven and dashed to pieces on the rocks. From here we went to Sumbulungu, at which place the prisons used to be, where both men and women were kept to die for a long period, because they would not come to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. The church, as it was called Waravahile, a hill to the north of the city, close to sight of the palace, of the great market, the public grounds, and large numbers of houses. Our Father spoke over here to death for their stubbornness about they believed. The church at this open assembly is to look entirely by the contributions of the children of England, and I believe the annual report has nearly been obtained. If you have not done anything for this object, I should like you to get a little more to have your share in this good work. You may be sure I talked upon those mixed places with no small pleasure. I felt that must be a time and place where you could give me and women strength to overcome things rather than deny them Lord and Christ: and I could not help asking should we be long in pulling to make such ourselves? I believe there many who would even do that. We know that we could not our English martyrs who passed from the burning stake and the halberd's point to the tower of death to the love and faithful servants of God. We dare them, can you make any answer to Christ's call? For me, you would: if you are His servants, you will not shrink from that loving, merciful grace and strength to love the poor children, and then if you be well-affected

to suffer much for Him, you may work and Him, and help to send that Gospel, which has brought these once-degraded Malagasy people, to others who have not heard yet of the joyful sound.

"You would be interested to look in at the attentive congregations which crowd the chapels already built here. These are five in number; you must not suppose they are much like our churches in England. They are either of wood or clay, with thatched roofs, small windows with shutters, but no glass, and no pews, but only a few forms at one end. The people sit on the floor, which is merely clay, covered with mats. The men are on one side and the women on the other, and they are packed so close it is difficult to breathe through them. They are very attentive and devout, and set a good example in this respect to many converts at home. During prayer, almost every face is covered with the folds of their lambas or clothes; no staring, no whispering, if prayer was no business of theirs. Their dresses are very peculiar; some are pretty, and they have a few English ones. The regular services begin at nine o'clock, and last until eleven; and in the afternoon from three until nearly five: but many come at six or seven in the morning, and would stop there if the Sunday-schools were not held in the afternoon. They have Sunday-schools at most of the churches, and those I have seen are very quiet and orderly as much so as most schools at home. Mr. Williams, the gentleman with whom I take my meals, is the principal of the Mission Day School, where a large number

* It is with sorrow that our readers will learn that we have just brought the sad news of the death of this amiable and devoted missionary. His loss is mourned by old and young at Antananarivo, and by his fellow labourers.

tend every day. They learn reading, writing, geography, and many other things similar to are taught in your British schools. You would to see them in their classes round their with their bright black eyes and intelligent ey are very quick and diligent, and fond of ols. The teaching in the morning begins at ven, and lasts until half past ten, yet numbers after six o'clock; and many are so anxious to they will stay to do lessons between the school am sure that they can become quite as clever of you, considering the fewer advantages they was delighted a few Sundays ago to hear a children at Amparibo sing several English as you are fond of: amongst them, 'We're through Immanuel's grounds;' 'Around the God in heaven,' and others. Of course they a of their own language, for they cannot yours. As soon as I am able to speak in I hope to superintend one of the Sunday- present, and for some time to come, I cannot k of this kind, as I do not know the language. The names of children, as of men and e here very singular. They have generally name, not two or more, as you have. All es mean something, like the names in the ou will, I daresay, be amused at the following oys and girls who come to Mr. Stagg's school: Rakatabao, meaning new girl; Raliasoa, liking Ralanto, graceful; Ratavy, fat; Raketamanga, Boys: Ramaherilanga, powerful weight; y, great courtyard; Andriantsarafara, the last Rabarimoso, full eyes. I might give you , but these will suffice to show you the pecu-

liarity I have mentioned. Although this is an idol country, yet I have only once seen an idol; this called 'Kely Melazy,' or little glory—a most appropriate name, for it has very little glory or respect paid now. People seem ashamed of it, and well they should for it is only a bundle of wood and dirty cloth. When I saw it, it was being carried by a man in his hand round the city to avert disease. The present Queen is an idolater, but she is not a persecutor, like her predecessor. She allows all her subjects to worship as they think right. Pray for her, that her eyes may be opened to see the folly of her idolatry, and be led to love and serve the true God, and his Son Jesus Christ.

"And now I must conclude this letter. I will not further say that I hope often to hear good tidings concerning you; that you are increasing in wisdom and order, in punctuality and obedience; and, above all, that many of you are not only interested in doing good things and sending the Gospel to the heathen, but are obeying and loving it yourselves. Remember me to all, and pray for me. I hope to send you a letter occasionally. All is well: and with my best wishes for you all, and your teachers and superintendent, believe me to remain, my dear boys and girls,

"Your affectionate friend,

"JAMES SIBREE, JUNIOR

SCHOOL FOR THE SONS AND ORPHANS MISSIONARIES, BLACKHEATH.

rs have often heard of this most valuable
To the young, and to all who desire the
of Christian education, or who feel how much
to those who have left their home for Christ's
committed their little ones to our care, it
an object of special interest. Few claims can
than those made for its support. It deserves,
demands, the best help which loving hearts
hands can give it. This none will deny.
n, it is a sad, sad thing, to learn that such
ion is in debt. But that debt should be at
away; and this may be readily done if the
ur Sunday Schools will only resolve to do it.
belief of the Committee, and therefore they
ollowing appeals, which we trust will not be
in:—

UPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

ess of an appeal to the young, in Sabbath
pends greatly upon the *Superintendents and*
If you, dear friends, will kindly take the
explain to the children the *nature* of the
ituation, and the *desirableness* of discharging
with which it is at present encumbered, we
led they will cheerfully respond to the appeal.
ution provides a happy home and Christian
or the sons of Missionaries of various deno-
There are no schools in heathen lands in
can be educated, and their parents are so

fully engaged in Missionary labours as not to be able to instruct them. In many places, the climate is unfavourable to health, as to make it necessary that they should be sent to this country at an early age. It is also essential that they should be removed from the contaminating influence of heathen customs. A Missionary, writing home from India respecting his children, observes: "If there be one thing more than another that unnerves me, breaks down my spirits, unfits me for my work, it is the anxiety I feel for my children growing up among the heathen. I am far from home, and consequently cannot attend to their instruction."

If Missionaries are willing to make the sacrifice of parting with their beloved little ones, that they may continue to labour among the heathen, surely it is to provide for those children a comfortable home and a suitable education in this country.

It is very desirable that the Institution should be free from debt, that more boys may be admitted, and that it may be carried on without difficulty. It has already proved a great blessing to many Missionaries; and, if adequately sustained, it will confer many benefits hereafter.

The Committee indulge the hope that your friends, will sympathise with the object of this Institution, will encourage the children to make the effort to contribute in any other way which your judgment may dictate, and then kindly forward the amount collected by a Post Office Order on the Post Office, London, payable to the Rev. GEORGE FRITCHARD, Mission School, Blackheath, London.

By order of the Committee,

GEORGE FRITCHARD

Secy

THE CHILDREN OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

NG FRIENDS,—In the above Institution the
, separated from their parents, are provided
Christian Home and a *good Education*. There
boys now in the Institution, of whom
Orphans. The building was designed to
be *one hundred*, but the Committee have not
receive so large a number. Remembering
ly you raised the money to purchase the
HAMS," and large sums since for her repairs
and knowing also how promptly you have
funds for building the *Young People's*
Church at Madagascar, we venture to ask
to raise the amount now required for this
stitution, which exceeds £1000. Now if,
Sabbath, appointed by your superintendent,
girl in your school would give a *halfpenny*,
cher a *penny*, the *debt* would be paid, and
might then be admitted.

If you help to support Missionaries abroad,
you will feel pleasure in assisting to provide
children, who are sent to this country to be
prepared for occupying useful stations in

superintendent will kindly forward to the
the Institution your contributions in aid of
ent object.

GEORGE PRITCHARD,
Secretary.

WHAT THEN?

AFTER the joys of earth,
 After the songs of mirth,
 After its hours of light,
 After its dreams so bright—
 What then?

Only an empty name,
 Only a weary frame,
 Only a conscious smart,
 Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
 After this weary frame,
 After this conscious smart,
 After this aching heart—
 What then?

Only a sad farewell
 To a world loved too well;
 Only a silent bed
 With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
 To a world loved too well;
 After this silent bed
 With the forgotten dead—
 What then?



THE
HINDU MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
AUGUST 1, 1864.  
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WORSHIP OF GANESA.

One of the most strange figures in the East is a picture of one of the gods of the Hindoos receiving the worship of its votaries. It is to this hideous figure that the people pray when they want success in any undertaking. When they mean to do any thing of their greater gods, they beg Ganesa to assist them. And even when they begin a letter, they begin with a prayer to Ganesa at the top. There are many books which do not commence with the "Salutation to Ganesa." All worldly business of any importance are begun in the same manner. In some parts of the country the figure of Ganesa is set up in the streets, and high roads, and in the plains, or at the foot of some tree, in such a position that persons may have the opportunity of bowing to him as they proceed on their journey. The people stand in such awe of him as to believe that he will actually make them forget what they are about, unless they pray to him before they begin any business. The first lesson learnt by every boy in the schools of Tinnevely, and in the villages, is—no. 243.

other parts of Southern India, is an add Ganesa, although this elephant-headed known by different names, and is so app in the lesson. It thus begins:—

Worship the elephant-headed Venayagam !
Prosperity will abound.

Worship the science-faced Venayagam !
Knowledge will abound.

I meditate and worship.

Victory, Victory !

Thee I worship, calf of the splendid elephant !

Victory, Victory !

Thee, lord of the goods, I worship !

Victory, Victory !

Thee, helper of the needy, I worship !

Victory, Victory !

Victory, O thou moon-crowned Sivan !

Victory, O thou son of Esun !

Victory, O thou that prosperest an undertaking

Victory, thou that art worshipped by seven wo

Victory, O our Lord Ganabothy, the excellent !

Victory, O thou that dispellest great perils !

Victory, O thou leader of obedient children !

Victory, O beautiful calf of the elephant !

&c. &c. &c.

Such is a specimen of the instruction the native schools of South India. The may be perceived, is most uncouth and He has the head of an elephant, and fo and hands. The animal on which he sented as riding is intended for an enorr Over his head are some sacred letters, in the figure of a serpent. In offering thei to this miserable idol, the people are in of crossing their arms, closing their striking themselves on their temples ; t

of their ears, and bow their bodies and
 r knees three times; after which, with
 s joined, they address to him their
 striking on their foreheads. A small
 age of this god is kept by many in their
 and worshipped daily. Numerous stories
 ed about Ganesa, which are believed by
 e; but they are most absurd and very
 g. Thus have the natives of India
 the glory of the incorruptible God into
 made like to corruptible man, and to
 four-footed beasts, and creeping things,"
 become vain in their imaginations, and
 ish heart being darkened." When shall
 be utterly abolished, and the millions of
 t and fruitful land worship the Lord

PAULO.

Savage Island.

NG FRIENDS,—Although more than twelve
 ve passed since I wrote to you about Savage
 do not yet know whether the letter has reached
 r not. No red-coated postman is ever seen
 et here, and only once a year does the "John
 come to us; and right glad are we to see her
 yellow mail-bag stuffed with letters from the
 love. Sometimes, indeed, but not often, a ship
 oy which we can send letters to our friends in
 and I am now writing this, in hope that such
 nity may offer.

I hope, dear young friends, that you are interested in what you have read and heard about Savage Island. You are not only interested, but very thankful to God for what He has done for this once dark, cruel land. You, who have read about our landing two years ago, will remember how heartily the natives welcomed us. But we were not the first who came here to tell the people about Christ and the way to heaven. A missionary from Samoa had been before us, and had prepared the way for us; so that when we came, the people had renounced their heathenism, and were eager to hear more of the word of God; and it is about this missionary from Samoa who landed here that I now write to you now. His name was Paulo. Our hearts have been very sad because God has taken him from us, but his life was so useful, and his death so happy, that we want to tell you of him, that you, like Paulo, may consecrate your lives to Jesus.

Paulo was a native of Samoa, and was admitted into the Church and appointed Teacher by the Rev. William Hall. He had not, however, laboured long in his native land when he was appointed, with some other missionaries and countrymen, to go as pioneers to the dark islands of Western Polynesia. Upon this errand of love he was sent to this place, which at that time was as dark and as cruel as any on the wide Pacific Ocean; and on the 23rd of October, 1849, he landed. Some people had heard of the word of God from a missionary who had been to Samoa, but they were still very ignorant and wild; so, when Paulo landed, he was soon surrounded by a crowd of fierce men, most of them with spears and clubs. His reception was far from being hopeful. One of his boxes was broken to pieces, and the contents were turned out into the sea, while the loud shouts

gestures of the natives were enough to have frightened us. But Paulo's trust was in God, and he was not afraid of what man could do unto him. But his wife was treated even worse than her husband; for the natives were open her dress to see if her body was like theirs. Amongst these rude and violent people they were left alone, and yet not alone, for God was with them. This they knew; and when, therefore, they saw us dip leave the island, they turned with strong hearts to their future home and work. Providentially there was a native who knew something of the word of God, and who was friendly to them, and received them into his house. Still, for a long time they had little peace; for all the people of the island wanted to see the foreigners, and came to look at them. Now, Savage Islanders are not used to look at anything new in silence, but they shout and laugh, and make a terrible uproar. This we found out, and for some time after we came here, we had quietly to submit to be looked at and talked about, without understanding what was said, though we were sure that their words were not unkind. But it was far worse with Paulo, for he did not know whether or not the natives were desisting about killing him, as he was the first foreigner that they had allowed to live upon the island. Amongst other things which he brought with him was a pig, and as the people had never before seen a quadruped bigger than a rat, and all its little ones, was a most wonderful sight for them, and drew their eyes and their minds more even than the teachers. But alas! the poor piggies were soon killed by their kindness and curiosity, in squeezing them, pulling sticks up their nostrils, and in other ways subjecting them to anything but a careful examination; and as they were not used to such rough treatment,

they soon died. At once Paulo set to earnest to learn the language, and he was to tell the natives of the love of Jesus. They had heard something about the true God and had been told from one of their countrymen who had been a Christian, but while he professed to teach them the truth, his own conduct was as bad as theirs. When Paulo began to preach, the people of the place were glad to hear him, and gave up their heathen idols. Not so, however, the other settlements. When a disease attacked them, they said it was brought by Paulo; if any misfortune befell them, they said he who caused it; if any died, it was Paulo's fault. Many of the natives wished to kill him, but a hair of his head was injured. On one occasion a warrior, who lived some fifteen miles from Paulo, called upon another noted warrior with him. He said to him, "Here is a club for you; come and kill the foreigner, for he has made my eyes blind." The other said, "No, leave him alone; we will not kill him?" The poor fellow with bad eyes went by himself, and so he let Paulo alone, and did not bring the club back again. At another time, two men from a different village went with their weapons to kill the teacher. They reached his house and saw that they could do nothing. They now say they were afraid to touch him, though they did not then know that these same men are deacons of the Church in that village. Thus you see how God watches over his servants and brought to nought the devices of the heathen.

But while some of them raged and tried to shed the blood of His servant, the word of God was spreading on Savage Island. Paulo, indeed, dared not

the people of these places came to him, and those whom he had taught went to their ignominious countrymen and made known to them the truth.

Proof of this will show you how foolish and ignorant the Savage Islanders were. A party from the place where Paulo lived, went to visit some of their distant village to tell them about the word which they were kindly received, but they could not find the master of the house to stay in it while they were there; and as soon as they had gone in the evening they gathered all the pillows together upon which they had slept and threw them into the sea, lest some evil should befall him in consequence of having slept in his house. In time, however, Paulo himself went to other villages to preach, more teachers came, and the word of God grew and multiplied in the land.

We have told you enough about the dark state in which he found this island. How did he leave it? He found it full of darkness and cruelty. In the evening it was enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, and all were happy. He found the natives full of bitter hatred to each other, their hearts burning with cruel passions. He left them living in peace, harmony, and love. He found the land full of superstition and idolatry, but he left it without a heathen priest, or idol worshipper. But *how* did he leave it? The Lord who had so faithfully served called him to him-

On the 14th of February last, Paulo left the scene of his labours to enter upon his rest above. He was a strong man, we loved him very much, and hoped he might be spared to carry on the work in which

God had so greatly blessed him. But His otherwise. Paulo lived to see the last heathen Christianity, and then died, mourned over and by the whole island. I was with him when His death, like his life, was very peaceful. In a question of mine, he said, "If it is God's will should die, it is good. My trust is in Jesus." are some lessons, dear young friends, which common with us all, may learn from Paulo's death. One is, gratitude to God, who has he prayers and blessed your efforts to save the poor. It is God who has been working on Savage Island answer to prayer. Pray on, and don't forget the teachers, many of whom go to dark lands where man dare to land, to tell the poor natives of the Jesus.

Another word from Paulo's grave is, Don't be discouraged by trifles, but put your trust in God. His work manfully. Had Paulo been daunted by the savages of Savage Island, it is not probable that he would now be Christian. But the one great lesson to us is this—If we would die in peace we must trust in Christ. Paulo gave his heart to Jesus in his life. Do you the same, and while you live He will give you work to do, and when you die His love and peace will comfort and sustain you.

W. G. I

INDIAN RECOLLECTIONS.

MY FRIENDS,—It is so long since I wrote to you that I think you must have forgotten me. This long silence perhaps make you remember some things I told you.

I have been thinking of events which took place some years ago when I was in India, and I fancied you might like to know them.

First, you must try to think of a very great river, the Ganges, that, when full, if you were to stand up on its banks and look across it you could not see the other side that were feeding on the other side, so as to think of animals they were. But this is only a branch of the river, called "Brumha Pootra," which means in Sanskrit "the Son of the Creator." Well, on the banks of this branch of that great river there used to be a little village called Sapree, and about two or three hundred years ago in that village stood my thatched house, which consisted of just one room, which was used for bedroom, sitting room, drawingroom, breakfast parlour, office, &c. When I went to Sapree I found that the river had washed away all the ground where my house used

to stand. About the river washing away the ground, I have heard a story which I must tell you before I go any further. It happened in a native town called Cutwa. The Cutwians required the Gospel perhaps more than any people of India, for it used to be famous for its thieves and robbers; and many a wonderful story I have heard told about it. Indeed it was so bad that no man could stop there a night if he could help it. One day I heard of this. There was an officer of the British army going in a boat to Calcutta. Arriving at

Cutwa rather late in the day, he determined to sleep for the night. It was a beautiful night; the moon was shining most brightly, and there was not a cloud in the sky. Somehow or other the officer could not sleep. About midnight, becoming tired of bed, he got up and went to the window of the cabin, and was looking at the light of the moon as it was reflected from the surface of the water. While thus engaged he suddenly perceived to him a strange sight; it was some time before he could make out why, instead of floating with the stream, they were coming across towards his boat. He looked on these curious objects for a short time, and then thought he would fire at one of them; so he loaded his gun, and as they were near enough he fired at one of them and hit it. No sooner had he hit it than, to his surprise, he saw a pair of arms splashing in the water, and he heard a cry, "Bap re," "Ma re," or "Oh, father," "Oh, father," and very soon all the pans were floating down the river, and a number of arms were splashing in the river. The men swimming for their lives. These were robbers, of whom had put a pan on his head and was swimming across the river, intending to rob the boat. I did not hear whether he went to bed that night, but this I was told, that the robbers were so frightened that they did not try to get near his boat again.

Well, in this place there happened to be a missionary. I have had the pleasure of seeing him more than once. He was very fond of his work, and was one of the famous Dr. Carey. He, or the missionary who was there before him, had built a chapel in the town which was near the river. Well, the houses were far away from the bank until many of the houses are

h part of the chapel itself, fell into the river ;
e where the pulpit stood, remained standing.
river began to cut away the bank at the back
pel, until the piece of ground where the part
pel stood became a little island. The natives
every day to look at this curious sight, and
why this bit of ground was not washed away
est. At last they concluded that it was be-
pulpit was there. Well, as some of them said
Carey took the pulpit away ; and, whether it
sight of the men that went for it, or what it
not tell, but it so happened that that very
island disappeared. This strengthened the
he natives that there was some wonderful
ne pulpit, which kept the water from washing
away.

ey was very fond of fun, as you will see from
e I will tell you. One day he was preaching
when a priest thought he would try to prevent
from listening to the sermon. So he called
Carey, "What is the use of your preaching
t these things? Show us a man with four
arms, or something like that, and then we
in your religion." Well, Mr. Carey knew
man wanted to do, and thought it was of no
with him seriously ; so he cried out to the
on, "Look at this man ! how silly he is ! he
o show him a creature with many arms and
he wants me to show him a crab." The
mediately began to laugh at the priest, who
amed that he soon slunk away, and the mis-
nt on with his sermon.

us go back to the place where my cottage
The village consisted of thatched houses

with mud walls; and as the sun soon dries the fires are very frequent. These fires are often caused by the oil in which the natives fry their food catching fire, and, as there are no chimneys in the huts, the flames soon reach the thatch, and unless there be a large number of trees round it, not only the house but a good deal of the village is soon burnt to the ground. The natives, however, often throw the blame of these fires upon the house-builders, who, they say, tie a sweetmeat to one end of a piece of string, and to the other end a round cake made of pounded charcoal and rice which burns like touchwood. These they leave where they know the crows will find them; and the bird is no sooner seized the sweetmeat than away it flies to the nearest hut and perches upon the thatch, and in a short time the fire-cake sets the roof on fire. Well, at the time I am writing of, and before I became a missionary, I used to keep a number of hatchets and pitchers so that, in case of a fire, with a hatchet in one hand and a pitcher in the other, I and my servants would be able to give the assistance of the people whose houses might be in danger. One day about noon I heard a cry of alarm, away we went, and found one out of four houses, belonging to a person called Nazir Fukhur, in flames. The word Fukhur means beggar; but in India they do not at all like the beggars of England, for most of them are greatly honoured, and many are almost worshipped.

I was once very much amused at the title a man gave to himself. He came to me for medicine for his wife. I asked his name, and what he was. He told me he was a beggar's broker. "What do you mean by a beggar's broker?" said I. "Why," he said, "when a man wants to feed ten or fifteen beggars he sends word to me, I go round and collect the number of beggars he

and take them to his house, and I got a present for my trouble." The natives of India think it a very holy thing to feed these beggars, and fancy that for doing so their sins will be pardoned. Some of the beggars are useful in their way. In many towns, if you were in the streets about dusk you would hear a cry of "Mocchkil ahesan:" the first word means difficulty or trouble, and the second easy, or, put into English, "friend is near." The cry comes from one of these beggars, who goes about with a lamp. He stops at every shop, and the owner lights his lamp from the one the beggar carries, and is thus saved the trouble of striking a light. As the natives, in many parts of the country, know nothing of lucifer matches, these beggars are friends in need, and receive from each shopkeeper a trifling present. In lonely places, again, you will find them furnishing the weary traveller with water. Many of them are supposed to have the power of working miracles, and many, I am sorry to tell you, are robbers, who use this disguise to hide their wicked way of living. Some of them, again, have a great many disciples, who support them. Nazir Fakhur was said to have 700 disciples. He had four houses, or huts you would call them, which formed a kind of square. One of these was on fire when I got there. Well, I looked about for Nazir, and at last found him sitting on the ground, looking on as calmly as though it did not matter to him. "Nazir," said I, "why don't you try to stop the fire?" "Let it alone," said he. "I know who has done it. God has permitted it; why should I interfere?" However, my servants and myself set to work, and we managed to pull two of the huts down, and saved a part of the third. I tell you this because it was the means of making Nazir and myself known to each other. Well, next morning I

was watching a number of my workmen Nazir come amongst them. He was receiving money from each of them to help him to buy again. I offered him similar help, but he refused in a very polite manner. He said he never accepted from any one who was not a disciple of his. A little trouble I got him to take it, and thus I made him a very kind friend to me; and he was then much richer than poor Nazir, and his trouble came when I became so poor as to be fed.

There was a reason for my being so tried. God taught me many lessons by it; and one I always thought a most important one, and it was out some years after, when I became a missionary, that by being so thrown amongst the heathen enabled to learn their language, in which I have since preached.

(To be continued).

CHILDREN SHOULD PRAY FOR MAMMA

I KNEW a little boy who was very fond of his mother, and one morning in the spring I found him sitting down, and carefully examining a small picture which had been given him. When I asked him what he was doing he said, "I am looking after my mamma. How I wish they would come up!" A few days afterwards I was myself as busily engaged in turning the pages of a Missionary magazine; and the little boy looked up in my face and said, "What are you doing, mamma?" I replied, in his own words, "I am looking after my prayers." "Looking after my prayers, mamma! what do you mean?"

is: I want to see whether God has been answer them."

children, when you hear that the heathen to their idols to serve God, would it not be that you had united in praying for this? Ask that your prayers are not of much consequence you are so young and ignorant; but, when your baby brother's little lisping puts a request to your father or mother, do not attend to him before they attend to you? We that God, our heavenly Father, has peculiar attention to the prayers of children; that He stoops to hear them; and that they will, if according to His will, be answered in the name of Jesus, be graciously

DESIRE FOR BOOKS IN INDIA.

There was once giving away books at an idol temple. A man had parted with nearly all that he had, and a stranger from another part of the country came for one. "Can you read?" said the missionary; but I have a brother who has learned to read; he will take it home, and he will read it to us." The missionary said he could not give him any. The man, in begging, "Pray, do give me one." When the request would not be granted, he put his arms round the missionary, lifted him up in the air, and carrying him off. "Put me down," cried the missionary, "or I shall use my stick." "You may do with me as you please," replied the Hindu, "but do not let you go before you give me a book." The missionary yielded, and the man walked off highly pleased with his book.

ION.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I dare say in the last three volumes of this Magazine of poetry signed Ion.* I am sorry to hear that Ion will write no more beautiful hymns, to teach the sacred truth, or to encourage you in the path of duty. A few weeks ago she passed away from this world, going on earth, and is now free from all earthly cares, engaged in nobler service in heaven. Her life might be interesting, and I hope it will be soon published to learn something about her, for she had laboured the young, laboured to do them good, and for the sake of her, you would scarcely ever have forgotten her countenance and her lovely character.

In her very early days she became acquainted with the Bible. Indeed, before she could read, her mother would get an elder sister to read to her the Old and New Testaments. Sometimes she would sit in the parlour playing, pretending to act out the wonderful stories of good men of old times, as she could understand the precious words. There was one big old family Bible that she was delighted to read from. Thus in her childhood she found out that the Bible, rightly used, was the best book in the world, but the most interesting. As that interest declined as years passed, she found out life the Bible was her bosom friend. It is not wonderful that her knowledge of the Bible was remarkable. If any difficult question concerning the Scriptures was published in the "Sun"

* The pieces contributed by "Ion" will be found in pp. 93, 143, 191, 216, 264, 305; vol. xix. pp. 1, 10, 19, 28, 37, 46, 55, 64, 73, 82, 91, 100, 109, 118, 127, 136, 145, 154, 163, 172, 181, 190, 199, 208, 217, 226, 235, 244, 253, 262, 271, 280, 289, 298, 307, 316, 325, 334, 343, 352, 361, 370, 379, 388, 397, 406, 415, 424, 433, 442, 451, 460, 469, 478, 487, 496, 505, 514, 523, 532, 541, 550, 559, 568, 577, 586, 595, 604, 613, 622, 631, 640, 649, 658, 667, 676, 685, 694, 703, 712, 721, 730, 739, 748, 757, 766, 775, 784, 793, 802, 811, 820, 829, 838, 847, 856, 865, 874, 883, 892, 901, 910, 919, 928, 937, 946, 955, 964, 973, 982, 991, 1000; vol. xx. pp.*24, 48, 180, 200, 276.

"Bible Class Magazine," she was sure to be able to find it very quickly. Nor was she satisfied with this service for herself. She did all she could to encourage her young friends, not merely to read, but to "study the Scriptures." Like some beautiful tree, the good which clustered around her character was not only for herself. Every action and word of hers pointed them to those around her, "Come, taste and see that the Lord is good." If you could have spent an hour with Tom, you could scarcely have failed to witness the goodness of your Father.

When only twelve years old, she showed by so many signs that she had thus early learned a true glimpse of the Lord Jesus, that she was gladly welcomed into the Church of Christ. I have often heard her speak of the first time she sat down at the Lord's table, and the warm joyful feelings of her heart. From that time forward she continued to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And I was astonished how rapid was her advance. She was only twenty-one years of age when she died, and remarkably so was a Christian professor during her whole life. But to that time she became so full of the love and power of the Gospel, and was so much like her beloved Master, that aged Christians could sit by her bedside and that they could learn many things about God and their own hearts that she knew even better than they. If any of your dear friends, are young friends of the Saviour, and wish to become much more like Him than you are now, let Him's name be praised for ever. God may not have given you such a blessing and He gave her; but He will help you to gain the same peace of heart. You may not be as close to Him as she became, but He will help.

During her short life, she had to trials. More than once she was called to members of her family whom she while still quite young, she began a disease which at last brought her to however, were among the means which her holy. But you must not suppose self very good. It was quite exceedingly humble. She knew that which she had not received, and was that those who knew her should join in of what she was and what she did time before her death she called to her bedside, and said, "I want you when I am gone you will never all in my praise on account of what God do, without ascribing to *Him* the sinful creature, and in me dwelleth I could not endure the thought of honoured."

Ion was a real missionary. If health she would have felt it to be have given herself up to the service heathen; but as she could not do that she could." Her love to the Saviour ing souls, led her to write the beautiful you have read in this Magazine. So young friends should be full of wherever she could, she became a Her bright, happy face, her musical winning manner helped her very much to do good.

One day she was sitting in a rail for the train to start, when she heard

telegraph office, talking on the platform, and the language. In a minute or two he got into the train in which she was seated. After the train began to talk with him about the telegraph he explained a new plan by which messages could be sent down by machinery. She expressed her interest in such a wonderful invention, when he replied, "It's the most wonderful thing in the world." He then said, "for I know a more wonderful thing still." He then explained the sub-marine telegraph." "No, but a telegraph in which messages are conveyed much farther than this, down more quickly." "What can you tell me? Do you not remember what you were saying to me just now? As I heard your language I began to think how your words were at once taken up to heaven and written down in the book of life there." And then, in her gentle and loving manner she told him of the record God keeps of all our words and of the only way in which that record can be changed. When they parted he thanked her warmly for what she had said to him, and said that he should never forget it. This is one example of many which might be given of the way in which she went about doing good," and trying to win souls for the Saviour she so dearly loved.

Hardly tell you that such a child of God as she found the greatest delight in prayer. I have had the privilege of kneeling with her in united prayer for the blessings we "agreed" to ask, and to utter the most fervent but child-like supplications. She loved to remember her friends at the throne of God. One morning, in her last illness, when extremely weak, she said to a beloved friend, "It is your birthday. I could only offer up for him one

short prayer, 'The angel which redeemed me from all iniquity, bless the lad;' but I have indeed prayed before, when I had the strength." And she prayed, but had power with God and prevailed. At the end of this paper you will find some beautiful letters she sent from her dying bed to the "Sunday Teachers' Magazine." In a letter to the editor accompanying them, she mentions that since she had been so ill she had heard of the conversion of no less than four persons for whom she had been praying. How many she has helped towards heaven by her prayers only eternity will reveal. I must not close this paper by giving you an account of her life and days. With one more fact I will conclude. When she was about six years old, and was playing a violin on the sea side, an aged gentleman found her playing, and taught her this little prayer:—

"Precious Jesus,
Fill my soul with love to Thee."

It had been her delight to teach it to those children who came within her reach; and it was the last prayer she was distinctly heard to utter. Now that prayer is fully answered.

Dear young friends, if you learn nothing of Mary's beautiful life, let me beg you to learn this prayer, to make it your own, to offer it from your very hearts. Then, though you will never read any more from her pen, she being dead will yet speak to you, and you may be followers of her as she was of Christ.

I am, my dear young friends,

Your's very sincerely,

A FRIEND OF THE MAGAZINE.

The following are the lines culled in and by Ian
the "Sunday School 'Teacher' Magazine"—

GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF THY STEWARDSHIP."

IMAGINE ME A DEEDY TEACHER.

O LORD and God of Hosts,
Who biddest compass me and
My talents in Thy hand,
Through low life, deep and wide,
Wherever Thy Spirit dwells,
Whom neither age nor death
Nor time nor distance can
Separate from Thy hand.

"Give an account of thy stewardship"
That might be the best
In which I might be
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Through Thy Spirit,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord.

And I, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord.

Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord,
Thy servant, O Lord.

O much enduring Master,
How vast Thy love must be!
Which speaketh words of pardon
And tenderness to me.
How dear the mediation!
How rich the atoning blood
Which covers my transgression,
And seals my peace with God!

Here at thy feet, O Master!
With mingled grief and joy
I learn that Thou hast deigned,
The worthless to employ.
In sin, in weakness spoken,
Thine own all saving word
Hath reached a few poor wanderers
And brought them to the Lord.

Not all alone before Thee
Shall I, a saved one, stand,
For "children" Thou hast given me
A small, but loving band;
And these shall blend their praises
With mine before the throne;
O good and gracious Master!
The glory is thine own.

And now, my labours ended,
My time for labour past,
Once more on Thee, dear Saviour,
This guilty soul I cast.
O let Thy grace, pronouncing
Her life-long sins forgiven,
Make room for earth's poor saved
Among the saints in heaven.



THE
LE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.  
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A NARROW ESCAPE.

NARY from Benares had to make a
his palanquin through the jungle.
velled during the heat of the day, when
g came he was so tired that he could
keep his eyes open, and soon the un-
g-song of the bearers sent him off to
l through the journey they kept on
ometimes in solo, at other times in
h words as these :—

What a heavy sack we've got;
It's an elephant,
A dreadful weight.
We'll throw him out of the palanquin;
We'll throw him down into the mud;
We'll leave him to his fate.
For he'll get so angry,
We'll beat us till we are lame and crooked
With his heavy thick stick.
We'll make haste and get forward;
Hop, rush along as fast as you can.
We'll soon reach our resting-place.
Gentleman! most excellent gentleman!
Give us one or two rupees;
We'll buy a sheep with it.
—NO. 244.

K

Ah! but what could we do with a sheep?
We would rather have a heap of rice,
Rice and sugar, sugar-rice,
 &c. &c. &c.

But suddenly the song ceased; the palanquin dropped violently on the ground, and the missionary was awoken by the cry, "Marco (kill it, kill it). He put his head out of the palanquin and saw his bearers running away as fast as possible. But this was not the only thing that met his eyes; for there, walking slowly among the low shrubs near him, and straight toward the palanquin, was a huge tiger. The missionary instantly seized his pistol, half-closed the cover, and held his weapon at the opening. For some time the tiger paced to and fro about the palanquin. The farther he moved off from the palanquin, the more freely the missionary drew his breath. By-and-by he became impatient, wondering how much longer he would have to wait before the beast withdrew. So at last, without waiting for the tiger, he fired off his pistol, hoping to frighten the creature off. But no; the king of the forest only quietly turned his head round, looked at the smoke, and kept standing, as though he were thinking very seriously on some matter. The sound of the shot seemed to give his bearers a little fresh courage. They were standing at a good distance off, in a place of safety; and when they raised a loud shout. They saw the tiger walk off into the forest, and soon the missionary heard them running back to his palanquin.

m," for he did not see them ; he could not for a moment to take off his eyes from where he had seen the tiger disappear. Directly they got back, he ordered to pick up the palanquin and run as fast as could carry them, so as to reach the resting-place before dark. They soon got out of the bush ; and when in the broad road in the country, the missionary was able to breathe freely and thank God that he was safe.



THE BEGINNING OF MISSIONARY LABOUR.

In the number we gave a short sketch of the domestic life of the Nestorians ; and there are few of our readers, I suppose, on reading it, were not ready to "thank God for the grace" which had given them their impressions. But the gross ignorance of the people, and their manners, agree but too well with their feelings. Of this we will give a specimen :—Miss Fiske, a devoted and admirable female from America, had been in Oroomiah about a year in company with the Rev. Mr. Stocking and had just returned to a village called Ardishai. The journey was rather long, and it was performed on horseback, the children were carried in baskets. Their time was spent upon a threshing-floor at Géog Tapa ; and the American ladies were curiosities at Ardishai, it being very difficult to find some resting-place where the missionaries could not intrude upon them. They therefore pitched their tent upon the flat roof of a house. As

Miss Fiske had been talking long with the people who gathered round her, she was very tired, and for "nature's sweet restorer, balmily sleep." She had fore escaped from the crowd, and went upon the hope of getting some rest. But, alas ! no such rest could she enjoy ; for near the village was a swamp, which, as soon as evening came, crowds of mosquitoes upon millions, rose and beset the stranger all out that weary night. The next day was the Sabbath, but it brought the visitors no rest. The mosquitoes had disappeared, but another crowd soon gathered round Miss Fiske. At nine o'clock they went to the Church ; but her female tormentors did not leave her even there. All the time the missionary was preaching they were handling her dress and making the noise aloud upon it, while the preacher had to raise his voice in order to be heard. When the service was over, the priest, without asking any one's leave, announced that there would be two more meetings in the week, one for the men, and another for the women. He hoped, would all come, "because the lady from the new world was to preach." This announcement was a thing but pleasing to Miss Fiske, who thought it was a woman's duty to keep silence in the churches, and called the priest to account. But he did not listen to her, and only said, "I knew that they would come, and that ; and you can preach very well, for you are a good woman so." He was, however, greatly disappointed that Miss Fiske had an opinion and a will of her own, but, as about six hundred women assembled, such an opportunity of doing them good was not to be lost. The missionary, therefore, preached to them. But in this noisy congregation, and throughout the service, fewer than six of them were talking aloud ; and

and to have the slightest idea about what Mr. Knolly was, or required all his skill and strength of voice to get their attention.

At length the services closed; but no sooner had Mr. Knolly and himself than some twenty women crowded in to see Mrs. Fiske preach! "O the extraordinary power in their tender members; but her voice was feeble. She told them that God had given her but very small voice, and that her words would no more offend them than oil with wine. They said, 'Oh! it never never will; but we will be silent if you will indeed preach.'"

The first visit to Archibald was not very hopeful; but he soon another Mrs. Fiske went there again. She is now known that she had come, hundreds gathered together to see and to hear her; but they did not venture their presence to lend their tongues, for when she began they began; and if she begged them to pray, each requested the request to others as she went, and every one of course only made her own. In the space of an hour, and all attempts to get silence were vain. At last Mrs. Fiske said to them, "I cannot if my voice unless you put your fingers on your mouths." In a moment up went the fingers, and she resumed. "I have a good story to tell you; but if any of you disagree from her mouth I cannot tell it." "Why there was a cry, though not so loud as before, 'Do all to still us that we can hear the story.' After the women all rose quiet again, when Mrs. Fiske said, "There stood was an old woman—I did not know her, but she had been told, and I think my grandfather told me, but he told me——" But the female number did not in hope to look any longer, and quivering with their pale, trembling faces from many quarters

The fingers were again ordered back to their place, and the troublesome talkers were told that they should say no more about the woman if they would talk about their grandfather. Silence being once more obtained, Miss Fiske went on. "Now this woman that I was talking about, who talked in meeting, must, I think, have been a relation of yours. But after many reproofs she would not say that if she did so she should not go there any more; she promised not to do so again; but, poor woman, she could not hold her tongue. Once more she came to herself talking, and then, as soon as she heard my voice, she cried out, 'Oh, I have spoken in meeting; what shall I do? Why, I keep on speaking and cannot stop.' Now, you are very much like this woman, and, as I think you cannot stop, I must." By this time the fingers were pressed closely on their lips, and no one answered. Miss Fiske then took the New Testament and read to them of Mary, who, she was sure, had talked in meeting; for if she had, Jesus would have loved her so much. She then talked to them for a quarter of an hour, and then prayed with them. They went away very still, and to all appearances thoughtful.

The visits which the same devoted lady afterwards paid to Ardishai were far more pleasant and successful. Many of the poor women who were so rude and noisy at first, became quiet and earnest hearers of the Gospel. Some, there was reason to believe, had not heard

SCHOOL TREAT IN CAFFRARIA.

Peelton, June, 1864.

YOUNG FRIENDS,—I sincerely wish that you see with your own eyes, rather than read in letters reports, the good work which is going on in heathen lands, far away from your own. If, for instance, you exchange your beloved land for that in which I am living, I know that you would be struck with points of contrast between them, but yet be pleased and minded that some circumstances here are not so different from what you have seen at home as at first they might appear to be.

There is one striking contrast. While you are under the cool shade from scorching sun, and your days are long and your nights very short, and the hay harvest is gathered in, and the little birds are fledged, and nature is arrayed in her bright and summer attire, your flower-beds are gay, and your garden most beautiful, with us it is mid-winter; the temperature is very fast, and it will probably be keen frost before long; the native flowers are not to be seen; next beauty is hid in bulbs below ground, warm and European fruit trees are fast losing their foliage; nothing do we *naturally* resemble you just now, in the dryness of the soil. Winter here is the dry season and no field work can be carried on until the rains fall, which we hope may happen in August or September. I might multiply circumstances which, if you suddenly visit us, would strike you as strange; I could rather bring under your notice some facts which show we are alike. To boys who are fond of nature, and to those too, who love to look upon their Heavenly Father's wonderful works, we might tell of birds amongst

us which love to stand upon the brink of a still pool admire their own reflected image; or of those who devour thousands of Africa's great scourge, the locusts which are just now threatening us with their destructive visitation; or of the secretary bird, stalking about without fear—for none dare hurt him, because he lives with snakes, and is protected by the Government; or I might speak of the wild pig, as ferocious as the tiger, the monkeys, apes, and conies, in the forests and rocks, the ants, who build up such large hillocks that, when forced by their busy builders, are used by many people as ovens of vipers, beautiful but most deadly; of fearfully hot suns and bitterly cold winds; of many a beautiful flower and of different varieties of trees supported by only one root; yet, were I to do this, my letter would scarcely find a place in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine," found there, it would not satisfy the desire of those who love the Saviour, and who want to hear of wild men and heathen children bowing down before His cross, or sitting at His feet to hear His words.

It is now five years since we landed in this country, and much I have learned and much unlearned; but the truth has impressed itself very deeply upon my mind, and is every month deepening and strengthening it. It is, that if we seek to do much good that will last, we must labour hard and patiently among the young.

The late painful and long-continued drought, with its attendant hunger and want which followed, has slightly decreased the number of our scholars, for some have been scattered far and wide, seeking for employment and food; others who were living with friends and relatives have returned to their parents, and perhaps we may never see them more; yet the number taught is still greatly increasing.

Sabbath School there are nearly 250 pupils, and many in the Day School. Here you might see lying over books like those which you learn. But book is almost confined to the school. When I first came I could afford to purchase books to read at home; but heavy losses during the past few years, or rather, losses of their parents, have made them so poor that they can only get copy-books by working for them, and formerly, by bringing pence and eggs: for they sell for pence; and a most destructive disease among the poultry swept away hundreds: so that eggs are scarce and they are obliged to sell them to buy food and

as you may remember that some time since I gave the school children a treat, but that their love of books was so great that they chose a book rather than a treat. Still I kept the matter before me, as a good meal is a great rarity among our poor little people. This year the teachers determined to give them a

on a beautiful day, and it would have delighted you to have seen them crowding to the appointed place, with shining eyes, merry faces, and light hearts.

A large quantity of plum-cake had been prepared, and many buckets of tea with sugar and milk. In every class of the school there was a nosegay of beautiful flowers. Indeed, everything was done to make the day pleasant, including a few European children belonging to the mission families, two hundred and twenty sat down and what they did in the way of eating and drinking cannot be told, but it was something quite wonderful. After they had eaten and were full they went out for a walk and afterwards returned to hear a few kind words from the missionaries; and then came the great event

of the year—the distribution of the prizes. Of the large number had been provided, consisting of English books for the higher classes, and Kaffir books for the lower. You may suppose that all the received prizes were very happy.

The prize for good conduct during the year was carried off by a lad supported by the Gravel Pit School, John Umtila. It was truly a happy day.

The following week another interesting service was held; this was for all the people of the Station to thank God for the good harvest which had just been gathered in. This was so good, and so much better than the scanty crops of the previous year, that it was determined to hold such a thanksgiving service at each of the Stations. Between the two religious services held on the occasion the people dined together, each having contributed what he could to the general stock of provision; and although as everything was managed by themselves, it was not much of the comfort and contrivance which appeared at the children's party, it was a true feast; for they ate and drank with singleness and gladness of heart, and without praising Him from whom all blessings flow.

These things appear, perhaps, trifles to you, accustomed as you are to social enjoyments; but to the Kaffirs they are new, and they afford them great pleasure, and a contrast to their usually dull mode of living.

Before I close I must thank the children of Clapham, Hackney, and Homerton Sunday Schools for their valuable aid. I hope soon to set about building "Our Chapel;" and although it will not much resemble the beautiful building whose name it bears, except in its use as a house of prayer, I yet hope often to preach the same gospel there proclaimed.

THOMAS BROCKWELL

it out. The lad had watched this strange scene with wonder; then, taking off his clothes and putting them in a bundle on his head, he swam across the river. He thought himself much stronger than his god.

The new pupil was very kindly received at the Mission School. At first he was rather shy; but when he got to know the boys sitting next to him, he told them about the drowned god. "Oh," cried they, "that thing is not a god, but only an idol; a thing with hands, which has eyes but cannot see, ears but cannot hear, and a mouth but it cannot speak. It knows nothing, and can no more help those who worship it than he can help himself, for he is a dead man. It is not our God; our God is the living God." "Who is your God?" asked Tukaram. "Jehovah, the Creator of all things," was the answer. "Where does He live?" "He is a Spirit; He lives everywhere, and knows everything." This news filled Tukaram with wonder, and he began to think of himself. "I must not worship a drowned god," he thought; but he did not forget this one piece of knowledge: there is a *living God*, with whom he must do more than with a dead idol of wood or stone.

But when he heard more fully how the Father loved him and gave up His Son to die for his sins, Tukaram tore off from his neck the garland of roses which the holy beggars wear, and he would be a Christian. He began to pray, and the Holy Spirit shed light into his heart, so that he became a true believer.

But when his foster-mother heard of it, she was angry, and the school in great anger to take him away. But the kindness of the missionary softened

boy told about himself, and what led him to Christian, filled her with surprise. Was that ram? It was the same, and yet it was not, Christian Tukaram was no longer like the heathen

She remained to hear more of this wonderful vision. By degrees she saw more clearly the light found in Christ all that she had sought for in idols—pardon, peace, and purity. Several afterwards she was publicly received into a Church, with the boy and four others. He still lives, and is anxious to do all he can to glorify of the precious name of Christ.

THE POWER OF DIVINE GRACE.

T. S. Hood, of Hope Dale, writes as follows Thompson, Cape Town: "I have to inform you an old Kaffir herd, Samuel Genote, is dead. He reached a good old age, and he died in a most lucid state of mind, rejoicing in his Saviour.* Genote made a religious profession above twenty years, during which time he never swerved from it, nor departed from Christian consistency. He had become feeble in body, but he insisted, to within a few days of his departure, in doing what he could of his light. The last time I saw him, which was a few days previous to his death, I spoke with him of the prospect of my going before him. He said, "No, it is not I should go first, and that you should have preceded me; I am older than you." And then he poured out his heart to God in thanksgiving for the goodness of God by which we had together received. For two days

his speech was so low that he could not be heard there was a continual smile on his countenance giving assent to all the promises brought before although unable to speak he raised his hands and his eyes heavenward."

And who, it may be asked, was Genote? In his early and middle life he roamed the hills and dales of Kaffirland, when the Kaffirs enjoyed a wild freedom. Genote belonged to the Amaxosa tribe, and was acknowledged by them as of high rank. He married a sister of the celebrated Macomo, the son of Gaika. At that time Genote, like his countrymen generally, would be considered a stranger to toil and care. But the Kaffirs were restless, and they carried away the flocks and herds of their neighbours. This brought on one of those cruel Kaffir wars with the Colony, in which so many of those wretched heathens have fallen, and not a few of our own countrymen. Of course the civilized triumphed over the barbarian and deprived him of his land. In consequence, many Kaffirs came to the Cape Colony, where they were within reach of Christian instruction. Genote was one of these. After leaving Kaffirland, he hired himself to a farmer, not very far from a Missionary Station called Avontuur. Now then Genote met Mr. Hood, the missionary, but a high and rugged mountain rose up between Avontuur and the place in which he lived. But one Sunday he was seen at chapel. Something had happened to this Kaffir which drew him over the steep peak of that rough mountain. This soon appeared: for a friend brought him to the missionary and said, "Have the kindness to look to this man: he has been restless and sleepless for two nights." On being asked why he had been so uneasy, he could only say, "Oh my sins, my sins!"

heavy upon my heart as a mountain of lead ! I have no knowledge, no wisdom ; tell me what to do." The missionary spoke to him of God as Creator and Father ; " but," said the man, " I want something more ; I cannot be satisfied, I cannot rest ; tell me more of God." He then told the missionary how God had saved two of his children, and that his heart was broken. Then Mr. Hood spoke to him of the death and salvation of the Lord Jesus. These were new and glad sounds in his ears ; but he did not understand them. " Tell me again," said he, " I am old and stupid." And as he stood and listened, his tall and noble frame trembled, and tears fell down his cheeks. Other interviews with the missionary followed this, and at last he expressed a desire to come and live at Avontuur. As the missionary was to take the sheep, he proposed that Genote should bring the flock from the other side of the mountain and meet them at the same time. This offer was received with joy. " It is not your plan," said the missionary to the man ; and pointing upwards he said " it is *He* who has put it into your heart." Genote told the Dutch farmer with whom he had been that he intended to do, and why, the man could understand him. " What possesses you ?" he said ; " you are not far from the church ; " you can go there as you like. I never hinder you." " True," said the man, " but the mountain is high and steep, and I am old and weak." " But why go so often ? I do not," said the missionary. " Ah," said the Kaffir, " but you have a great Bible lying in the window, which I hope to see every day. I cannot read, so that all I get is comfort in at the ear."

own acquaintance with him," writes Mr. Thomp-

son, "commenced in 1851, and since then I have seen him several times. The last interview, a very brief one, was about a year ago; he was old and feeble, but on hearing of my visit to the Institution, he came to welcome me. The few words he spoke were full of faith and hope. They were the words of one waiting for the coming of his Lord. And now Genote has had the desire of his heart gratified: his faith has been turned to sight. Is there not already a gradual fulfilment of the prediction, "that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven?" the Kaffir, the Bechnana, and the Hottentot, being through Divine grace of the number. Christian Missions are contributing year by year to this glorious result, and should they not be supported? The Christian youth of Britain leading to the Saviour, to be blest for time and eternity, the aged Kaffir, "the irreclaimable savage," is something more than the creation of poetry: it is a most glorious reality.

THE MARTYR-MISSIONARIES OF BORNEO.

ON my return from Japan, the vessel in which I was passed near to the large island of Borneo; and while we were in its vicinity I could not but think much of the seven missionaries who, in the year previous, had been murdered by its wild and fierce inhabitants. The following circumstances which attended their martyrdom are stated by one who has lately visited the Missionary Seminary in Germany, where those of them who were ordained prepared themselves for the missionary work:—

"Everything seemed to hold out the most heart-rejoicing prospect, when, on a sudden, the heathenish

n, stirred by the fanatic Mohammedans, rose
 ne Christians. Wigand, Kind, and Rott, with
 es, were in their house at Tanggohan. Mr. Rott
 he peep of day to go out. No sooner had he
 ne door than a spear was thrust into his left
 He started back into his room, where his wife
 m bleeding in her arms. Two hundred armed
 surrounded the house. The brethren came out
 essed the band. It was in vain. 'It is true,'
 e of the mob, 'you never did us any harm; but
 a has ordered us to kill you, and we must obey.'
 are then asked a safe retreat, agreeing to leave
 property behind. This was apparently granted.
 eceeded towards the river to step into their boat.
 ashed off. Poisoned arrows then were shot at
 No choice was left. They all plunged into the
 hich, coloured with their blood, soon covered
 lies. They died without a cry or a groan.
 e arrows were flying and the mob was shouting
 , Mr. Rott's child, a little girl of five, asked her
 with a smile, 'Are we going to the Lord Jesus
 of us together?' Mrs. Rott and this child were
 ones that were rescued. One of the murderers
 r, child in arms, out of the water. Three days
 nt in consultation what to do with her. At
 was resolved that she should be killed at the
 ival. But the Lord said, 'It is enough.' On
 h day a steamer sailed up the river, and both
 nd child were rescued. Three days later, Mr.
 er and his wife were, with their four children, en-
 peaceful hour after dinner in their happy home,
 a sudden, a rough fellow rushed into the house
 ck the missionary with a sword across his
 s. He sank down in a dying state. His wife

started up with a cry. 'Let me die,' whispered her, 'for I am going to my Saviour.' The poor woman turned her face towards the murderer. Her head was cut off with one stroke. The children were taken away, but given up again after a few weeks and sent to friends at Banjermassing.

"Borneo is one of the largest islands in the world, and although its two millions of inhabitants, though they are a wild and fierce people, the society which these martyred missionaries is determined that it shall not be abandoned. The members of the Church say, 'In this island the Church of Christ must be built up, for here the seed of the Church, the blood of the martyred, is sown.' They already have four other missionaries in the field, and they intend to increase the number."

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

It was a cold winter day, and night was fast falling when a sledge party arrived at one of the stations in Central Russia. The party consisted of a Russian man and his family, with one servant; they only stopped for a change of horses, and, in spite of the heavy clouds that were driving across the sky, and the remonstrances of the host, who represented the inclement weather, and the danger of crossing the neighbouring forest, which was infested by hordes of wolves. In the season of the year, they persisted in pressing on to the next station, where they had given orders for a reception, and where they hoped to arrive in a few days. Off they started; but before they had been in the forest long the storm broke out with great violence; and

the snow drifting in their faces, and the wind howling through the trees, the travellers distinguished another which sent the cold blood to their hearts, namely, the distinct patter of the wolves as they came racing through the soft snow. The driver lashed his horses, but still the wolves gained fast upon them, and the front of one of the horses were cut, and he was sacrificed at least a little time. Onward they flew at their full speed through the deep gloom of the forest; but when the ominous sound was again heard, and another horse was let loose to satisfy their fearful enemies. In the full agony the unhappy travellers heard for the first time the hurried gallop of the wolves. Their last hope was gone; without the two horses that remained could not reach the haven that was now close at hand, and as they listened they heard the howling of the ferocious pursuers as they came nearer and nearer. At that moment the brave servant sprang to the ground, seizing a gun, he cried, "I will keep the wolves at bay as long as I can; lose not a moment." There was no time for parley, and, with a hurried blessing, the nobleman seized the reins and dashed forward. When they reached the station, and, hastily collecting a party of men, with firearms and torches, the nobleman returned to the place where he had left his servant. His prestige of him remained, and only a few traces of him in the pure snow marked the spot where so great a sacrifice had been offered. The next day a grand hunt was made, and the whole horde was exterminated; and when the Russian returned to his native town he erected a faithful monument to his servant's memory, and on the inscription of his name, age, and circumstances of death, were these words: "No man hath greater honor than this, that a man lay down his life for his

Surely it is not necessary to point out the lesson drawn from this story of noble devotion ; it reveals all of One who was high and mighty, and who loved His power and glory to save, not a loving faithful but a wicked and rebellious people—a people who obeyed His commandments and rejected His mercy. May we be as grateful as the Russian nation and learn to obey our loving Saviour, who died for us a place in His glorious kingdom, and is willing to receive all those that come unto Him.

THE WATCHFUL FRIEND.

SOME years ago there was a family residing near a Square, consisting of a man and his wife and four children. One evening the eldest boy, who was about ten years old, was sent on an errand, and he brought with him a famished dog that had followed him a great distance. It was a rough-looking Scotch terrier. The little boy, with tears in his eyes, pointed to the miserable look of the poor dog, and begged to keep him the night. The feet and legs of the animal were covered with mud, and one of them was lamed ; his back was full of lumps, as if he had been cruelly beaten with a stick. The children cry as they gathered pitifully, yet gathered around him. The mother wished her children to be merciful ; so she let the poor dog lie in the parlour for the night, and gave it some food.

After some time he became quite strong and well. He showed his gratitude for all the kindness he had received in a very wonderful manner. He protected

carefully, guarded the rambles of some fowls
ged to the family, and, what was best of all,
with the children to school, and fetched them
ow there was a very dangerous crossing in the
e school, and the eldest boy was hardly able to
is little brother and sister in getting across it.
y kept no servant, and the mother often found
fficult to leave the baby and the house. Bose
o understand all that was needful to be done.
d walk in great state before the children to the
ne pavement; then, if he saw a carriage coming,
bark at them, and run round them, as if they
ck of sheep, and not allow them to cross until
ear; then, still keeping them together, he would
n them, and so frolic along until he came to the
hen, after seeing them in, he gravely returned,
ok of satisfaction on his honest face.

"it's time to fetch the children," the mother
y; and off went the faithful creature, and brought
ne in the same order that he had taken them.
y little while he knew the hour they returned,
led no reminding to fetch them. As winter
would carry their dinner basket for them, and
k an umbrella in his mouth to his charge.
neighbours used to reckon the time by seeing
to fetch the children.

asted for three years; and then there was a great
Bose died suddenly, and the children mourned
friend and playfellow with a strong, deep grief.
ry to be as careful as poor old Bose," was long
with these little ones, whenever they were sent
rand, or had a charge given them.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 JOHN IV. 8, 16.

MANA and his companions sailed from Eromanga's
 When all attempt beside had failed to find an open
 And God their souls enlightened, while to learn
 strove :
 When next they trode their native isle, they preached
 is love."

This truth was Rasalama's strength beneath the tyr
 When Madagascar's breadth and length resounded
 What China's hapless millions all, in Providence do
 But few in her dominions know, the fact, that "God

The Hindoo devotee aloft, on Kalee's hooks doth sw
 Or 'neath the wheels of Juggernaut, makes life an o
 While thousands watch and envy him, and raise
 above
 His dying groans; but not in hymn thus worded, "G

To hear these words, the chief Mosheu, on bullock
 ride;
 To kill him and his bullock too, the lions no doubt tr
 A hundred miles and more he rode, through danger
 move,
 To hear the servant of the Lord proclaim, that "God

Then shall not we who oft at home these precious wo
 And hear them when to school we come, to class or t
 Whose daily mercies are so great, His grace who reig
 With heartfelt praise now celebrate, and sing that "G

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his on
 Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not peris
 everlasting life."—John iii. 16. Mosheu's text.



THE
HINDU MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1, 1864.

MISSION DISPENSARY, NEYLOOR, SOUTH
TRAVANCORE.

What is Travancore? Do you know, little
ones? If you take the map of Hindostan, you
will find that this country comes to a point at the
south end and you know that point is called Cape
Comorin. Now, above Cape Comorin move your
finger along the coast on your left hand, until
you reach the town marked Cochin. Next, move
your finger to the mountains on the right, and go
down to Cape Comorin again. The country with-
in the line you have traced is *Travancore*; and,
the lower half, that is the south of it, from
Cape Comorin, is the part in which the
members of your Society are teaching the
people about Jesus. *Neyloor* is not far
from Cape Comorin, only about twenty miles to
the north of it.

Young readers of this Magazine think some-
times, "Oh, I wish I could go and see the heathen
and the Christians in the dark, distant lands to
which the missionaries have gone!" Now, if they

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could come and peep into the Mission Dispensary at Neyoor, at ten o'clock in the morning they would see a great many natives of India, of different castes, heathen and Christians, gathered down together, and listening to the "good news" which either Mr. Lowe or his evangelist, *branam*, is preaching to them. They were many faces wondering, and others joyful, all waiting for good news from God to poor sinful men. But why are some wondering? Because they have never heard it before; for though the missionaries have been preaching and teaching in Travancore more than fifty years, many, very many, have lived out of the way of hearing it, or, if they chanced to hear some words about it, they paid no attention to it. Why? Because they thought it was beneath them. *Many* only the lower classes have hitherto heard it with awe and joy; but now they have come here this morning, with some sad disease, they are suffering from great weakness and pain, and they hope the missionary doctor will use his skill and cure them. And now, as they wait for the time when Mr. Lowe will examine their disease and give them medicine, their attention is awakened, and he tells them of the Good Physician who came into the world to save their *souls*.

There they are; proud Brahmins of old and young, rich and poor, for once in their lives hearing gladly the words of Jesus the Saviour: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

as often as they come they will hear of it

as you would see them go, one by one, into
 where Mr. Lowe gives them good words
 and medicine, as they seem to need them.
 There the other day when a young man
 in. Mr. Lowe examined him. He was a
 man, but knew a good deal about Jesus. When
 asked, "Why don't you confess what you
 to be true—that Jesus is your Saviour—and
 to the people?" he replied, "Because I am
 of the trouble my relatives would give me."
 he was asked, "Will they save you from
 punishment that will come upon you if you do
 believe on Jesus?" And he could only say,
 "They could do nothing for me." There are
 like him, who are ashamed of Jesus, though
 know about Him and believe on Him in
 minds. We must pray for them.

When the sick people have received medicine,
 cured, and go back to their villages, they
 tell their neighbours of what they have heard,
 the good they have received; and then
 come, and others, and so from the country
 and the people are always coming to this
 dispensary. Last year the number of those who
 were who were visited at their own houses
 74. When Mr. Lowe goes out to those
 as you may be sure the people are very glad
 to see him, and to hear what he says to
 about their souls. I send you a picture of
 dispensary to help you to think about this.

You see a sick man is just being brought the road to the dispensary. You will "What a good plan this is of getting people to hear the word of God, who would perhaps *never* hear it." And then think how good a thing it is for so many sick, miserable people cured and get strong again. Can they ever tell the good news they have heard? You may pray that they may never forget it, and that they may, by God's grace, be brought to Jesus alone can heal their sin-diseased souls. In every way you can *all* help to bring the poor idolaters to Jesus.

J. H.

"Heal the sick; the Gospel preach," the Saviour gave us
 Who *now* beholds disease and sin in this soul-crowded land
 And Jesus still, all human ill regarding, yearns to heal
 Shall we refrain our help to lend for human brothers' woe
 In body sick, and sick in soul, dwell thousands all around
 To these the man of God has come; they hear a glad sound
 For burdened souls; and day by day, at the appointed time
 The young or old, leper or maimed, with hopeful, uplifted eyes
 Hear words of *Him* who pities them, as He did those of old
 And some almost forget their pain as they hear the good news
 told;

And then the healing preacher's skill is free to all who need
 And *many* gratefully return to a more cheerful home.
 All up and down this heathen land may healing power
 Then, gracious Lord, with joyful hearts we'll render praise
 Thee.

STORIES FROM THE RAMAYAN.

readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" have heard of Milton's beautiful poem "Paradise Lost," and many of them no doubt have read it. Englishmen prize that poem very highly, and some of them think that no other nation has produced so great a poet as John Milton, the Christian and the patriot. I am living in Bengal, a land far away from England, where the people speak a language that Milton never had understood, and which I have found it no easy work to learn.

When we go about sometimes we see a crowd of people, and among them some four or five others who are reading from the "Rāmāyan," a celebrated poem which is known all over India, just as "Paradise Lost" is known all over England. The people are very fond of this; and those men who go about the country reciting it get a very good living; for very few of the natives of this country can read, and could know nothing about this poem, which they regard as the best in the world, if they had not the opportunity of hearing others repeat it. Thinking that you would like to know something of this poem, I have made a selection from the stories, and you may take as samples of the rest. The "Rāmāyan" is the history of Ram, a king of Ajodha (Oude); it tells us all about his forefathers, and how he fought with Ravana, the king of Lanka (Ceylon), and how he won. Let me begin with this Ravana. He was a very wicked king; he was, in fact, a sort of demon. For years he worshipped Brahma with very severe austerities, in the hope of obtaining immortality; but he was not successful. One day, however,

Brahma promised him that he should not die at the hand of any being, *men and monkeys excepted*. This promise was nearly as good as immortality itself. The gods could not kill him now, and as for men and monkeys, why, he could devour them by scores. So Raban became very daring, and began such course of wickedness that even Brahma himself was afraid. So great was his power, by reason of Brahma's blessing, that the sun and moon were darkened, the wind was hushed, the rivers ceased to flow, fire lost its force, and all the spirits upon the earth were in dismay. Nor were the humans better off, for Raban treated them all as slaves. Yama (the King of Death) he made to cut the grass; Kumbho (the King of horses); Shoni (Saturn) was his washerman; Brahma himself his schoolmaster; Indro (the King of Heaven) to surround him with garlands; Surjo (the Sun) was his door-keeper; Ogui (the God of Fire) was his cook, and Bartan (the God of Music) was his water-bearer. The gods were enraged at all this injury and oppression, and tried to shake off Raban's cruel yoke. He must have been as frightful as he was cruel, for he had ten heads and ten arms. He was sitting on his throne one day, when, all at once, his ten crowns fell down to the ground. He trembled at this, for it was a bad omen: you will learn what it signified.

Raban's oppression drove the gods to their wits' end; they knew not what to do to free themselves from his tyranny. At last they went and woke up Vishnu, who all this while had been asleep, and asked him to go and destroy Raban. To do this he must be a man, so he assumed the human form as Ram, the son of the King of Ouda. Vishnu's wife, Lakhmi, not liking to be separated from him, came down too, in the shape of Sita, the daughter of Jonak Rishi, the king of Mithila.

y of the other gods, too, came down in the
keys, and formed quite a large army. Now
e time that Ram was born that Raban's
ff, and he was told by his brother that some
a who would certainly kill him and destroy
y. And a pretty large family it was, for
100,000 sons and 125,000 grandsons.

sed on, and Ram and Sita both grew up.
e had two such beautiful children been seen,
ere good and clever as well as beautiful. It
ned that Ram and Sita should be married;
was so very beautiful that every one who saw
to marry her, there were some fears that
se might get her, and thus Ram lose her.
his, Shiv gave his bow to Sita's father, Jonok,
as sent everywhere that Sita should be given
to any king who could break it. You may
o break this bow was not a very easy matter,
60 miles long and 44 miles broad; it was put
e, built on purpose for it, which measured
length and 88 in breadth. But, hard as the
, there were plenty who were willing to try.
ons of kings came, and, one after another,
, and tugged, and strained, but all to no
ey could not break the bow, and had to go
ointed. Among the rest came the terrible
w they did all hope that he would be unable
but he felt quite sure that he could. He
that he had come to fetch Sita, and marry
hen Jonok said that he must break the bow
ghed. "What is breaking a bow to me?"
why, I lifted up a mountain once. Do you
I cannot manage to break this bow? Bring
re her to me, and I will break your bow after-

wards." But Jonok would not consent to this; went to the house where the bow was; and su Raban had never seen so large a one before began to think it might not be so very easy to after all: however, he must try. He stripped his clothes and took hold of the bow with his two hands, but, oh dear! he could not even lift it. He pushed and tugged, and tugged and pulled, but not an inch moved the bow stir. Numbers of people were standing round laughing to see Raban's vain exertions; and ashamed, he ordered his chariot to be got ready, and prepared to escape. He gave one more strain, as hard as he could, but, finding himself unable to jump into his chariot and drove off. The king was delighted at his defeat, and all the people of the city followed after him clapping their hands.

Meantime Ram was on his way to Mithila, and soon learn why.

Ram had three brothers, Likhman, Bhorot, and Bhrogno, but none of them could compare with him for courage, and strength, and beauty. It happened that the Brahmins in Mithila were very much annoyed by some demons, who prevented them from offering sacrifices. The Brahmins bethought themselves of a plan, and sent one of their number, Bishwamitro, to Bhrogno, Ram's father, to send his son Ram to Mithila, if he might kill, or drive away, the demons. Bhrogno was not willing to let Ram go, so he sent Bhorot with him. The two went together until they came to a place where there were two paths. "Now," said Bishwamitro to Bhorot, "which way will you go? By this way you will get to Mithila in three days, by that you will get there in a day; but if you take the short path you will be sure to meet the demon." "Well," said

tened, "let us go by the long path." Bishwas was angry; he saw that Bhorot was no fighter, as angry with Dosoroth for sending such a He turned his eyes, glaring with wrath, in the of Ajoda, and at once the city began to burn; as the power of a Brahmin's eye. But you er, perhaps, why he did not look at the demons them up. The terrible conflagration alarmed and he sent Ram off at once. Ram chose the d, and very soon came up with the demon. swamitro was as bad as Bhorot after all, for as saw the demon he ran away as fast as his legs y him. Ram sent his brother Lukhman to keep ro company, and went alone to fight Taraka; as the demon's name. The fight was long. re up trees to crush Ram, but Ram cut them with his arrows. Taraka was about to swallow make an end of him, when the gods gave Ram hoot a certain arrow. This killed Taraka, and er fell, his body covering 400 miles of ground. se Ram had for this, you may be sure, and his as loudly extolled. But Ram was not only was holy; so holy that when at one time he put a grave the person buried there started up and ght to heaven. He wanted once to cross a he hailed a fisherman who was there to take but the fisherman ran away. He was afraid am put his foot on the boat, it would turn to or other, and then he would have no boat to d so starve. However, he agreed to take Ram t be allowed first to wash Ram's feet, which ed him to do. He ferried Ram over the river, ewarded by having his crazy old boat turned utiful new one. Ram went on his journey;

and, after another battle with demons, in which he killed 30,000,000 of them, he reached Mithila. Well, was the bow. Ram soon went to the place, and with the least trouble broke the bow in two. Of course beautiful Sita was given him for his wife, and he returned home to Ajoda very happy indeed.

But, poor Ram ! his happiness was soon marred by sorrow he never expected.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

THE following fact is related in "Christian Work" by the Rev. Dr. Procknow, and will, we are sure, interest our readers. The Coles, the people to whom it refers, form one of what is termed the aboriginal tribes of India ; that is, they lived there before the Hindoostances, Mohammedans, and others, who now spread over that mighty land. Many of these live in the mountainous parts of the country, and as wild and savage as the scenery which surrounds them. But the missionary has followed them where others would have feared to travel, and, what is better for them, the Gospel which he preached has shed its sacred and cheering light upon the dark hearts of many of them, and has proved the power of God to their salvation. The following is certainly a remarkable instance of the manner in which God sometimes effects His gracious designs :

"A Páhián—i.e., a priest of the devil—obtained his son, when at the point of dying, a solemn promise not to forsake the religion of their fathers as others had done, but to beware of the influence of the Feroes or foreigners ; and, above all, not to mix with those

their own religion and adopted that of the

He told him to continue to worship the
jungle, and assured him that, as these gods
him (the father) all his life through from
disease, they would also protect the son.
He promised the father faithfully to follow.
After this the father died, and his corpse
according to the custom of the people. But
wards the son joined a party of sportsmen
and, whilst passing through the jungle, a
out of the thicket and prepared at once to
erty. In a minute they all took to their heels
Páhán; but he remained, and reasoned with
me such way as this: 'Why should I flee?
been a faithful servant of the bhút of the
god of the woods—and of all the animals
have I not promised my father, on his death-
a faithful servant of the bhút? and have I
promises hitherto, bringing offerings at all
and worshipping daily before him? Why
? Will not the god of the jungle protect
tiger?' Full of confidence, he stood still,
in the face of the savage beast; then he took
his back, and an arrow; but, alas! whilst
bow the cord snapped, and the arrow became
what could he do now? Without another
stood defenceless before the tiger, which
had crept near enough to him to be ready
spring. The Páhán, deadly pale, still stood
erce creature, which did not give him much
ak; for the next minute, with a sudden
was upon the poor Cole, threw him to the
his fore paws upon his shoulders, and the
inder paws tearing his legs. Writhing with

pain, and struggling with death, the Páhán put his strength, and, seizing the tiger with a strong hand, he tried to choke him. This frightened the beast. He struggled to get away, and soon went off, leaving the Cole, and moved away a short distance. However, he turned round to renew his attack, and, seeing at his prey lying on the ground, he prepared for a second spring. As it was impossible for the man to rise from the ground and face his enemy, he saw the tiger preparing for the jump he placed himself on his back, and drew his legs down upon his chest as far as possible, thus covering his whole body. The tiger, sooner done than the tiger leaped upon him, and was thrown back with great force by the man, who drew in his legs as much as possible, was putting his feet on the chest of the beast, to throw him off. As he was not prepared for such a reception, he seemed quite ashamed of being foiled a second time, and walked off into the jungle, and did not return. The men who ran when the tiger made his appearance, went to the next village, making a great noise, and calling others together from the field and village, to the place where they had seen the tiger. These were inquirers after the truth, which the Lord Christ had brought to their land. They offered to assist the poor man, who was wounded by the tiger, and to bring him to the mission, where they would apply ointment to his wounds and give him medicine. To this he readily consented. He heard words of life and salvation. Soon after he gave up his idolatry, and turned with his whole heart to Jesus Christ. Being a man of energy and with his influence drew many more after him. No persecution arose. As his father had possessed

and from the Thikedar (the Zemindar, or land-owner) is responsible to the British Government for the land became the son's after the father's death; so long as he was a pagan he enjoyed it without dispute; but as soon as it became known that he had joined the Christians, or rather had become a Christian, persecution arose from all sides. The Thikedar tried to take away the grant of land, but in vain. The villagers, who had formerly looked upon him as a Páhán (devil priest), now ill-treated him. But he bore this very well, and remained steadfast. Soon after he professed his faith in Jesus Christ, and was a happy child rejoicing in the peace and rest which he found; from that time being a pattern to Christians, and a contrast to the benighted heathen. Though he lives some miles from the Mission-station, the brethren were every Sunday attending both services; and on the morning, before he begins his journey, he comes to the missionaries, and asks him to pray with him; he says, the devil is even more cruel and more powerful than the tiger, and the only weapons against his power are prayer and faith."

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO PEKING.

SCHOLARS OF CROWN COURT SABBATH SCHOOL,
Shanghai, 6th April, 1864.

MY FRIENDS,—Perhaps you have heard the proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." Now, proverbs are true, but not always so; and I want to show you that it is not true in the present case; for although you are a long way out of my sight, yet you see you are in my mind, and I am now writing to you in

order that I may not be altogether out of your mind. When I saw you last, in the Crown Court School-room, I think I told you that I was going to a country far away, in order to distribute the Bible among the people. To get to China people have been in the habit of making a long voyage by sea; but now there is a new road opened up, and I have come all the way to this country without being two hours on the sea. Of course there are a great many things I might tell you about the different countries I passed through; but it would be too long to put all that in a letter, so I must just mention one or two things in the meantime, and wait till I see you to tell you the rest. The first country I went through was France; and as you have no doubt seen many Frenchmen in London, I shall not stop to say anything about that. The next country was Belgium; and, as that is very like France, and the people nearly all speak French, we shall say nothing over that also. I had next to go through Germany, although they are a very different race of people from the French, yet, as there are a great many of them in London, I dare say you have often seen them, so I will not detain you with saying anything about them. I then came to Poland, a place where there is a great deal of oppression and cruelty going on just now. Then came the great empire of Russia, a place very different from any land in many things; but I do not propose to speak to you about the Russians at present, but rather ask you to look on the map of Asia, and you will see a new country joining Russian Siberia on the south, called Mongolia. I do not think there have ever been any Mongolians in England, at least not lately; and, as there is very little known about them here, I think I cannot do better than tell you one or two things about them, having been among them for nearly a month when passing through

country. Their country is a waste howling wilderness in some parts very mountainous, but chiefly barren, in some places sandy, without a blade of corn or other crops of any kind. The rivers and streams are few; and even when it scarcely ever rains, there is sometimes a great quantity of water. Well, the Mongols have inhabited this barren region time out of mind for many centuries. At one time they were a terror to the world; they possessed most of the countries of Asia, a large part of Europe; but they lost these countries, and, excepting some of their race who ruled in India till very lately, they have been driven back to their own wilds, and now they are said to be tributary to the Emperor of China, and to send him wild beasts' skins every year, and the Emperor sends them some money, or rather bits of gold and silver, in return. They keep large flocks of sheep and cattle, horses and camels, and never seem to know except when they are riding about. They live in houses, but have a kind of tents, where the families are huddled up together, and make their stoves the centre for cooking their meat. They are a very hospitable people, and always make strangers welcome, and when they are at dinner is invited to sit at the table and eat of what they are eating. But there is a sad state of mind in regard to them: they have no knowledge of God, and no idea of the soul, and all men, and who rules the world; and, as far as their worship is concerned, they give that glory to another which is rightly His. They have not heard of Jesus Christ, and have no idea of their need of a Saviour. Not that they are without a religion; for they are worshippers of Buddha, though they do not have the multitude of idols that some have. Who, then, is Buddha? He was the

son of an Indian king, but has been dead two thousand years, and yet he is worshipped by the people of China, Mongolia, Tibet, Japan, and other countries. Now, you know it is the word of God to give that worship to God alone, and Buddha was a man. But, alas! they have not got the Bible yet. There are a great number of them who could not read it. It was not till very lately that they were allowed to go among them; but now the country is open I hope some good men will go to their duty to go and carry the word of God to the poor Mongols; because they are among the nations Christ referred to when he said, "Go and preach the Gospel to all nations." Their priests are called lamas, and they are very numerous. I travelled in the desert in company with two lamas; and at breakfast-time one of them was in the habit of forming his morning devotion in this manner: he sat down on his mat in front of the fire, he took a small bag of incense out of a bag at his waist. With his hands he made a short train in front of the fire, and put it so that it smouldered away all the time of his prayers. The prayer-book, which he carried with him, consisted of a bundle of separate leaves (Mongols do not bind their books), printed in the Tibetan, which is their sacred language. When he read off, lifted the book up several times, and made a number of circles with his hands, and all that, he believed would bring him to Buddha. The only town I came to was inhabited by ten thousand lamas, and all in Mongolia lived there. He is called the Dalai Lama, and is never seen by the people, who believe

, and believe him to be too sacred to be seen by
in eyes. I observed there several hundreds of
r-mills, such as I once spoke to you about. Re-
ber the poor Mongolians, and pray that they may
receive the truth,

And believe me,

Your friend and well-wisher,

A. WYLLIE.

LITTLE HANNAH.

u look at the map of Africa, you will see, to the
t-east of the Cape of Good Hope, a country marked
ria. The inhabitants are called Kaffirs; they are
black, and, alas! they are heathen. There are mis-
sionaries living amongst them, who have taught many of
er Kaffirs about God and Jesus Christ. The Holy
t has made some of them feel the power of the truth,
thus they have become "wise unto salvation."

will now tell you about a little Kaffir girl, who came to
land with her kind teacher a few years ago. Her
er was called Mani (pronounced Máb-nee) by the
ts; the word "Mani" meaning "a teacher."

me after Mani opened her school in Kaffraria she
sided one of the natives to let her take this little
to teach and bring up as a Christian; and she gave
child the name of Hannah.

at that time Hannah's parents were poor and ignorant,
the rest of their people. It is different with them
now, and their present state shows the happy influence
Mani's quiet instruction.

Mani had been several years in Kaffraria, and there
had been wars between the Kaffirs and the English soldiers
and there. Although no harm came to her, of course

she could not help being very grieved when the firing, and knew that either some of her or of her dear Kaffirs were being killed. This and the long time she had been working her school in that hot climate, at last made her quit, she was obliged to come home for her health.

When Mani first opened her school in K... English lady sent her some money to support it, and it was for this reason she chose little. As I have said before, Hannah's parents were but they have prospered since; and when heard that Mani must go to England for begged her to take Hannah with her. Mani She told him that the climate of England was from that of Africa, and Hannah's health must from it.

"Her health is in the hands of God," they replied; "and He can take care of her in England as in Africa."

"But I cannot ask the Society to pay for her," urged Mani.

"No; I mean to pay it myself," said the man.

And so he did. He sold some of his oxen, the money in Mani's hands, because he was very that Hannah should see the kind lady in England had paid for her, as he felt that he owed her a of gratitude. It was the money which she enabled Mani to take Hannah into her house gave her the opportunity of doing good to the

Mani could not hesitate any longer, but Hannah to England with her. A nice, intelligent creature she was, then ten years old. Few little age could read better than she did; and she could any simple question from the Bible that was

dy who knew little Hannah well writes the following account of her :—

Very soon after she arrived in England it was planned for her to see her kind friend. I did not tell her we were going, for I wished to give her a pleasant surprise. We went by the railway, and our fellow-passengers looked much amused to hear the little black girl speak English so nicely, as she merrily chatted all the time observing everything, making remarks, and asking questions, until you would almost have thought her an English child. But we had not very far to go, and we reached the station at which we were to get out. My little friend's quick eye caught sight of the word 'THEATRE.' She uttered an exclamation of delight, and said to me, 'Oh, I now know where you are taking me!' 'Where, Hannah?'

'To see my English mother,' said the dear child.

'What do you know about her?' I asked.

'She paid for me to be taught,' said Hannah; 'and she always made me pray for her every morning and night.'

We were very glad to find that Hannah knew how to show her love to her benefactress.

As we had to cross the heath after leaving the station, Hannah sat on my lap that she might more easily look out of the carriage window. There had been a frost the night before: no wonder the little girl from the West Indies could stand that day. A pond on the heath had frozen over, and some boys were taking off the ice with their skis. Hannah looked at them for a moment, then said with great glee, 'I know what that is: it is skating.'

'How do you know that?' I inquired.

Hannah readily answered, 'Because Maud Lee told

us that in England it is sometimes so cold that the sun gets as hard and as clear as glass.'

"I thought to myself how few little English girls of ten would have made such good use of their ears and eyes.

"At last the Kaffir child and her 'English mother' met. The lady had not expected to see her in this world when she sent out the money; but she had prayed for the little girl, and now she stood before her. I need not say how glad she was to see her.

"I said all that for yourselves; and also how glad Hannah was with her English mother's two little girls, whom she found no difficulty in adopting as sisters.

"A few days after that a lady asked her how many sisters she had. 'Five,' was the reply.

"I overheard her, and observed, 'I thought you had three the other day.'

"Quick as thought Hannah reminded me of her conversation with her 'English mother,' remarking, with great earnestness, 'I have *now* two sisters at Blackheath.'

"The heathen Kaffirs are quite uncivilized. They have no shops at which they can buy what they want; everything must be made at home; and Maria had to teach her pupils to make butter, cheese, soap, and even shoes. A little English girl once asked Hannah, in my hearing, some questions about her work. Hannah answered very nicely, and then began to question her.

"'Can you make candles?'

"'No,' said the young lady.

"'Can you make soap?'

"'No.'

"'Then what *can* you do?' Hannah asked, in great astonishment.

and out afterwards that we in England can
we want without making it for ourselves, and
wondered why it was not so in her own country

the time came for Hannah's return to Africa.
many nice gifts from her English friends ; a
box, a work-box, a kaleidoscope, a telescope, and
other things which were thought likely to be useful
after-life. A lady wished to give her another
remembrance, and asked a friend to find out
what Hannah would like to have.

Hannah,' said the friend, as she looked over
her things, 'I do think you have everything you

made no reply.

'There be anything else you would like?'

Her eyes sparkled. 'Oh yes ; I know what I should
like. I would like a microscope.'

Finally the kind lady gave her a microscope,
and it was the pleasure Hannah anticipated in
showing it to her little Kaffir friends.

Hannah felt England very cold, and was anxious to
return to the warm climate in which she had been
bred. But when she did like England, she said, for the people
were kind ; and she also liked the grass, for in her
country grass was soon quite burnt up, and never
so smooth, and soft, and green as here.

Hannah went back to Africa with Mani, and her
mother hoped she was intended for great usefulness
among her countrymen when she grew up. But the
shepherd saw it right soon to call home His
daughter. She lived about a year and a half after her
return and was beloved by all who knew her. She
was herself very useful in the house and in the school.

Better than all, she learned to love the Saviour
gave Himself for her; she knew herself to be a
and she trusted alone in Christ's righteousness.

"At last she died; and how she died her life
told a lady, who was visiting the school. 'She
us all in,' said the child, 'and looked at us so long
said she hoped Jesus would wash us all in His
blood.' Then she closed her eyes, and died so peacefully."

"COME OVER, AND HELP US."

HEAR! a distant voice is calling;
Mournfully it meets the ear;
Loudly yet its accents falling,
Fill each heart with solemn fear:
Let us listen
As the woeful sound draws near.

'Tis the moan of millions dying,
Lost in sin's dark gloom they stay.
'Tis the voice of wanderers, crying,
Ye who know the loving way,
Come and guide us
To the realm of perfect day.

We would help them, O our Father!
Thou hast bid us freely give.
With them and the wanderers gather,
Bid their dying spirits live?
Hear our pleadings:
All our past sins let us forgive.

We would send to every nation
News of light and life Divine;
And to spread Thy free salvation
Now to youth we would combine:
Take these free-trails,
And let all our songs be Thine.

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THE
HINDU MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1, 1864.

PESHAWUR.

entispiece will give our readers a slight
he market-place of an Indian town. It
of Peshawur on a market day. This
arge and important. It has about ninety
inhabitants, and, together with a very
tract of country called the Punjaub,
by different tribes, now forms a part
itish dominions. Most of the natives are
edans. They are fine races of men, but
believers in the false prophet, and very
emies of the Gospel. Nevertheless, they
ted the compassion of many Christians,
in India, who, seeing the importance of
ng missions amongst them, raised on the
ss than £15,000. It is now nine years
good work was begun in Peshawur.
ssionaries of the Church Missionary
ere appointed to this place; but at the
a few trembled on their account, and
d that they would lose their lives at the
the people they desired to save. Nor
—no. 246.

M

were their fears without foundation, as Peshawar is one of the strongholds of Mahomedan India. Perhaps there is no place in which the people are more fanatical and fierce; but, all the Christians in India were not so hearted. There were men amongst them of the faith and of the Holy Ghost, who were prepared to struggle against difficulties, and, if need be, to hazard their lives for the sake of the Lord. A mission was therefore begun. It has indeed, made rapid progress; no one could have said that it would; but, amidst much to discourage, it has held on its way, and God has not left its servants without a witness that their labour has not been in vain. First ripe fruits have been gathered, and a good foundation has been laid, what we believe will become a holy temple to the Lord. While the Gospel has been preached to adults, the young have not been forgotten. From the first there has been a missionary school at Peshawar. Six years ago Sir John Lawrence, now Governor-General of India, examined the school and thus wrote: "I was much struck by the improvement which has taken place in the school. I found a considerable number of the boys well acquainted with geography and our literature, and reading and understanding the New Testament."

In no case should we despise the day-sown things, as, before we are aware, the grain-tard seed may grow up into a great tree. In such a place as Peshawar nothing more

ings could have been looked for; and consider the circumstances in which they have laboured, any converts, however well call forth the devout exclamation, Lord's doing, and it is wondrous in our Although the missionaries have been from those who would have risen up them, they have seen enough of the fiery round them not to wonder that many at bled for their safety. Once, indeed, g was attacked by a fierce Mahomedan aching, and might have fallen had not a seized the murderer's arm just as he t to strike. But no similar case has urred, and the missionaries are quietly with their work as the servants of Him to Abraham, "I am thy shield, and e great reward."

LOSS OF THE MISSIONARY SHIP

"JOHN WILLIAMS."

twenty years our readers have been accus-
ok into "The Juvenile Missionary Magazine"
ation about the Missionary Ship; and very
as it been to tens of thousands to trace her
l course, and to read letters from the mis-
ho sailed in her, describing the things which
en and heard while visiting the islands where
has won its great triumphs, where the idols
utterly abolished, and where—

"Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb."

But this month we have a different, and a very full tale to tell them. Before, indeed, the presser can reach their hands, they will have heard the news; and we can fancy what many will feel, some will say, as they learn from their parents and teachers that the good ship they helped to build and repair, whose name, the "John Williams," was so pleasant and dear, and in which they felt so far, far greater than in any other ship in the world, had been wrecked, and was now lying fathoms deep in the deep, dark ocean, far, far away. Of this we must give our readers some particulars.

When this great calamity occurred, the "John Williams" was employed in her last voyage but one to the islands, before returning to this country this summer. She had been to Tahiti, to the Society Islands, Hervey, and other islands, and was making her way westward. Having called at Samoa, whither she was to return, she set sail for the Union Group, in the north-west, where native teachers were waiting, who needed encouragement and supplies. The first of these islands towards which she proceeded was "Pukapuka." It is named in the maps "Dangere," a name too well deserved. Within one mile of the main island there are three small islands, and, from the reefs that surround them, there is another, stretching five miles out into the ocean. These reefs are so dangerous that few ships venture near them. Again and again, however, the "John Williams" had visited this spot with safety; and when she has done so, the crew on board have seen and heard with delight of the progress of the Gospel amongst the inhabitants. It was to be cheered by another visit, at noon, on the 1st of May, the good ship came in sight of Pukapuka.

had been thick ; but, as soon as it became clearer, and themselves five miles from the reef. The weather was light, the sea smooth, and there was nothing to excite the slightest uneasiness to any one. It was also a bright day ; and, as there were two missionaries on board, Mr. Barff and Mr. Royle, it was, we doubt not, to them a season of refreshment, as well as rest. According to the custom, there was no communication between the ship and the shore during that day. Hence, she was, in the sailors term it, " off and on ;" and, when it was dark, she was three to four miles from the reef. The weather was light, the sky was clear, but the wind was light, and was called " baffling." At times, too, it was a calm ; but though there was nothing to fear from the reef, there was another enemy at work, slowly, silently, and with a steady force, drawing the vessel towards de-

This was a strong current setting in for the night. Though dark, the captain saw the danger. A light was therefore lowered, and, with a rope fastened to the bows of the ship, the sailors first pulled her head in the right direction, and then began to row with all their might against the current, which was steadily drifting her towards the reef. It was a dangerous time for those on board, and especially for John Williams. He did what he could, and so did the brave hands and strong hearts of the men in the ship. But through the darkness the sound of the mighty waves rising against the reef, and bursting over it, was steadily becoming more distinct and more terrible. At length, indeed, there seemed hope ; for a gentle breeze sprang from the island, which for a few minutes filled the sails and enabled the ship to move a little way against the current which had been driving her towards the reef. But the favourable gusts were short, and as soon as they

ceased the current had its own way again. Thus the dark and dreadful hours of that sad night, night for those on board ! How terrible it must be for them to have felt that they were being drawn, by a force which they could not overcome, nearer and nearer to the minute towards a long white line of boiling waves, which they could dimly discern through the darkness ! Perhaps, no one felt so much as the captain. Happily, however, what ought to be done ; and, as soon as he saw that there was no hope for the ship, he did what he could for those on board. It was now nearly four o'clock in the day morning. The life-boat was already afloat, and the long-boat and the whale-boat were also lowered. There were twenty-two passengers on board, the first care was for them. These entered the life-boat, and, when this was done, they were ordered to clear of the ship, for she was now very near the rocks, and there was danger that, if she sunk, she might drag the boats down with her. It was a wise order, for it was not given too soon ; for they were only just clear of the ship when her stern struck heavily upon the rocks. As each great billow swelled in from the sea, the ship was driven up again upon the rocks ; and then, as the ship retired, she was carried off with it. In a short time repeated blows had unshipped the rudder and the stern ; and now, as all attempts to save the ship were clearly hopeless, at five o'clock in the morning the captain called the life-boat alongside, put a few things into her, and with the rest of the crew, who were on board, left, with a heavy heart, the ship in which they had so long found a home and a sanctuary.

The three boats then rowed for the nearest place which was three miles off. On reaching it the native sailors swam on shore through the

teacher what had happened, and to request that
might go at once to the wreck, to save, if possible,
visions and clothing. As the day was break-
ing, several canoes came off, and, taking the passengers
in their boats, carried them safely through the surf to
the shore. The captain and the crew then went back to
the wreck and found her with her hinder-part high upon
the reef and filling very fast. As the water immediately
around the coral-wall, and under the bows of the ship,
was then three hundred feet deep, and as she was
sinking heavily, it was dangerous for the boats to come
near until her masts had been cut away. This,
however, was done, when some of the crew went on
the wreck but all they could recover was sugar and coffee.
The Christians were more successful. Risking
their lives, they swam to the wreck; saved, not their
property, but that which they valued more highly,
the things belonging to their beloved missionary,
his Bible, and a box containing the subscriptions from
England to the London Missionary Society. It now
remained that she could not long remain where she
was, her head was sinking deeper and deeper in the
water, the captain and sailors therefore left her; and they
waited so more than three or four minutes when
she rolled off the reef, and gave a desperate headlong
dive into the deep water. It must have been an
awful-sounding sight! All that now remained from
her was a barrel of flour, with a few pigs, fowls, and
a small boat to the surface. With these small re-
mains the ship and cargo the boats returned to the shore,
where they were received by the natives with the greatest
joy. The question now arose, how could they be got away
from the solitary spot amidst the wild waste of waters?

There was but little hope of any ship coming and as, including the crew, there were forty-two to be provided for, it was doubtful how long it would supply food enough for their support and own inhabitants. No time, therefore, was to be lost as the only way of escape appeared to be to send a boat and get a vessel down from that group. Mr. T. chief officer, with six sailors, nobly offered to undertake the voyage. The distance was four hundred miles and to attempt this in an open boat upon the wide ocean was no slight evidence of their courage. On the 23d of May, four days after the wreck, the long-boat was launched over the reef, and the brave men began their perilous voyage. Through Divine goodness they reached Samoa and at once Mr. John Williams, British Consul, eldest son of the honoured missionary whose name they bears, chartered a vessel called the "Lalla Rookh" so quickly was everything arranged, that on the 1st of June, only seventeen days from the time of departure, those who were waiting at Pukapuka rejoiced to see in the distance the vessel which was to rescue them. As the weather was not favourable, two days passed after she came in sight before they could get on board. But on the 11th of June, Mr. Williams distributing presents which had been sent by him, and Mr. Williams to the natives as an expression of his kindness for their kindness, all who had been in the "Lalla Rookh" were received on board, when the vessel sailed for Upolu. On arriving Mr. Williams placed them under his care. Subsequently, they all returned in the same vessel to Sydney, where a very generous welcome awaited them. As the captain had lost his all, the friends presented him with fifty pounds while they opened a liberal subscription to

s which had been sustained by the mission-
en, are the circumstances, as far as they are
present, of this heavy calamity. And greatly
felt by thousands, not only here, but in the
nds where the name of the "John Williams"
ved. "From Eastern to West Polynesia,"
Buzacott, "you would hear the wail for
old ship, and a cry for a new one to be got
ossible speed."

e we mourn over the ship, let us not overlook
reasons there exist for thankfulness that no
l has come upon us.

ow should we rejoice that from such great
ry one on board was saved! Had the wind
erous, or the captain less thoughtful, what a
we might have to tell! But it is the Lord's
to Him we should offer our most hearty praise.
ould we not remember how long and how
oble vessel has been constantly engaged in her
? It is no slight reason for gratitude, that for
ty years she has been saved, while engaged
of great and almost constant danger. And
what good she has done during all these years?
ought we not to be thankful that she was
d upon one of the uninhabited isles, of which
o many in the Pacific Ocean, and where no
er could have been obtained? And still more,
e should consider what these shipwrecked
to the Gospel which this very vessel had only
before carried to the spot upon which she
But for this, the inhabitants would have
savages; and we can only shudder to think
ment the helpless and defenceless strangers

might have met with had they continued such most certainly, had she been wrecked upon the islands whose inhabitants are still fierce and should now have to deplore an immeasurably greater loss.

Happily, then, all we have now to do is to get another "John Williams." And we know who to get it. THE YOUNG IN OUR CONGREGATIONS AND SCHOOLS. While they will lament the fate of their missionary ship, they will come forward with heart and hand to build another. To them, therefore, the Directors would make an appeal; and all we wish at present is, that they stand prepared for this good work. In our next number we shall have more to say upon this point; and that thousands will only wait for the word, "GET FOR A NEW MISSIONARY SHIP," to do all the friends desire and that the Directors ask.

STORIES FROM THE RAMAYAN.

(Continued from page 228.)

Now for the story of Ram's great sorrow. You remember that Raban very much wanted to have Sita; but as he was not strong enough to break the bow, he returned from Mithila, while all the boys clapped their hands with joy at his failure. Still, Raban was determined to have Sita, and he formed a plan for seizing and carrying her off. Ram, in fulfillment of a vow, was dwelling in a forest with his wife Sita and his brother Lakshman. Here they wandered about from one part to another, putting up slight houses of branches of trees, and gathering such roots and fruits as they could find. Now Lakshman thought if he could only come upon Sita while she was by herself, that he could easily run away with her; but as yet he was very much afraid of Ram and Lakshman.

upon a plan to draw the two brothers away, might be left alone. And this is what he did. He went to the forest dressed like a hermit, taking with him a cunning servant named Marich, who assumed the shape of a beautiful stag, and went walking about where he could see him, while Raban remained hid. Soon Ram saw the stag. It was the most beautiful one he had ever seen. He took up his bow and started off in pursuit of the stag. Away they went farther and farther from the city, and before Ram could get near enough to shoot, they had gone a very long way from his home. He wounded the stag, when, very much to his surprise, it began to cry out, "Lukhman, Lukhman, save me!" Now Lukhman was with Sita. He told him to stay, and on no account to leave, for some harm should come to her; and when he heard one calling him, though the voice was not like Ram's, he said, "This is some trick: as if I should ever want any one to save him." But Sita, greatly alarmed: she urged Lukhman to go, she begged him, she abused him; and at last poor Lukhman, unwilling to disobey his brother, nor yet liking to be far from her, started off, and Sita was left alone. This was what Raban wanted. Quickly he came out of his hiding-place, and, approaching the house, asked for refreshment. Sita told him that her husband was not at home, but that, when he came back, he would gladly give him the fruit and whatever else he might have. He said this pretended hermit, "I can't wait." Then, said Sita, "come into the house; there is food here: take it and be welcome." "No," said he, "for I am under a vow not to go into a house; but if you don't bring it out directly I will go away, and I will come upon you for not relieving a holy man."

when he asked you to do so." Poor Sita was in trouble ; for, according to Hindu notions, it is a great sin to turn away a pilgrim or a hermit such as she seemed to be, and it is almost as great a sin for a wife to stir out of the house without her husband. What could she do ? She thought she had better go ; she took the fruit in her hand and went out. Alas ! she was paid for her kindness. Raban seized her, mounting his chariot, which was close at hand, and drove away as fast as he could to Ceylon. But where was Lushman ? When he came to Ram he was about to leave Sita. Ram knew it was some trick, and he hastened back again, but it was too late. The house was empty, Sita was gone ; and now was Ram plunged in an ocean of grief. He went about crying, and asking the trees, " Where is my Sita ? " Of course they would not tell him ; but a bird that saw Sita in Raban's chariot told Ram where she was gone.

The Hindus believe that Ram is a god ; but if so, how could he have been so terribly cheated ? Would he not have known the stag to be only an enemy in disguise ? Would he have cried like a baby ? and would he have been as stupid as to ask the trees where she was ? What would you say ? Of course you say No, and you are ready to say, but, oh, pity and pray for the poor people who trust in Ram, and gods as weak as Ram, to save them !

But now it is time that you heard something of Hanuman, whose help was so valuable to Ram in the war with Raban. Hanuman was the son of Pabou (the wind-god). In his childhood he did some very astonishing things. Such a one he was to jump as you have never seen. One day, when his mother was nursing him, he saw a mango looking very red, something like a large ripe fruit. Hanuman, thinking it would be good to eat, ran

he gave a spring, and went at one jump out of her's arms to the sun. The sun, so says the as only 800,000 miles away; but I suppose I know better. When Honuman reached he met Rahu, who had come to swallow the Hindus say he does frequently, and causes eclipses. Rahu was frightened at seeing him, and fled to Indro (the king of heaven) and

Then Indro mounted his white elephant, and, bolt in hand, went to see Honuman, who all the while was sitting quietly on the sun. Indro was not in his turn; but he discharged his bolt, which struck Honuman on the head. He was not killed, however. Honuman had a great many desperately hard fights, but somehow nothing could hurt him; which was a great advantage with Ram, as you will hear, although Honuman was only a monkey and Ram was a god.

Honuman joined Ram in his attempt to recover Sita, and he determined to go first alone and see where she was.

But how was he to get there? Ceylon, you know, is an island; so Honuman climbed a mountain, and from one good spring, he jumped right over the sea. It was a great jump, after all, you may think, for he was 320 miles high—and he could make himself as much taller or as much shorter as he liked. As he was going he met Singhika, a terrible monster 9000 miles high; but Honuman made himself small, popped into the monster's mouth and down it went, and so killed him. He had more adventures before he got to Ceylon. He found Sita, and told her that he would soon come and rescue her. Then he began to destroy Raban's houses, and when his soldiers tried to take him he threw trees at them, and drove them off, and driving the rest away. Then Raban

sent an officer with a large army, but Honu them away too. Another army of 100,000 so as many horses, chariots, and elephants, w by this valiant monkey. At last Raban se with 80 millions of foot-soldiers, and half as on horses, and Honuman was taken and b he was so heavy it was as much as 700,0 could do to carry him, and so big that t break down the door of Raban's palace before carry him in. Raban was delighted to find th was taken, and he ordered his soldiers to get a that there was in the place, and all the oil. Then he ordered them to bind the cloth on tail, and to soak it well with the oil and ghe on fire. But Honuman didn't care. When done he made himself very small, slipped ropes they had bound him with, and escaped. pay them off for their cruelty, he went jum the city, bobbing his tail down on the houses them on fire, until nearly all the city was bu doing a great deal of mischief he paid anot Sita, and then jumped back again and told that had happened.

Ram and his countless host of monkeys, w their king, and some brave generals, were all on the sea-shore, opposite to the island. They wanted to get across the channel whic the island from the mainland; but how c. There were no ships, and it was too far to swim. Now, you may think, perhaps, Ram was a god he could get over very e god can do everything; but the Hindus do so. Their gods are like themselves; and if do some very wonderful things, there are c

they could not do; so we are told that the
 came to the sea-side, and was in great dis-
 because he saw no means of getting over. At
 there came to his camp Bibbishun, a brother of
 whom Rahen had ill-treated and driven away.
 treated him with much kindness, and Bibbishun
 a very faithful friend. One day Bibbishun,
 Ram very sad because he could not get over the
 told him to look, and the Sogor (the son), he
 told him what was to be done. Ram
 but Sogor told him nothing. Three days passed,
 and Ram, in a great passion, told Lakhman to
 go he knew, for he would shoot Sogor. At this
 he frightened, and told Ram that in his camp was
 a key named Nol, who, having performed some
 work, had obtained a blessing by virtue of which
 anything that he touched would float on the water.
 good news. It would be very easy to make use
 of stones or anything else that Nol had previously
 touched, and so they set to work to build one. The
 was partitioned out. The channel they wanted to
 be a thousand miles wide, so says the story; but
 to have maps will see, if you look, that it is much
 less. The brothers agreed to make four hundred miles
 each; two others agreed to make a hundred
 miles each; and two others eighty miles
 each. Hanuman promised to do all the rest. Then
 they set to work. Whole groves of trees and rocks,
 and mountains, were brought by these strong
 men to Nol, who touched them, and then they were
 set in their place. During the building Hanuman had
 quarrelled with Nol, and in a passion he threw down a
 stone he was bringing to be touched; the mountain
 was broken, and it took 999,000 men to carry

away the fragments. The bridge went on v at the rate of twenty-four miles a day. When done but eighty miles Honuman brought a gr was exactly large enough to fill the space ; and the bridge was finished, and the whole army

What mean notions of God these heathen monkey could do what a god could not do should have known no better if God had His blessed word, which teaches us that I greater than ever heathens can conceive, and as He is great, and that "His tender mercies His works."

(To be continued.) !

PARVULA'S RUSHLIGHT.

A STORY WITH A MEANING.

THERE was once a little girl who lived with her mother in the midst of a wood. The little was Parvula. Her grandmother's name was wood was a very large one, and covered many an acre in the heart of the land ; and the col Lois and Parvula lived in was in the mi wood.

One night, a long while after dark, old Parvula, "My child, I feel very tired, and ra too, so I am going to bed at once ; but you a little longer, if you like, and finish the wo doing." So Parvula thanked her grand said that she would. But, first of all, she the old lady into the back room of their saw her comfortable in bed, and then brought rushlight into their quiet little kitchen, and to her work on a little stool by the fire.

is a very wild, and wet, and windy, and wintry
The door was bolted fast, and the window-
s were up. Parvula heard the rain as it beat
the window and came pattering on the roof.
She could hear the wind too, in the key-hole and amidst
the branches of the trees. Sometimes the wind sounded
like the voice of a man. Once or twice she thought
it really was a man's voice. At last, when she
was nearly finished her work, and was thinking of put-
ting on her night-gown, and going to bed herself, she became almost
certain that she could hear the sound of voices outside
the door. So she sat quite still and listened. She was
all afraid; but she wanted to find out. She did
not move her hands or her feet; she breathed quite
softly; she only turned and looked at the door, and
she had a little on one side and remained quite still.
Suddenly the voices seemed to come nearer and
nearer to the cottage, and to grow louder and louder
till the little girl could hear distinctly that
there were a good many persons conversing together
about something, and could even make out what they
said. The people seemed to be standing on the path
that runs through the wood a little way from the
cottage door, and to be in great perplexity of some kind.
She heard a voice which said, "Do not any of you
move; where are you?"
Then she heard several voices, which answered, "Not
a foot, sir; not at all."
Then the first voice said again, "Are you sure that
the handle of your lantern is quite gone out? Could
not 'blow it in' again if you tried?"
Then one of the other voices answered, "I cannot
reach the lantern, sir; I can only feel it in my hand."
Then there was a silence for a little, till a voice,

which Parvula had not heard before, b
"I have a capital *map* of the wood, if we
light."

"And I have an excellent *compass*," cried
voice.

"And I," said a third, "should know e
we are, if I could only see the path we are
and the marks on the trees; but I think w
push on somehow or another, or we shall al
In a matter of life and death such as this i
to waste time."

To this Parvula heard the first voice s
is of little use to push on unless we kno
road; and I do not see how to find that wi
of some kind: what we want is a light.
without that, we must stay here till the
see nothing better to be done."

"But the men will be dead, sir, by that t
other voices cried out: "don't you remem
they were to be executed in the morning?
will be too late!"

The first man was going to reply, wh
suddenly beheld something which filled the
prise. They saw a kind of square opening
of the darkness; and in the opening they sa
of a child with a tiny rushlight in its hand,
the child the soft light of the inside of a c
with a bright fire on the hearth. And, while
in astonishment and wonder, they heard the
and say to them, "Here's a light! Here
light your lantern by! I have heard all yo
saying, and I know about the message you
Make haste, and light your lantern, and
through the woods."

tell who it was. It was little Parvula her-
 ad sat and listened in the cottage till she
 listen any more, and who had sprung then
 eat, and thrown open the cottage door, and
 dently appeared to the messengers in the
 e darkness with the light in her hand. And
 less how glad the men were, and how they
 o the cottage door, and lit their lanterns
 looked at the map and the compass, and the
 the trees, and so found out the right road.
 ill be as glad, I think, as they were, to know
 alled at Parvula's cottage as they journeyed
 gh the wood, and told her grandmother and
 t they had reached the city they were going
 ellent time, and had delivered the king's
 d so had saved the lives of the men who had
 emned to perish. "But we should never
 ble to do it"—this is what the leader of the
 s said to Parvula's grandmother—"we never
 e found the right road, Mrs. Lois, and we
 ld have been in time, but for your grand-
 help."

ory has a juvenile missionary meaning, and
 lesson to juvenile missionary collectors and
 s. Will our readers try to discover the
 themselves?

Missionary Recorder.

THE MISSIONARY FIG.

years ago, a youth in one of the manufacturing
 Lancashire met with an article in the "Juve-
 ng," the title of which was "The Penny Pig."
 v suppose, this title aroused his curiosity, and

led him to read it; but, to his surprise, being a real living pig, it turned out to be a ware one, made in the shape of a bottle, with a stopper on the top; and, instead of a neck, an opening sufficiently large to admit of a penny. The visiting little boys and girls to buy one of them, and feed it regularly every week with a penny, and, as the real pig, it had become sufficiently fat, when, being killed and eaten, it was to be broken open, and its contents given to the Missionary cause. It was so pleased the youth, that he bought one, and from that time fed it regularly every week with a penny. As weeks rolled on, and the weight of this pig increased, until the time came for its being broken open, its being opened, he found the pennies had become several shillings, which he took, and carried away. Years have passed since then; the place is now the village, and has for several years been a town, one of our large manufacturing towns. The pig has been exchanged for a neat little box, with a key; its weekly food has kept increasing, and instead of the one penny, it is twenty per week. It gives, as need requires, to missions and other good causes, which have for their object the promotion of the welfare and happiness of men. It would be if all the boys and girls who read this, and all our Sunday scholars, were to act in the same spirit!—*Wes. Juv. Off.*

MISSIONARY BEDS.

"It is almost time for us to be thinking of going to the Missionary Beds," said a little girl to her brother, as he stood by the open window into which the bright A

ining. "I am thinking so too," he answered, dropping off his work; for he was busy trying to mend the hoe. "Missionary beds! what were these? Garden beds, straw beds, mattresses?" So thought a boy who sat in the room reading a newspaper, and heard what the children said. "Missionary beds! what beds for missionaries?" At last he asked them what they meant. "Why, garden beds," answered the little boy, dropping his hoe and standing earnestly up. "My father gives us children a garden, to plant and take care of and do *every-thing* ourselves. Then we sell what grows, and so earn missionary money. My bed is asparagus, and my uncle John bought it all. Jane's is a bed of sage. Last year she sold almost all her sage to the market. Mother was afraid we should not hold out, but we like to be doing *really something*." Many children might have missionary beds! A nice way to earn money for the Lord's blessed children nowadays may not only pray, "Thy will be done, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," but they can help that cause for which they read the *Child's Paper*.

CAN YOU MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN?"

"Can you make me a Christian?" asked a little girl of a missionary one day.

"My little girl; I cannot make you a Christian," replied the missionary.

The girl looked very sorrowful. She thought none were making her a Christian, and she wished to share their

"I will tell you who can make you a Christian," she continued the missionary. He bade her pray for His Holy Spirit, and referred her to some of the Bible. She had learned to read in the mission school. A few days after the little girl came to Sahiwal, oh, so very happy!

"And what makes my little girl so happy?" he inquired.

"I'm a Christian," she replied: "I have Jesus, and I know He has forgiven me my sins, and given me His Holy Spirit."

Happy little girl!—*Missionary Recorder.*

WORDS WITHOUT WORKS.

"THY WILL be done"—On bended knees
We daily urge the solemn plea;
We breathe the words; yet oft, alas!
Like idly-uttered tones they pass;
For fancy's dreamings throng around,
Till in the heart no place is found,
To strive by actions to fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.

"Go, teach all nations"—So we read;
For aid those scattered sheep to feed
The Church entreats. We turn aside:
The souls for whom our Saviour died
We leave to perish: day by day
They pass untaught from earth away;
And yet we pray all may fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.

"THY WILL be done"—Each eye and ear
Still be that wailed prayer upborne;
But not in words alone. Ah, no!
He who would true devotion show
Must learn to act as well as speak,
Nor rest till all be taught to seek,
In Christian meekness, to fulfil
The precepts of God's holy will.



NATIVE TEACHERS AT NAGERCOIL.

THE
NILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1, 1864.

MISSION WORK IN TRAVANCORE.

DEAR FRIENDS.—In this my third letter to you since my return to India, I am to give you some account of what God is doing in Travancore, and of the men and means employed by Him for the accomplishment of His purposes and intentions concerning man. I observe, that the missionary who first brought the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ into Travancore came here more than 40 years ago. At that time Travancore was not known to the missionary as it now is. Nor was it permitted to any European to walk the high roads, or to visit the capital city. A man from Madras, the representative of the British Government, wished to come into Travancore to see the rajah, on even government business; he was obliged to travel all along the coast and was not then allowed to enter the interior. The rajah used then to go out of the country and meet and talk with the British Resident and great men from Madras; and directly he

and all the other so-called holy people of the palace in Trevandrum, they were bathed, in order to wash away the pollution attracted by such a visit.

The reason of all this was, because the natives believed Europeans to be such low-caste people, that for them to walk on the roads which had been trodden by their natives would make them also unclean. Nor were Europeans alone forbidden to travel on the roads. Both at that time (fifty years ago) and now, in the parts of Travancore, low-caste natives, though they be ever so wealthy, or clean, or cleverly behaved, just because they are low-caste, were and still are kept from walking on the roads.

The first missionary came from Tinian, British India, and the first people he preached to were the low-caste people who were, and are, so despised by the high-castes. But many of them after a time led to believe his message, and confessed Christ. He went about, and preached and prayed; and God blessed his preaching, and answered his prayer. Others were converted, who were from dumb idols, or the worship of evil spirits, and began to serve the only true and living God.

After a time this first missionary left the country, when the people were for a time without a shepherd. But in a few years other missionaries came to carry on the work which he had begun and to gather the people into congregations, as well as to

pel to the heathen. Kind friends in England were so interested in their work as to send money to them for the purpose of building churches and schools, and to support the men who acted apart as catechists and teachers in the congregations.

The preaching and teaching of the mission, and their native assistants, and by the pre-eminence of the British Resident, great changes were at length seen to take place. Euro-pean the low-caste natives were allowed to use formerly only high-caste people were used of the British Resident being waited by the rajah, the way to the capital, the rajah himself, and the rajah's palace were thrown open to him and his attendants. Instead of the natives being compelled to travel through the country along the sea shore, and through the villages of the low-caste fishermen and others who were held to be contaminated by them, tracts were reserved, fields, houses and gardens were made available to the London Missionary Society and its natives by the Travancore Government, and social privileges were granted to the Christians. Instead of the low-caste people being compelled to act according to the rules of their several castes, respecting the matter of not covering the upper part of the body with clothing, a proclamation was issued by the Government to the effect that the Christians should be allowed to wear a kind of spencer, or frock, made of cotton cloth; and another pro-

clamation to the effect that all Christians be exempt from serving heathen temples and forced labour on the Sabbath days.

There can be no doubt that the granting of these privileges, and the issuing of the proclamations, tended greatly to the increase of the number of Christians in Travancore. In recent years, therefore, the numbers continue to increase, and from one end of Travancore to the other, in several of the large towns, and in the capital itself, Christians from the various nations were found, and chapels and schools were built. When I arrived at Travancore, in February, 1863, there were about fifteen thousand professing Christians of all ages. In the Report for the year 1863, there were no fewer than 24,144 Christians, an increase of more than one thousand annually over and above the deaths that occur among the people.

Nor are the numbers of the people any less a evidence of the success of the Gospel in Travancore. The people are, I am sure, learning more than ever to "show forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into glorious light." The Sabbath, which to the people who before had no Sabbath, but to whom the Sabbath day was alike, at first appeared a great hindrance to worldly gain and pleasure. Now, however, it is kept with much more regard to the Lord than was thought possible a few years ago. Paul said to Titus, "The Cretians are all liars." Could Paul have gone to India

he come here now, he could say of the two millions of people in this dark land, *Hindoo*s are always liars." The Christian, and many of the heathen too, I hope, are learning to speak the truth in the love of the name of God, moreover, is mentioned with reverence, and prayer is made to Him daily.

And these marks of success and progress, people generally are more attentive to the means of grace, more of them are learning to read and study the Bible, and they are more liberal in giving to the Lord's

work now you may ask how is it that this work is progressing? Who is the cause, and what are the means, by which so much success is being accomplished? First, as it is the Lord's work, it is to it, that it shall prosper. He it is who, by the power of His good Spirit, causes the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy, "Instead of the thorn come up the fig tree, and instead of the brier come up the myrtle tree," Isa. lv. 13. He hath done in fulfilment of His gracious promises to His servants who went out sowing, bearing precious seed." They now are rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them. The missionaries and their native assistants have been sowing the good seed; the Spirit is preparing the ground and watering it; the result is, the seed is growing and bringing forth a hundred fold.

The missionaries, especially those who have been labouring here during the last fifteen years, do not say, nor do they think, that they have been the chief workers in this part of the country, or that it is by their labours chiefly that a harvest has been gathered in. They are glad to admit that they have had fellow-labourers in the good men among the catechists and native workers who have been called out from their country to preach the Word of Life. These men and women continue to go, in and out among the people—they know them better than the missionaries do, and they have been very successful in leading many to seek redemption through the Lord Jesus Christ.

There are now labouring in all Travancore in connection with the missions of the London Missionary Society, as many as 450 men and women who are daily engaged in teaching the people of God. These men and women are divided into several classes, consisting of evangelists, catechists, assistant catechists, both male and female, school-masters and mistresses.

At the beginning of this number you will find a picture, the copy of a photograph of some of the evangelists and catechists in my district. They are seated on the steps in front of the doors of our large chapel at Nagercoil. The style of dress is that most common among the respectable natives of this part of India. The men wear a long coat made of white calico, and the women wear a four yards of wide cloth wound

and falling to their ankles. Some wear a
of white or figured muslin, and some
ed handkerchiefs on their heads. They
stockings, and for shoes only a loose
of sandal or slipper. In their ears and on
fingers some of them, as is the custom of
ple of this country, wear gold rings.

in the picture are supported by kind
in England; and with the thought that it
is interesting to those of you who know
about them, I will mention their names.
standing, one on either side on the top
are evangelists. He on the right
of the picture is called in Tamil *Ganadaray*,
in English "The eye of Wisdom." He
English name, but he is supported by the
of the Vines Chapel Sunday School.
He on the left side is called in Tamil
Mani, which, being put into English, means
"spotless jewel." His English name is
Winter Hamilton: he is supported by a
of that name in Yorkshire. No. 3 is
Wigley; No. 4, Walter Smith; No. 5, George
No. 6, William Cooper; No. 7, Joseph
No. 8, Richard Proat; No. 9, Robert Pale;
No. 10, Samuel Burder; No. 11 has no English
from his supporters, but is called Luke,
Parsons. E. J. D. Williams, and J. D.
who were not present when I took the picture.
though these catechists bear those English
names, they are known in their families and
by their friends by their Tamil names, some-

thing like those of the two evangelists. two have names which in English mean "of all happiness," "Lord of wealth," "the Scriptures," "Help of God," and "Many of you, I dare say, will smile at the oddity of these names, and will want to know what kind of a "spotless jewel" could a name be. But you must remember that the custom of giving names is the oldest in the world. I will take a long time, I dare say, before the people of India call themselves by the names of colors, such as Brown, Green, Black, White, and so on, or by their trades, as Baker, Butcher, Cooper, and Smith. They are, however, not the scriptural names; but that is going a step farther back, for if they call themselves Luke, you know it means *Luminous*; or *the Gift of the Lord*; or Sarah, *Princess*; or Ruth, *Satisfied*; or Mary, *Exalted*. That, really, it does not much matter what they call themselves; for "what is in a name"

Now I must stop, with the hope of being able to write you another letter by-and-bye.

Yours sincerely

JOHN J. D.

Nagercoil, Sept. 6th, 1864.

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG

FOR A NEW MISSIONARY SHIP.

YOUNG FRIENDS,—You are all expecting this. As soon as you heard that your beloved vessel "John Williams" had been lost, you knew that there was another ship, and you felt sure that the Directors would ask you to raise the money to buy one. Some of you began to work for this even before you were asked to do so. This is good. To be idle in such a cause is not to be "foolish." Therefore, that tens of thousands of you will follow those who have begun so well, and resolve to do your part, and a good part too, in the great work. You have often heard and read of the way in which the old men worked twenty years ago, and you know the ease of their working. With ease, and no small benefit to themselves, and benefit to the cause of the mission, they raised six thousand pounds; and with the aid of the Directors bought the "John Williams" and sent her out. Now, are you less able or less willing to perform a similar work than they were? They do not think you are. On the contrary, they think that, as you know much more than the young men twenty years ago of the good which a missionary can do, you will work and give, at least as freely as they did. Very likely before you can read this your pastor, or parents, or teachers, may have spoken to you on the subject, and have asked many of you to become collectors for a new ship. And now the Directors make the same request. They want you to take a collecting card, and to try how soon you can get it filled. Give something of your own, if you can. Then ask your father, mother, and all the members of your family; your friends and others who love the missionary

cause, for a donation to this object. But, while you to be zealous, we hope that not one of you should be ignorant. If any of you know what good the "John Williams" did, for the South Seas, to the numerous missions there which he helped to carry on, and to others which, by his aid, the missionaries were able to begin. And we can truly say that you are sure, with God's blessing, the new ship will do as much good as the old one did.

Happily others, besides the young people of our Society, are at work to raise the £5000 which the Directors require. This is the case in Australia, in Samoa, and we believe, throughout the South Sea Islands. It is no wonder. The people in those lands know better than any others how necessary and useful such a ship is. And will you care less about the missionary cause, because those who were heathens a few years ago? We believe you will. And of one thing we are quite sure, that, should God spare your life, as years pass, you will always look back with pleasure upon the day when you helped to buy the new missionary ship, and will watch her useful course with an interest which you will not feel who take no part in this good work.

To encourage you in it, the Directors are preparing an illustrated book about the different missions which that have belonged to the Society. A copy of this volume will be given, not, of course, to all of you, but to those who work the hardest and get the most done.

If you want a collecting card, no doubt your parent or teacher will get one for you; but if not, any of your friends to address a note to the Rev. E. PROUT, 10, Blomfield Street, E. C., London, who will be happy to send what you want.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. TURNER.

Samoa or Navigator's Islands,

June 18, 1864.

ty that we have lost our good old vessel! It
y little home to many a missionary, a happy
he spiritual birth-place of many a sailor; and
prayer, too, dear children, was raised on your
re. But let us be thankful that the "John"
was preserved so long in her dangerous work.
he has done is beyond all calculation. There
been a vessel in the world which has done so
he cause of God. Just think of it. She has
g for twenty years over 500,000 miles of ocean,
ibles and testaments, missionaries and native
aper and printing presses, and in a thousand
ering the cause of Christ and Christian civiliza-
oss will be sad news to many a one in the South
and wherever she is known. Twenty mission
ad more than three times twenty families of
hers, are thrown into difficulty, and in some
ss; and, before you get this, as many perhaps as
thousand natives will be looking on in amaze-
wondering, as I heard one saying the other
at *will* become of the cause of God!"

r, my dear children, I have *good news* to tell
can help us in our difficulty; you can rescue
ed, remove every fear, and fill the hearts of
again. Yes, you can, for you can send us a
nd I believe we have only to ask you and you

You see how much good you can do in the
u can actually build a ship for the cause of
you must pray, dear children, that you may
those who helped Noah to build the ark, but

did not go into it themselves. Now then begin. Mr. Prout will let you have cards, and I am sure one of you will find ten and more dear friends who will not possibly say *no* to a little happy face smiling for a good cause, and earnest to get something to help. The children of England have been talked about all over the world for having built the "John Williams." The children in America imitated the example, and built the "Morning Star" for the Micronesian Mission. The children of Australia have imitated your example, and have just built and sent out a new vessel called the "Dayspring" for Western Polynesia, and now it is your children, I hope you will arise, the very month of this, and show to the world how soon you can build out a new *Messenger of Peace*, and that you are not a whit behind that noble band of little children who, twenty years ago, sent out to us that princely gift of missions which the "John Williams" then gave. The little children in Samoa begin immediately to build the new ship, and their contributions will be sent to Mr. Prout as soon as possible.

I am, &c.,

GEORGE T.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Our readers will remember that in the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine" for April, there was a very interesting letter from the Rev. J. Vivian, in which he described his first impressions of some of the South Sea Islands and of their inhabitants. That letter was addressed to the Sunday-school at London Road Chapel, Chelmsford.

Mr. Vivian has written to other young Missions, and we shall give them an extract letter. It is dated from Raiatea, December,

some remarks upon the voyage, which was in the former letter, Mr. Vivian thus proceeds: It is very natural that you should ask me how I am getting on, and what I am doing?

Before answering these questions I must say a word about your ship the 'John Williams.' First, a thousand thanks to you for building her, and a more for keeping her in good repair. And let me say dear young friends, to sustain her as long as possible, carry messengers of mercy to the heathen, and when she is worn out, to get another as good. To her we owe our lives: and, I think if I had a hundred I should like Captain Williams to command them.

Then, I will try and tell you something about my work. Of course the first thing I had to do on reaching Raiatea was to learn the language, as, without a knowledge of that, I could not do much good to the people. Therefore, I have been labouring in connection with the missionary work. There is a large school which I attend morning and evening, and, as I have the work of the day, I come home tired enough every night. I am well paid for my labours in seeing my scholars trying to get on. Nor should I omit to tell you that whilst I have been instructing them, they have done their best to teach me their language; and so well they have performed their part, that before I had been here six months I was able to preach to them in their own language.

"I should very much like you to see me on Sabbath morning. They all come to school nice, most of them dressed in white, that is pretty.

"About six months ago we gave them the first they have ever had. We managed to get well sweetened to their tastes; but, alas! no currant cake, and they had to be satisfied with loaves of plain bread. At three o'clock upwards of a hundred, with bright smiling faces, dressed in white, wearing coronets of native work, beautifully decorated with natural and artificial flowers, assembled in the school-room. They all marched in two lines in the most perfect order, with a teacher or monitor at the head of each class. This sight so moved us, that we could help weeping for joy. After seeing them seated at the tables, we were asked, and they set to work with good appetite upon the tea. The doors and windows were crowded with spectators. As soon as the children had marched out and passed into the church, we went the pretty little air, 'Beautiful Land.' I have set to one of their hymns. We then had tea, and when we had done Mrs. Vivian was requested to come to another table to receive the presents which the children had prepared for us. We then taken our seats as we were directed; the children then came one by one in order, and placed upon the tables the coronets they had made for the occasion, which were said to be the handsomest ever seen. Thus we found ourselves the owners of seventy-three elegantly-wrought head-dresses, which were given to us as tokens of their love and thankfulness. Such a thing was unknown to us, and to all who are acquainted with

able mark of their affection. For the evening, placed in the chapel a magic-lantern, which the Green, of Tataa, kindly lent me for the occasion. , though not the best in the world, were nevertheless highly interesting and amusing; and this, with singing at intervals, made the evening to pass off in pleasant and cheerful manner, and they all retired to their homes with joyful hearts and smiling faces.

On Christmas-day almost all the people in the settlement came together at the school-room to prepare for a special feast. Some of the young people set about decorating the inside, and some the outside of the school, and the parents erected booths for the entertainment of their friends. At ten o'clock children and parents all gathered, and, God's blessing being asked upon the food, they sat around their respective boards, and feasted upon the best their land could produce. The feast being over, the children marched up and down the settlement in procession, the larger boys bearing banners at the head of the parade. They then returned to the chapel, followed by the congregation of their friends, who had assembled to hear them repeat their Christmas-pieces. They acquitted themselves nobly, and the proceedings of the day gave great satisfaction to all present.

Reading what I have written, I cannot help wondering how different this island is now, to what it was when the people of Erramanga are not more degraded than the people of Raiatea were at one time. Then, what the Gospel of Jesus can do for those who have received its light. O, let us go on praying and working until all lands receive the same blessing."

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"A priest, having first performed worship, sprinkled all round the fire with water. This being done, mats were placed at each corner, upon which offerings were heaped; then another priest, with a burning lamp and a large bell, went round each corner, at the same time waving the bell, going round and round the fire, as the people ventured through it; at last he boldly passed through, followed by the whole procession, in which I should think at the very least about a hundred persons. I should think at the very least about a hundred persons passed through the fire, principally men; but women and children pass through also. One man lay down, and he appeared very much burnt. A large crowd of women and children, who had gathered round, poured upon their heads.

"Could Christians at home see this, they would withering, soul-destroying power, they would be earnest in sending the Gospel of life to this land. There would then be a noble contrast between the heathen might receive the knowledge of the Gospel.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM — TO HIS COUSIN ABOUT THE MAY

I TOLD you, my dear James, I was going to the Missionary Meeting at Exeter Hall. I was very much interested, and I will describe it as well as I can. The building is a fine one. It stands nearly upon the site where the beasts were formerly kept, and, though for a nobler purpose, Exeter Hall can still, in its interior, show samples of men, of all climates, and of all nations, as savage as the bears and tigers of Old England.

I had heard so much of this famous Hall that, looking out for a building as grand as Solomon's or the Crystal Palace, I was surprised to see my turn in from the Strand through a queer doorway seemed to belong to nothing and to lead to nowhere. Steps stood a number of persons with papers in hands, and from the manner in which they thrust upon me, I think they wanted my vote and interest nobody; but before I could offer my apologies and as I was drifted along with the crowd up a great of stairs. On reaching the top, and handing my union card to a gentleman holding a long white stick, eh, I suppose, some of the youngsters present well the use, I found myself in a big room, and amidst throng of people, who, in spite of drenching rain beaming umbrellas, all looked very happy. After a survey of the company, I could not but notice many, shrewdly counting on a long session and a strain on mind and body, had come freighted with lemons and oranges, and not a few of the ladies were busy chit.

My attention was soon directed to the Chairman, whose entrance caused a pleasant sensation both on the arm and in the body of the Meeting. Nor must I to mention that on this occasion, as well as during speeches, the people all clapped their hands, like the men in an infant school, but much louder, and also stamped so lustily with their feet that I could not help wondering where, if the floor gave way, we should all go and though I did not fully understand some of the passages which so excited the people, I joined fully in the clapping and stamping. It was so nice, sitting cramped for hours, to find I had the full use of my limbs, and that the rules of the Meeting per-

mitted, and seemed to encourage, the exercise.

Well, after the Secretary had read the year's proceedings, and the Chairman had spoken, a number of gentlemen rose, one after another, and spoke with much feeling and earnestness of the duty of sending the Gospel to the heathen of the missionaries who had spent years of their lives and who, from their own knowledge, could testify to the wonderful grace of Christ to multitudes of pagans from the worst of the love and service of Christ. They spoke of the printing and circulation of the precious Scriptures in the languages of the earth : of the tens of thousands of children—Chinese, Hindoo, Kaffir, Hottentots—collected into schools, and taught to read the Christian books and to sing the Saviour's praises. It was so beautiful to hear that when the ship was wrecked off Danger Island, how the natives, the girls in the islands of the Pacific, offered their pence, or gave their arrowroot and their labour to help us English children to build another ship. It was delightful to hear of all these things, and not more wonderful than true : I listened to them with deepest interest, and myself : Oh ! if I were but old and weak, my wish of my heart would be to go forth to the heathen.

Your

11th May, 1865.



SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

A has been asked to send a few short stories for readers of this Magazine ; and as he was born in the of Tahiti, in the South Seas, and travelled about island to island for many years, he gladly consents to send some of his little stories of South Sea life ; and every little reader understand that all his stories are, and not made-up. Now some of my readers ask, and who is Arona ? Is he an English or a boy ? Is his skin white or olive ? I will tell you a good time. Arona had an English father and a mother, and so Arona is a true Briton by blood if not by place of birth, and his skin is white. His parents were missionaries appointed to the island of Rarotonga. They sailed out in a queer old ship which leaked very much, and the voyage was most uncomfortable. More than once they narrowly escaped a watery grave through the violence of fearful storms. The ship landed them at Tahiti, and there Arona was born, a tiny baby—so you would have been afraid to nurse him, lest he would slip through your fingers. When he was old enough, they took him to a large wooden chapel, which was full of coloured people ; and there he was given to God by his parents in baptism, and a name was then given him as a sign that he belonged to Jesus—a Christian name—and it was Arona. Can you pronounce it ? You may make a mistake, and I hear you, I shall fine you halfpenny towards the new Missionary Ship. I think you will sing very prettily, considering how far from England you were given him.

Now much in answer to your questions. Now for my story, which will show you a novel way to get a missionary, adopted by some natives ; or you may put

it, then, if you like it better, why th
with the baby.

THE MISSIONARY WHO COULD HAND
AS PREACH THE GOS

My father was very clever in the tools ; and so, when he found that t and no chairs, or sofas, or tables to b to make some. He reared up his t lathe, in order to turn some legs for ch watched him all day long. Number serving every motion of his hand and when the first leg was finished, they of it as the most beautiful thing they suspect that if they could have got the Gospel came to them, they would put it into a large house, brought i lot of the best food and clothing, and God. The turned leg was certainly their old wooden or stone idols. You heartily to have seen the wonder of chair, or sofa, or table, or bedstead w would sit down upon a chair, just to then immediately squat down upon t and gaze and wonder at this new sty they began to think my father the c had ever seen, if he was not the the whole world. Accordingly they to keep him as their missionary, and more earnestly to teach them how to and tables, and houses, than to tell story of the love of Jesus to our lo course that would not do. They h missionary and his wife already settl and poor Rarotonga was in great wan

er many months' delay, a vessel arrived, and the n was engaged to take us some five hundred miles he sea to Rarotonga. As soon as it was rumoured e were going, there was no small stir amongst the . Why should we leave? Why not stay and hem? They would do anything my parents asked to do. The natives entreated very earnestly, but n. Finding that persuasion availed nothing, they ed they would keep us by force. Here was a fix. a good deal of expostulation, the chiefs agreed very antly to let us go. The day of departure came. oxes and goods were all put on board, and we all d for the beach to get into the last boat. But many nces were put into our way.

HOW TO DETAIN A MISSIONARY.

old woman would insist upon selling my mother eggs, and she would not suffer us to proceed. Her ject was to keep us from going down to the beach, prevent our going away that day. We got rid of last, and came down to the shore. Then every- ould shake hands and make a farewell speech, to cause delay. But my father now insisted upon ing put into the boat. At this moment a new nt came into the mind of one of the natives, and, ng his opportunity, he got hold of the little baby ppose when my parents were getting into the boat this fellow coolly walked off, saying, "They will go without the baby, so I will run off with the Was it not shocking? Imagine my poor mother's and distress when she saw the native running off er baby (*see Frontispiece*). The "hue and cry" ised in a moment, and the rogue had to return and der the child to its mother. Then we started,

reached the vessel in safety, and a sailing under a bright sky, upon a with a fair trade wind, brought us father's station. When I was old enough that story, you may be sure, I laughed now do at this novel way of keeping his will and his engagement.

LITTLE MISSIONARY SHIPS AND

BY REV. W. K. LEA, FROM

SOMETIMES, when the eye is intently object, many smaller things that will not be noticed. If you were to shore and look at a man-of-war, with and tall, tapering masts, it is possible might be lying beside that great ship would scarcely notice at all. Yet it is in its own place, and has a work to do that a great ship could not accomplish. He was preaching on earth He sailed Galilee. Had we been there, we should have with intense interest at the one ship and a passenger. We might scarcely have noticed anything else, and yet the Evangelist on that occasion, that "there were also with the ships;" and we know that these other ships were the same "great storm of wind" and that so frightened the disciples. The Evangelist did not overlook these little things with Jesus.

INTENDED NEW SHIP FOR THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

Now the London Missionary Society looks with the greatest interest at its one great ship, and we lately parted with grief that the dear old vessel, that bore for forty years the honoured name of "John Williams," drifted on a rock, and gone to pieces. But another is building now, and if you were to visit a certain shipyard in Aberdeen, you would see the strong frame of your new vessel, and would hear the sound of the sawrights' hammers as they busily covered that frame with thick planks, and drove in the long bolts, to make it strong and secure for many years, as we trust, of faithful service among the storms and currents of the Southern Seas.

You have been thinking of this New Ship, you have been talking of it, and have collected nobly for its cost. It will be *your* ship, and you will have a right to be proud of it, and rejoice in the work it will doubtless accomplish. This is the one great ship—not that it would be great by the side of the "Warrior," or even by the side of an East India merchantman—but, comparatively, it will be your great ship. Well, I wish to remind you that in missionary service there are also "other little ships" which perhaps you have not thought of. The missionary in some South Sea Island looks from his home to another island that he can just see in the far distance, looking like a cloud resting on the ocean's breast. He knows that idolaters and savages live on that island. He longs to visit them and tell them of Jesus, but it will be very long before the white sails of "John Williams" will rise upon the horizon. He cannot wait for that, so he gets ready a little canoe, accompanied by half-a-dozen dark-faced natives, he

hoists the tiny sail, or, if it be a calm day, drifts swiftly away to the land he seeks to visit, and becomes a little missionary ship. The missionary sometimes makes a raft, on which he carries his goods, and moves on slowly down the rivers that water that "thirsty land." In India he finds his "little ship" in the form of a covering of mat, under which he shelters himself from the burning rays of the mid-day sun.

MISSION BOATS USED IN CHINA

There are also some of these "little ships." Missionaries are often travelling along the rivers, canals, and rivers that intersect the great empire of China. They use a comfortable "woo-sin" boat, with a flat bottom, its long heavy scull, working from the stern, and its wide cloth sail, often painted in various colours, which can only be hoisted with a crane. It is quite fair, for the boat has been built to last on inland waters. Perhaps it is a "san-pai" or "three-plank" boat—in which the missionary spends a day's work in some city or town. Still, even that little boat, built with a flat bottom, becomes for the time a missionary ship. Years ago a "little ship" was being built, which was to cost about £30, and was to be used as a missionary ship. A cabin was to be made in which two persons might sleep; there was to be a mast, and a sail was to be provided, made of grass that grows in the country. The boatman made that the boatman could roll it up when it was at rest, or unfurl and draw it to the

the signal for sailing. Then a wooden anchor and all long sweeps were to be provided.

"You will have the boat painted, *seen sang*," said the

tr.

"Yes, by all means."

"Shall I paint an eye on the bow?"

"No."

"But every boat must have an eye, or it can't see its

Well, we will trust to the eye of the helmsman."

"You will be wrecked in your first voyage. And I

see you will not burn any gilt paper to Ma-cho, the

of sailors?"

"Of course not; we have no faith either in the

ed eye nor the burnt paper; the boat is built for

work, and He will take care of it."

The mission-boat was finished, and, unlike every

Chinese boat, from the tiny san-pan to the

ddy junk, was without an eye; and, perhaps because

its singularity, the people all knew it as the boat of

missionary, and called it the "*Hok-im-chau*"—the

"good news," or, more literally, the "happy sound"—

There are now three of these "good news" boats,

belonging to different Missionary Societies, at Amoy;

very useful have they proved themselves in convey-

ing a preacher to many towns and villages, where he has

spread the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ to

hundreds of the heathen, who otherwise might have

remained without once hearing of that gracious Saviour who

redeems the sinners of the whole world.



CROSSING RIVERS IN

"When thou passest through the waters
and through the rivers, they shall not
Isa. xliii. 2.

IN a country such as Britain, where
over all the rivers at proper parts
this promise, in its literal sense, can
be effected; but in countries where
it can.

When travelling by coach, or
country, we never overhear passengers
shall we get across such a river? w
it low: is it reckoned generally to
Ox-ford, Hert-ford, Camel-ford, &c.
rain has not swelled the river." N
never hear, because rivers are no ob
try: we often cross them asleep, in

It is very different in a bridgeless
ber, while crossing a river, when t
gone, and likely soon to be very
wheels stuck fast in the mud when
The twelve oxen that were yoked t
the waggon an inch, nor could the
more oxen effect a movement, owing
the opposite side, which prevent
unitedly.

After a council held by the Hotter
best means to be used for extricati
self from our awkward position, the
from the fore part of the waggon a
the hinder part, and by that ing
waggon was drawn backwards out of

At another time I was stopped nin

of the Great Orange river, before I was able to get across, being about a quarter of a mile over. If ever I needed anything in my life it was then, for I earnestly needed at heart the loan of Westminster bridge. Even in discovering a ford, we were two hours hard at work to get all the waggons, men, loose oxen, sheep, goats, and all were got safely over. To prevent my grumbling being detained ten days by that formidable river, I told of some who had been detained six weeks by the same obstruction, and that many oxen and men have been carried down by the force of the stream, and killed, when attempting to cross it.—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*



HINDUS AND THEIR PRAYERS.

I have heard, probably, that the Hindus are very superstitious. They are so, and perhaps exceed all others in the world in the modes they have of showing their religious feelings. They give many kinds of alms, of which I will write to you by-and-by, and they have many prayers.

I give you a specimen of one of their prayers, you will soon see that the difference is great between your prayers and theirs.

Our Saviour, in the fifth chapter of Matthew, says when we pray we are not to "use vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

If you were walking the streets of some town in India, you might see near a corner, where all the passers-by would behold them, and especially near a temple, perhaps, men sitting down on the bare ground, or pro-

trating themselves at full length, and name of the god they habitually pray wish to honour. Yes, as fast as the tongue can utter the syllables (and by long and frequent repetition) they can speak it quicker than you or I can. The name of the god is repeated perhaps many thousands of times. It is something like this :—

“ Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama, Rama,
“ Siva, Siva, Siva, Siva, Siva, Siva,
“ Nar-ayana, Nar-ayana, Nar-ayana,
which is their “much speaking,” and is highly meritorious to themselves and to the gods they worship.

I remember the case of a Hindu, some years ago in the south of India, who was so religious that he tamed a parrot to repeat the name of his god.

Parrots, you are aware, can talk fairly well. This one soon learnt to do the prayers of the master, perhaps quite as well. The repetition of the name of the god, the “much speaking” and the “much repetition” the good account of the bird’s life came to balance and make all straight. It sounded very oddly, and was, too, to hear this parrot repeat the name of the god so often, and to know the reason.

Perhaps I need not tell you that there are many trades carried on in India, as there are in England. Low down in the respectable Hindu caste of a chuckler, or shoemaker, because the skin of an animal is an unclean thing.

I knew a company of chucklers (the name of the god) near Bangalore when I was there, who worshipped him. What do you think they

made an immense pair of shoes, put them on a stone burnt incense to them, and bowed down or prostrated themselves before them. Perhaps the shoes were proper gods as the idols of wood and stone that the heathens worship, or the idol gold which the universal world adores, and which, alas ! so many Christians bow down to.

Some one says that the Hindus have three hundred thirty millions of idols ; but I can easily prove to you that there are many more than that, as I will try to do another time. Our duty is to tell those poor deluded people about our blessed Saviour, who died to save them from their sins and their gods.

TAMBY.—

Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.



THE CHILDREN IN CEYLON.

CEYLON is a large and beautiful island to the south of India. The people who inhabit a great part of the island are called Singhalese ; and I wish now to tell you something about the Singhalese little girls.

The way in which they learn their lessons is quite singular, only, if one is too near to them, it becomes very deafening. Many of them come to school an hour before the appointed time, and then begin repeating their lessons in a loud drawling way ; and, when a number are doing so, there is a great noise. They are fond of learning Singhalese poetry, and many of them can repeat, or rather sing, eight or ten pages. There are many books containing very nice Christian poetry, published for the use of children. If native girls begin when they are young they learn very quickly.

They are all fond of sewing and that a crochet-hook and a skein of acceptable reward.

One morning, when I went into the bungalow, I met a new little girl, who was crying. I went to inquire what was the matter, when I found her in the bungalow screaming, and evidently very frightened. We sent two of the girls to go to her back and comfort her. It seems that she was a person with a white face before, and that had alarmed her so much. (that was her name) and I became her friend, and on a Saturday, and at other times, when it was a holiday, she would come to the Mission. I let me to let her sit by my side and see what others did the same; and I had given her a little companions to escort me to the Mission on a Sunday morning. In India it is not usual for women to go out alone; and I remember that when I was walking to see a friend who lived near the house, on passing the house where one of the girls lived, she ran out, saying, "Mother told me to go to Miss." My tiny protectress waited for me a short visit, and indeed did not leave me at home. I was amused at a little girl, who was sent to take charge of me. So you see, at first, the children soon grow confident. They are fond of having the word 'Miss' put to their names. It is a term of respect for a Miss in this country.

In a village a few miles from Galle, a number of men became converted to Christianity, and they read religious books. Once, when my brother and I had the great pleasure of preaching

time to his family; and shortly afterwards they began to worship the true God.

Just before we left Ceylon this new convert and his wife begged us to take their little daughter to England with us. We should have taken charge of her most willingly; but though her father was willing to pay her passage, other difficulties occurred, and it was thought best that she should wait for a few years.

The natives are so unwilling to part with their children, that the desire of these parents that their child should receive a Christian education was a strong proof of the power of the Gospel on their hearts. Some of the girls in our Mission schools have been converted; we hope and pray that this may be the case with many others of them.

Very often, when they grow up and are married, they go to live in villages where there are no other Christians.

Then, if they have learned to love their Saviour in His word, they may become like missionaries to the heathen people around them. C. S.—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering*.



THAT'S ME.

ONE Hottentot in Southern Africa lived with a good Dutchman, who kept up family prayer daily. One day he read, "Two men went into the temple to pray." The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, listened earnestly at the reader, and whispered, "Now I learn how to pray." The Dutchman read on, "God, I thank Thee I am not as other men." The Hottentot said, "No, I am not; but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the Dutchman read, "I fast
I give tithes of all I possess."!

"I don't do that. I don't pray
What shall I do?" said the distressed

The good man read on until he came
who "would not lift up so much as his

"That's me," cried his hearer.

"Stood afar off," read the other.

"That's where I am," said the Ho

"But smote upon his breast, saying
to me a sinner."

"That's me; that's my prayer," cr
ture; and, smiting on his dark breas
be merciful to me a sinner," until, lik
he went down to his house a saved
Juvenile Missionary Herald.

THE TRIALS AND REWARDS OF M

"And Simon answering, said unto H
toiled all the night, and have taken not
Thy word I will let down the net. And w
they enclosed a great multitude of fishes:
—Luke v. 5, 6.

Thy livelong night we've toiled
But at Thy gracious word
I will let down the net again;
Do Thou Thy will, O Lord!

So spake the weary fisher, sp
With bootless, darkling toil,
Yet on his Master's bidding b
For love, and not for spoil.

So day by day, and week by week,
 In sad and weary thought,
 They muse, whom God hath set to seek
 The souls His Christ hath bought.

For not upon a tranquil lake
 Our pleasant task we ply,
 Where all along our glistening wake
 The softest moonbeams lie ;

Where rippling wave and dashing oar
 Our midnight chant attend,
 Or whispering palm-leaves from the shore
 With midnight silence blend.

Sweet thoughts of peace, ye may not last ;
 Too soon some ruder sound
 Calls us from where ye soar so fast
 Back to our earthly round.

For wildest storms our ocean sweep ;
 No anchor but the Cross
 Might hold ; and oft the thankless deep
 Turns all our toil to loss.

Full many a dreary anxious hour
 We watch our nets alone,
 In drenching spray, and driving shower,
 And hear the night-bird's moan :

At morn we look, and nought is there ;
 Sad dawn of cheerless day !
 Who then from pining and despair
 The sickening heart can stay ?

There is a stay—and we are strong ;
 Our Master is at hand,
 To cheer our solitary song,
 And guide us to the strand,

In His own time : but yet awhile
 Our bark at sea must ride ;
 Cast after cast, by force or guile
 All waters must be tried.

By blameless guile, or gentle
 As when He deign'd to teach
 (The lode-star of our Christiana
 Upon this sacred beach.

Should e'er Thy wonder-works
 Triumph by our weak arm,
 Let not our sinful fancy trace
 Aught human in the charm

To our own nets* ne'er bow
 Lest on the eternal shore
 The angels, while our draught
 Reject us evermore:

Or, if our own unworthiness,
 Toil, prayer, and watching
 In disappointment Thou cans
 So love at heart prevail,



THE LITTLE SPRING

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
 Among the grass and fern;
 A passing stranger scoop'd a
 Where weary man might turn

He wall'd it in, and hung with
 A ladle at its brink;
 He thought not of the deed he
 But judg'd that toil might bring

He passed again, and, lo! the
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parch'd
 And saved a life beside.

Juveni

* "They sacrifice unto their net and drag."—Habakkuk i. 16.

† Matthew xiii. 49.

S. Bell	0 11 0	E. Tho
D. Bland	1 11 0	J. Tee.
J. W. Barnard	0 4 6	W. Tuc
E. Buxton	0 4 0	M. Tho
S. Boniface	0 4 0	Mr. T.
Il. A. Craymer	0 19 0	G. Vin
A. Cook	0 3 0	M. A.
Miss Darling	0 7 0	S. B. V
C. Dunley	0 2 10	R. Ven
F. M. A. Ellis	0 5 1	C. Ven
A Friend	0 2 6	E. Wor
A. Fish	0 4 6	M. Wa
W. Fish	0 4 5	Smaller
B. J. Grover	0 10 0	Collect
F. Glover	0 3 6	
G. Gamunage	0 2 6	<i>Ebenez</i>
Mr. Grover	0 4 0	<i>welt.</i>
E. B. Gowan	0 5 0	in ad
E. Gillett	0 14 0	vius.
E. Grainger	0 2 6	<i>F</i>
G. Gallatly	0 5 9	Silve
M. S. Hider	0 5 6	
S. Howath	0 3 6	
J. Hodgson	0 4 9	
L. M. Hunt	0 2 6	Miss P
C. Hull	0 2 9	Miss P
H. Hoy	0 3 4	Ditto
E. Higgins	0 5 0	Miss P
E. Hosey	0 4 6	Miss P
J. A. Hannay	1 7 9	Miss P
A. Hannay	1 5 3	Miss P
D. Jones	0 2 8	Miss G
E. A. Johnson	0 3 6	A Scho
Esther Ives	0 18 0	her d
J. Komlosy	0 4 0	Mr. He
E. Keat	0 6 6	Mr. W
S. Kemp	0 2 10	Mr. W
Miss Kerley	0 5 7	Mr. L
W. Longlands	0 2 6	Mr. Te
E. Lambert	1 9 6	Mr. G
L. Lambert	1 0 3	Mr. Ha
R. Lewis	0 6 10	Messrs.
Miss Lowrie	0 4 4	Stanl
G. Mortlock	0 15 0	A Frie
Miss Moorcroft	0 13 0	Smaller
K. Marshall	0 8 0	Additio
Miss Mettam	0 10 0	Scho
Macclesfield Street Schools	0 11 2	
M. A. Nott	0 6 6	<i>Fetter</i>
Miss Nickoll	2 13 8	Sund
J. T. Owens	0 2 9	
G. Over	0 10 6	<i>Hare C</i>
H. R. Oldfield	0 11 5	ton R
A. Oldfield	0 10 0	
Charles Pheby	0 10 1	<i>Havers</i>
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A. Sweetman	0 4 4	
A. Strickland	0 2 11	<i>Kingsl</i>
C. A. Slater	0 3 0	Auxil
L. Stent	0 4 3	<i>King S</i>
A. Smith	0 3 9	<i>Long</i>
E. A. Thomson	0 4 3	by M

<i>n Road Chapel.</i>			
Schools.....	11	3	3
<i>nd New Town Chapel.</i>			
rch Street Schools.			
erstock.....	0	7	0
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te.....	0	5	0
kland.....	0	4	0
ason.....	0	4	8
yship.....	0	4	6
yon.....	0	6	3
Southgate.....	0	11	6
Kingston.....	0	3	3
es.....	0	3	11
n Palmer.....	0	2	11
Gay.....	0	3	0
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Palmer.....	0	3	5
unt.....	0	5	0
Pratt.....	0	5	1
Rowe.....	0	3	0
Sums.....	1	0	7

6l. 10s. 9d. —

Edward Sunday School.			
Girls.			
a Jeffries.....	0	16	6
nard.....	1	0	0
gess.....	0	4	6
.....	0	3	0
Sums.....	0	6	11

Boys.

Lane.....	0	4	0
V.....	0	4	9
Westwood.....	0	3	1
.....	0	3	6
Sums.....	0	6	6

3l. 12s. 9d. —

<i>s Chapel, Skep-</i>			
<i>Bush. Provi-</i>			
<i>Place Sunday</i>			
.....	5	2	6

<i>Gravel Pit Chapel.</i>			
Association	0	14	3
School.....	19	14	5

20l. 8s. 8d. —

<i>Ragged School,</i>			
<i>nster. By the</i>			
n.....	0	4	8

<i>Street Sunday School.</i>			
oman.....	0	15	0
organ.....	0	13	6

Ruth Jones.....	0	11	2
Annie Kaye.....	0	6	0
Louisa Jones.....	0	5	1
Daniel Baldry.....	0	5	0
Esther Ramsdale.....	0	4	7
Eliza Ramsdale.....	0	4	7
Louisa Pimm.....	0	4	6
Sarah Pearce.....	0	4	3
John Thurgood.....	0	4	3
Charlotte Marshall.....	0	4	2
Frederick Byrne.....	0	4	1
Phoebe King.....	0	4	0
Rachael Clark.....	0	4	0
Abigail Nuthall.....	0	4	0
Maria A. Cole.....	0	3	7
Fanny M. Reilly.....	0	3	3
James Young.....	0	3	3
Charles A. Smith.....	0	3	0
Annie Nutter.....	0	2	10
George Marshall.....	0	2	10
Mary Stoodley.....	0	2	6
William Hagell.....	0	2	6
Smaller Sums.....	1	18	1
8l. —			

<i>Park Chapel, Bethnal</i>			
<i>Green. Juvenile Col-</i>			
<i>lection.....</i>	3	0	0

<i>Park Chapel, Camden</i>			
<i>Town. Girls' Sunday</i>			
<i>School.....</i>	0	7	7

<i>Poultry Chapel. Collected</i>			
<i>by Mrs. Beavan.....</i>	0	15	3

<i>River Terrace Presbyterian Sab-</i>			
<i>bath School, Islington.</i>			

Collected by—

Maria Hurrell.....	0	12	0
A. and L. Shipton.....	0	11	6
William McArthur.....	0	10	0
Frank Littledyke.....	0	10	1
Isabella Turner.....	0	10	0
G. Barlow and R. Rosella.....	0	8	3
Ellen Hampson.....	0	8	0
Louisa Backen.....	0	6	0
Jane Haswell.....	0	6	0
Julia Mary Thacker.....	0	5	6
William Hostie.....	0	5	6
D. Mattocks.....	0	6	3
Louisa Mills.....	0	5	6
Mary Hastie.....	0	5	0
Emma Leper.....	0	4	3
Emily Manby.....	0	4	0
Margaret Lewis.....	0	4	9
Henry Harris.....	0	3	7
Maria Laws.....	0	3	6
Elizabeth Williams.....	0	3	4
Mary Ann Clements.....	0	3	0
Julia Scott.....	0	3	1
Henry Staff.....	0	3	0
William Barker.....	0	2	6

Emma Dorsett	0	3	0
Maria Harle	0	2	6
Walter Hasdell	0	5	9
Smaller Sums	2	5	1
10l. 0s. 11d.			

Stepney. Juvenile Association	24	11	5
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Trinity Chapel, Poplar.

In addition to 39l. 4s. 6d. previously acknowledged.

Miss Ada Smith	1	0	0
Miss Whitehead	1	0	0
Crisp Street Girls' Sunday School	2	15	8
Ditto Boys' ditto	0	14	4
Trinity Girls' Sunday School	8	8	0
Ditto Boys' ditto	0	3	8
14l. 1s. 8d.			

Weigh House Chapel.

Collected by the Young Friends.

Miss Choat	0	6	6
Miss Collins	0	5	0
Mr. W. Cook	1	7	4
Master John E. Legg	0	7	6
Miss Jessie Hallowell	0	10	6
Miss E. S. Man	0	15	0
Master Owen	0	19	0
Master William G. Wood ..	1	7	0

Sunday School.

Miss E. Calder	0	5	6
Miss A. Chapman	0	11	0
Miss B. Cope	0	10	0
Miss Sarah Davis	0	13	9
Miss Elizabeth Daws	0	5	8
Miss A. Haddock	0	11	7
Miss S. Huges	0	5	0
Miss J. Johnson	0	10	0
Miss E. Middleton	0	11	6
Miss Ramsey	0	10	0
Miss M. Smith	0	7	6
Master W. Baker	1	10	0
Master W. H. Cole	0	7	6
Master A. Drysdale	0	5	0
Master W. Fuller	0	3	2
Master W. Hogart	0	11	6
Master B. Middleton	0	5	0
Master Ramsay	0	4	0
Master Reynolds	0	3	6
Smaller Sums	0	11	4

Branch Sunday School, Darby Street.

Collected by—
Classes.

Mr. Andrews	0	2	6
Mr. Ellis	0	3	6

Miss Sn
Miss Ev
Miss W
Mrs. Co
Mr. We
Miss A.
Miss El
Miss A.
Master
Master
Smaller

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Mr. J. L
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Parish S
Rev.
Vicar
Mr. Ho
Mr. Po

to, am. 0 5 0
 to, am. 0 2 0
 12. 12s.

Independent
 School 4 0 0

Bradfordham.

Car's Lane.

Sunday School.

by—

Bradley 2 4 0

Bradley 0 4 10

Bradley 0 4 0

Bradley 0 3 8

Bradley 0 3 0

Bradley 0 7 1

Bradley 0 4 0

Bradley 0 3 6

Bradley 0 3 0

Bradley 0 3 0

Bradley 0 15 4

Bradley 0 4 3

Bradley 0 4 0

Bradley 0 3 8

Bradley 0 10 0

Bradley 0 6 7

Bradley 0 3 6

Bradley 0 3 0

Bradley 0 10 0

Bradley 0 7 5

Bradley 0 5 1

Bradley 0 5 1

Bradley 0 2 9

Bradley 0 10 0

Bradley 0 5 2

Bradley 0 4 4

Bradley 2 15 0

Sunday School.

by—

Bradley 0 6 0

Bradley 0 2 2

Bradley 0 5 2

Bradley 0 4 0

Bradley 0 4 10

Bradley 0 1 0

Bradley 1 2 0

Bradley 0 4 2

Bradley 0 4 0

Bradley 0 2 1

Bradley 0 3 1

Bradley 0 5 0

Bradley 4 3 8

Junior Class.

Harrold Beverley Miners 0 4 2

Barnard Perry Miners... 0 2 10

Wm. Barber 0 7 4

Walter John Morton 0 6 0

George Edwin Leuscher .. 0 3 8

Thomas Budd 0 3 4

J. W. Hancock 0 4 4

Smaller Sums 1 7 1

Collected by Alice and Nelly Har-

grave, 0 2 8

Mrs. Hargrave 0 2 8

Mr. J. B. Hargrave 0 2 4

Mr. D. Marshall 0 2 0

Mr. T. Holroyd 0 2 0

A Friend 0 2 4

Mr. G. Marcus 0 2 0

Mr. Norwood 0 2 4

Mr. J. A. Braumant 4 2 6

M. Wm. Reynolds 0 3 0

Smaller Sums 0 4 5

Collected by James Har-

grave, 0 16 0

Newton Road Sunday Schools.

Collected by—

Sarah Owen 0 3 0

Florence Stokes 0 5 0

Elizabeth Bond 0 2 0

Smaller Sums 0 10 0

Missionary Box 0 0 2

12. 12s.

Reading.

Collected by—

Miss Anderson & Fowler 0 7 0

Miss E. Brown 0 7 0

Miss M. L. Burton 8 11 0

Miss F. Cottell 0 8 1

Miss M. Cottell 4 17 1

Miss F. Dixon 0 5 0

Master H. Golding 0 0 0

Miss M. Martland 1 0 2

Miss Palmer 0 10 0

Master Rankin 0 2 0

Miss M. Smothery 0 18 0

Miss Turpewell 0 5 0

Small Sums 0 0 0

12. 12s. 12d.

Reading.

Sunday School 1 10 0

Reading.

Salern Chapel Sunday School.

Particulars of sum acknowledged

last month.

Miss Beaumont 1 11 0

Fanny Fisher	2 0 1	G. Upward
Hannah G. Hanson	1 3 0	Smaller Su
Ann Elizabeth Cure	0 4 9	
Hannah Brayshaw	0 10 8	Bromyard
Isabella Charlton	0 8 4	Burnham
Ellen Grange	0 10 6	day Sch
Sarah Ann Aspinall	0 10 6	
Alma Lund	0 4 0	
Sarah Jane James	0 3 6	
Anne Brayshaw	0 10 6	Guild
Helen Tordoff	1 2 7	Juvenile C
Annie Tordoff	1 5 2	Cheltenham
Eliza Ann Fowler	0 12 0	School, &
Sarah Eliza Watson	0 8 0	
Laura Barker	0 5 7	
Lucy Hunton	0 17 9	
Sarah Ellen Paerton	1 13 0	Miss M. E
Dinah Margison	0 10 6	Su
Mary Ellen Sewell	0 5 0	Hertford
Charles Henry Holgate	0 12 3	Nazing
Jesse Waddington	0 6 7	Botany Ba
William Brayshaw	0 10 6	Cheshunt
Jno. Whittaker	0 3 0	Crossbroo
Fritz. K. Miall	0 6 0	Wormley
Jno. James Clark	0 10 6	White Wel
Jno. James Brayshaw	0 10 6	Stanstead
William and Alfred Press	0 7 0	
Smaller Sums	0 14 7	
Charles Brooks	0 16 6	
Arthur Rhodes	0 4 0	
Wm. Spright (the late)	0 17 0	Mill S
19l. 15s. 10d.		For the
Valley School.		Collection
Riley Woodhead	0 5 2	Mrs. J. M
Alfred Dickinson	0 10 6	Benjamin
Fred. Sykes	0 3 0	Ex
Robert Balme	0 3 6	
Boys' Select Class	0 7 0	Vic
Mary Emma Riley	0 5 0	Sunday Sc
Harriet Riley and R. H. Woodhead	0 5 0	
Mary Fawcett	0 5 6	
Smaller Sums	0 5 4	
2l. 10s. 2d.		S
Brighton.		Collecto
Belgrave Street	0 2 6	Thomas G
London Road, additional	0 4 1	B. Wood
Bristol, Highbury Sunday School, additional	0 13 0	J. Hamme
Broadway, Sunday School	1 12 0	L. Miles
Bromley.		E. Dalton
Mason's Hill Sunday School.		J. Turner
Collected by the Classes.		J. Barton
W. Bretley, jun., Esq.	0 5 3	E. Wain
R. Field, Esq.	0 3 2	R. King
W. James, jun., Esq.	0 11 0	T. Allen
Miss Phipps	0 3 6	S. Parker
Miss Teverham	0 8 6	R. Vaughn
		Smaller S
		Dinas, S

<i>Dundee.</i>		<i>St. John's Parish Church.</i>	
Street School,		Young Street Upper Sab-	
1.....	6 3 0	bath School.....	1 5 0
ect dtho.....	0 2 3	A Little Girl.....	0 2 0
		<i>12. 7s.</i>	
<i>Beckeshall.</i>		<i>Cowen. Lady Berham's</i>	
by—		Chapels.....	0 5 0
.....	0 4 6		
.....	0 4 0		
.....	0 3 0	<i>Great Horwood.</i>	
.....	0 5 2	Sunday School Children	0 16 1
<i>16s. 2d.</i>		Mary Notcutt.....	0 10 0
<i>Elgin.</i>		Collected by Mary A.	
		Brooks.....	0 3 11
		<i>11. 4s.</i>	
<i>General Church Sunday</i>		<i>Greenock.</i>	
<i>School.</i>		<i>Collected by—</i>	
by—		Catharine Morrison.....	1 10 0
.....	1 4 3	Margaret Harvey.....	0 17 6
.....	0 13 0	Mary Harvey.....	0 18 6
.....	0 12 0	James Harvey.....	0 3 2
.....	0 7 0	William Giechrist.....	0 15 0
.....	0 5 11	Margaret Hunter.....	0 6 0
.....	0 3 10	John Stewart.....	0 7 0
.....	0 6 9	William Martin.....	0 5 0
.....	0 6 0	Alexander Sinclair.....	0 3 2
.....	0 5 1	Agnes Harvey.....	0 7 10
.....	0 5 0	<i>Exs. 9d.; 5d. 11s. 6d.</i>	
.....	0 3 4	Kirk Dunoon, per Rev.	
.....	0 2 2	S. Sinclair.....	1 12 0
.....	0 3 0	Sabbath Schools, per Mr.	
<i>4. 18s. 10d.</i>		H. Ritchie.....	1 0 0
Missionary Box		<i>Geisph, Canada West.</i>	
ta and Louisa		Congregational Sabbath	
.....	0 12 6	School.....	1 11 0
<i>Glasgow.</i>		<i>Guernsey. Eliad Sunday</i>	
in Place Chapel.		School.....	1 0 0
Misses' Bible Class, per		<i>Hastings. Robertson</i>	
fr. Alexander.		Street Chapel Sunday	
		School.....	21 6 0
<i>by—</i>		<i>Thamesfordwest.</i>	
John and Rem-		<i>Albany Sunday Schools.</i>	
lar and Alex-		<i>Collected by—</i>	
.....	1 35 0	Miss M. James.....	0 5 5
Wright.....	1 6 0	Elizabeth Mathias (let	
.....	1 0 0	Card).....	0 2 10
.....	0 17 0	Wilhelmina Davies.....	0 10 0
.....	0 14 0	M. J. Williams.....	0 0 0
.....	0 13 0	Francis Cuth.....	0 4 2
.....	0 10 0	Elizabeth Thomas.....	0 4 0
.....	0 13 0	Robert Scale.....	0 0 0
.....	0 10 0	Mary Ann Hartley.....	0 3 2
.....	0 5 0	Alfred James.....	0 2 0
.....	0 5 0	James P. James.....	0 2 1
<i>10d.</i>		James Phillips.....	0 0 0

Miss Elizabeth Williams	0	5	4
Smaller Sums	1	9	6
Evs. 4d.; 4l. 10s. 6d.			

Henllan, near Narberth.

Sunday Schools.

<i>Henllan</i>	1	18	8
<i>Rhetttyrdu</i>	0	10	0
<i>Llanboidy</i>	0	12	1
Evs. 5d.; 3l.			

Hersham.

Collected by—

Charlotte Smith	6	14	0
Agnes Wilson	0	10	3
Mary A. Quarterman	0	10	2
Susan Brown	0	9	9
Caroline Channell	0	7	4
Susan Faulkner	0	7	0
Agnes Cottrell	0	4	11
Emma Walden	0	6	3
Ellen Rolf	0	5	1
Louisa Brown	0	4	6
Elizabeth Bristow	0	3	6
Alice Gordon	0	3	0
Jane Kaywood	0	3	0
Eliza Goodman	0	2	6
George Offield	1	0	0
John Stubbings	0	6	3
John Faulkner	0	6	6
Ernest Gould	0	5	2
Frank Gould	0	4	9
John Walden	0	4	8
Sidney Snell	0	4	4
William Walden	0	2	0
7l. 9s. 8d.			

Huddersfield.

Hall Bower School.

Collected by—

Rosalina Thornton	0	4	0
Hannah Elizabeth Sykes	0	7	8
Smaller Sums	0	9	0
1l. 0s. 6d.			

Hull.

Albion Chapel.

Sunday School.

Collected by—

Robert Blades	0	3	4
John S. Boyd	0	2	10
Sarah Colby	0	10	0
J. R. Dawson	0	13	0
S. R. Davidson	0	17	0
M. Fullerton	0	2	3
Fredrick H. Barker	0	17	6
S. A. Huntley	0	13	0
Ada Harrison	0	2	8
Annie Hudson	0	11	3
W. A. Hair	0	2	4

Margaret J.
G. Moody
Richard Mo
S. J. Oldham
Margaret P
Robert Rea
Louisa Rea
Melanctho
Elizabeth S
Henry Siae
Alice S. Su
Alfred Tarb
Elizabeth T
Eliza J. W
Miss Wilso
Thomas W
Elementary
Smaller Su

Fraser St

Collected

Mr. William
Miss M. A.
Miss F. Ma
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Kingston,
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Edwin Chap
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Collected
Thomas

Elmelly.

.....	5	0	0
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St. Lavington.

.....	0	11	0
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<hr/> 2l. 6s. 4d.			

Weymouth Bridge.

.....	0	15	3
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<hr/> 6l. 12s. 6d.			

Weymouth.

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*Widemouth.**West Congregational
Sunday School.*

Subscription Cards.			
by—			
.....	0	0	4
.....	0	11	0
.....	0	7	3
.....	0	12	0
.....	1	0	0
.....	0	2	11
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.....	0	4	0

Fanny Becker	0	3	1
Ann Washington	0	3	0
Elizabeth Dobson	0	5	2
William Drinkwater	0	3	0
Selina Hough	0	4	0
George Meera	0	7	4
Joseph Sewster	0	2	0
Smaller Sums	0	11	0
<hr/> Eas. 7d. ; 6d. 12s. 6d.			

*Witcham.**Zion Chapel Sunday School.**Collected by—*

Thomas Welch, jun.	1	1	0
Ellen Welch	0	7	2
William Gardner	0	6	0
Thomas Gardner	0	4	0
Elizabeth Corney	0	6	10
J. Corney	0	3	0
William Boys	0	5	8
Charlotte Haydon	0	5	0
Francis Tarrant	0	0	6
George Dale	0	5	0
D. J. Nightingale	0	4	8
E. B. Pyc Smith	0	3	0
M. A. Sanders	0	3	0
W. T. Budd	0	2	11
Henry Bachelor	0	4	0
Miss Burgess	0	4	2
S. A. Driver	0	0	10
Smaller Sums	0	5	5
<hr/> 6l. 6s.			

Montross. Collected by

Miss Mary D. Parsons,			
Lauriston Castle	2	0	0

Nagercoil, India. San-

thapoomam Children,			
additional	0	0	0

*Newcastle-under-Lyne.**St. George's School.**Collected by—*

Miss King	0	5	7
Miss S. Smith	0	4	0
Miss E. Whitcombe	0	2	0
Martha Tomkinson	0	2	0
Master W. H. Hawson	0	0	0
John Shuffelton	0	2	0
Smaller Sums	0	13	3
<hr/> 2l. 10s.			

Northampton.

Doddridge Chapel Sunday			
School	2	0	0
King Street Chapel Sun-			
day School	0	0	10

North Tanton.

Collected by—

Dorcas Webber and Julia Skinner	0	4	2
Elizabeth Luxton and Panny Coman	0	4	0
Elizabeth Strong and Sarah Turner	0	4	0
Elizabeth Ryan	0	3	6
Elizabeth Babb and Lucy Pike	0	2	8
Smaller Sums	0	5	6
<hr/> 1l. 3s. 10d.			

Perth.

Collected by—

Miss Jessie Grant	0	10	0
Miss Maggie Shepherd ..	2	14	6
<hr/> 3l. 4s. 6d.			

Plumstead.

Rev. Taliesin Davies.

Additional,

Collected by—

William Constable	0	9	8
Miriam Isaac	0	7	0
Alice Way	0	9	6
Annie Way	0	4	6
Smaller Sums	0	2	6
<hr/> 1l. 6s. 2d.			

Plymouth.

Crabtree Sunday School.

Collected by—

Jane Crews	0	19	6
J. Sheppard	0	10	0
Harriett Vicary	0	2	8
William C. Colwell	0	4	6
Smaller Sums	0	5	2
<hr/> 1l. 12s. 10d.			

Quebec, Canada East.

Per Mr. Walter Paul.

Collection in Jeffrey Hale's School	1	5	0
Collection in Chalmers' Church Sabbath School ..	38	7	0
Collected by the Misses Vidal	4	4	0
Additional	0	8	0
<hr/> 4l.			

Queenstown, County Cork.

Per Miss M. Bayot.

Collected by—

Miss M. Bayot	3	2	10
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Miss C. Owe
Miss H. ProRadcliffe B
School

Ra

Per

Master Hen

Master Wil

Master Jas

McKee

Master Geo

Master Cha

Anderson

Miss Mary

Miss Margu

Miss Maud

Miss Edith

Miss Bessy

Miss Cat

Somers

Miss Donlo

Miss Mary

Master Fre

Master Ge

Somers

Master Geo

Master T.

Mr. Bragan

Mr. Mend

Mr. Hewell

Mr. Krishn

Mr. Dunjee

Mr. Meraw

Mr. Kelly

Mr. Monoc

Mr. Peston

Mr. Hoosac

Sergeant M

Sergeant Jo

Sergeant Al

Sergeant S

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Miss Ellen

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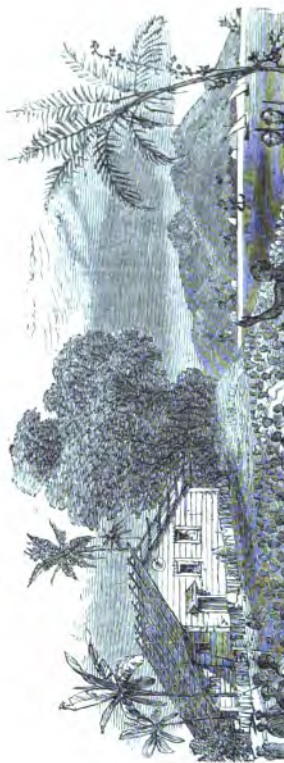
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Waltham

streets.	John Woodall.....	0 4 0
onal Sunday School.	Alice Jasper	0 5 4
	John Lower	0 3 2
	Joseph Fuller	0 2 1
Girls.	Richard Summers	0 4 0
	Alice Green	0 3 0
	Harriet Lavender	0 2 0
	Smaller Sums	0 2 0
	<hr/> 117. 9s. 6d.	
	<i>Salut. Presbyterians.</i>	
	Collected by—	
	Miss Prosser	0 12 6
	Miss Mortimer	0 8 0
	Smaller Sums	0 1 0
	<hr/> 11. 2s. 6d.	
	<i>South Chertsey.</i>	
	Collected by—	
	Miss Thurga Gulliford	1 1 0
	Miss Bossey	0 4 0
	Master J. Hensley	0 3 0
	<hr/> 11. 9s. 6d.	
	<i>St. Andrew.</i>	
	Southend. Sunday School	7 6 0
	Southminster. Fourtillie	0 10 0
	Winterton	0 10 0
	<hr/> Stabling.	
	Collected by—	
	Master R. W. Vandy	0 12 0
	Master R. Piddell and J.	0 10 0
	Biley	0 10 0
	Miss Miss Lintell and	1 10 1
	Nancy Chaffin	0 14 0
	Miss Goodrich and Emily	0 14 0
	Saunders	0 14 0
	Harriet Bourne and	0 14 0
	Annie Thompson	0 14 0
	S. A. Ames and S. A.	0 9 0
	Thompson	0 9 0
	Annie Melbourn and M.	0 11 0
	A. Gibson	0 11 0
	Elen Hordley, Laine	0 11 0
	Dunnow	0 11 0
	Margaret Farnow and	0 11 0
	Martha Rickwell	0 11 0
	Priscilla Howden	0 11 0
	Susan Saunders & Esther	0 11 0
	Hawks	0 11 0
	Esther Saunders and La	0 11 0
	vinia Perry	0 11 0
	Julia and Esther Howden	0 11 0
	son, Belling	0 11 0
	Sarah and Emma Adams	0 11 0
	Isabella and Emily Jordan	0 11 0
	Sarah Overall & Eleanor	0 11 0
	Howland	0 11 0
	<hr/> 01. 10s. 7d.	
	Stockport. Tabernacle	1 11 1
	Sunday School	1 11 1

<i>Stratford.</i>	<i>Brickfields</i>				P. Gro
Chapel		1	2	6	E. Lon
	<i>Stroud.</i>				L. Syc
	Bedford Street Chapel.				W. Lu
Girls		4	17	6	E. Hal
Boys		0	12	6	G. Kir
	5 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i>				E. Da
<i>Sutton-in-Ashfield.</i> Sun-					M. Bri
day School		0	17	6	J. Go
	<i>Swansea.</i>				and
	Castle Street Sunday School.				Smalle
	Collected by—				<i>Troub</i>
Master John Philips		1	9	0	addi
Miss E. A. Jenkins		1	1	3	<i>Frowe</i>
Miss K. M. Earengay		1	0	3	Miss
Master G. Sidney Davies		0	18	10	
Mrs. Benjamin May		0	17	2	
Miss Margaret A. Nicholas		0	17	0	Juveni
Master George Evans		0	12	6	
Master B. J. Palmer		0	11	11	
Miss Fannie Maine		0	10	10	
Miss Pollie Gorvin		0	10	8	
Miss Lucretia Jones		0	10	4	Cong
Mr. George Lloyd		0	10	0	Elizab
Mary Anne Jones		0	5	6	M. J. s
Mary Ace		0	5	5	Matild
Theresa Burchell		0	5	5	Alice T
Mr. Jones, Landore		0	5	0	Fanny
Mary E. Rees		0	4	1	E. Hat
M. Lewis		0	3	6	Amy G
Minnie Coode		0	3	10	M. Kir
George Reynish		0	3	2	A. Hat
Mary Jane Harvey		0	2	6	J. Par
Donation		0	2	6	S. J. H
Smaller Sums		0	9	4	C. B. S
	12 <i>l.</i>				W. H.
Three Crosses Sunday					W. Ha
School		0	10	0	J. Rob
	<i>Takeley.</i>				— Crow
	Collected by—				Smalle
Miss Smith		0	15	0	Brid
Master Hardiman		0	10	0	Colle
	1 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i>				Agnes
<i>Terling.</i> Collected by					Miss S
Miss Terling		0	18	6	Miss A
<i>Tiverton.</i> Branch Sun-					Miss C
day School		0	10	0	Miss J
	<i>Tonbridge.</i>				Miss E
	Independent Sabbath School.				Smalle
	Per Miss Gorham.				George
	Collected by—				Alfred
W. Syckelmore		0	5	8	Alfred
G. Denyer		0	11	4	Edward
W. Bates		0	10	3	J. A. S
					Smalle

Further contributions unavoi



THE
ENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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JULY 1, 1865.  
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MAY MEETINGS IN POLYNESIA.

Ever since the first Christian Churches were formed in the lovely islands of the Pacific, the custom was introduced of holding annual meetings. In humble imitation of the more refined assemblies of the same nature so common in England. Not that the inhabitants of Tahiti or Tonga were unacquainted with public meetings before that time. In their heathen state they were accustomed, at the promptings of their chiefs, to hold *palavers* for the purpose of framing laws by which the strong might more effectually rule the weak, or of concerting measures for engaging on those cruel wars continually occurring among rival tribes. But a palaver got up for the purpose of uniting all hearts and hands in the service of spreading abroad the message of a Saviour's love, was a thing entirely unknown in these islands before the arrival of the white missionaries from Britain.

Amongst the "gems" of the South Pacific Ocean,
XXII.—No. 254.

recently brought under the Savage Island is perhaps the most interesting. When discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, it was so named by him on account of the peculiar ferocity of the inhabitants.

The following passage of a letter from the Rev. W. G. Law, a missionary to the island, will give our readers with a striking proof of the power of the Gospel:—

“Fifteen years ago a foreigner was not allowed to land, nor have been suffered to remain. Now foreigners are treated with kindness; and those who live among them do good things that the land produces. They lived in the bush like brutes, but now they have neat plastered cottages evidence of civilization. Fifteen years ago anarchy prevailed throughout the island, but now there is peace. Fifteen years ago they were naked and degraded, strangers to prayer, and without clothed and in their right minds. They had no family altars night and morning, but now they praise the God of Heaven, and the air is full of praise. Fifteen years ago they were dead in sin; now, they have the Gospel, and are living. Fifteen years ago they were dead in sin; now, they are living in the Church-fellowship, living to His praise. We have reason to hope, are now living in Jesus.”

Our young friends will be

people who have undergone the wonderful change above described, welcome with delight the return of the great festival of the year, called *Fai*, when they assemble from all the country to take part in the various services peculiar to the season, and to bring in their subscriptions to the treasurer. The whole is concluded with a grand feast, and a procession through the settlement by the children, clad in their best attire and carrying holiday emblems. The proceedings of the last annual gathering of the Polynesian Islanders is thus described by Mr. Lawes:—
“We have been greatly cheered by our missionary friends this year. I feel sure the result will be equally gratifying to you.

You will see, from the amount of contributions (£8s. 5d.), that they were principally made in coconuts. The preparation of the fibre, as well as the dyeing, involves a great amount of labour; but they had ‘a willing mind,’ and with hearty good will they could help on the work of God.

We had two meetings at different parts of the island, in the open air. As it regards numbers, we had an excellent Hall audience. Notwithstanding the oratorical displays of eloquence on that platform, I think that the interest of that assembly would as soon be at the Missionary Meeting of Savage Island. (See *Frontispiece*.) I cannot give you particulars of our meeting—no reporter present. If our Christian friends in England wish to enhance the interest of our May Meetings, they can do so most effectually by sending another missionary to take part in them. At present I have to be ‘chief speaker’ as well as chairman and secretary.”

While we would on no account oratory of Exeter Hall, which has a world-wide fame, we yet incline Mr. Lawes, that many of our young prefer to sit in the open air, under the shade of the banana and cocoa-palm. Sandwich Island palaver, and to a gentleman in the dark skin, who, in simple, but earnest words, the de- his heart.

It is a singular fact that all possess instinctively the gift of oratory. An inhabitant of Savage Island, or of any Polynesian island, can, at a minute's notice, rise and deliver himself of a lively and interesting meeting; whereas a like attempt by many an Englishman of good breeding, but unpractised in public speaking, begins and closes in confusion and failure.

Without going to the extent of the eloquence of our Island friends, the eloquence of the Pacific is comparable to the best of any kind to be heard at Exeter Hall, and that the native eloquence possesses its own deserving of all respect. The palm of excellence to be awarded to the most distinguished for brevity and for pathos and homely but forcible language, our savage friends would carry off from their competitors; but our young readers must form their own judgment from the following. The first is selected from a speech

of Raiatea, quoted by the Rev. J. Williams "Missionary Enterprises," on occasion of abandoned idols of Aitutaki being brought to Mer island.

have been praying that God would exert His and cause His Word to grow, that His good would come; and now, behold, every man in his own eyes may see the effects of that power. Idols have not been obtained by spears clotted with human blood, as formerly; no guns, no clubs, no weapon but the powerful Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Formerly all was theirs—pigs, fish, food, women, and children; and now, behold them held in contempt before us. This is not the comment of our joy. We saw the idols hanging about the vessel, and gladness sprang in our hearts. They carried our ship the Ship of God, and truly it was so; they carried the Gospel to distant islands, and brought the trophies of its victory. Does praise grow in our heart? Is joy felt by all? Then let us not only say that 'devils are subject to us, but also that *our* names are written in the book of life.'"

The next specimen, also given by Mr. Williams, is that of an address delivered by the chief of Raiatea, who, previous to his conversion, had been a famous warrior. He said:—

Service to God well becomes us; but let it be heart-work. All the work we do for God must be heart-work. . . We were dwelling formerly in a dark house, where centipedes and lizards, spiders and rats; nor did we know what evil and despicable things were around us. Now the lamp of light, the Word of God, has been

brought, and now we behold with these abominable things. But still each other this very day, while we are destroying their children, while some are burning themselves in bathing in the cool waters of the we do? We have been told this that God works by sending His Word. To effect this, property must be we can give it. Prayer to God is us pray fervently. But our prayer we cry, 'Send forth Thy Word, and do not use the means. I shall say cleave to Jesus.'

We conclude our extracts pithy speech of a Rarotongan by the Rev. William Gill, in his Coral Islands."

"Fathers and Brethren,—Last I had been thinking on my present experience to crow, and all at once a thought that they resembled our teachers and are always crowing; warning and the Word. 'Papehia' came first, and in the morning and evening, making known the love of God; then came 'mané,' and 'Barokote' (Williams, H.) and they all crowed, all alike, and it was morning then, and some of you out of your sleep of sin, and you but many of us sleep on: we just heard his voice, and lifted up our eyelids, and hands in our folly, and slept on in

re; but I am thankful the missionary did not fly to another land, and leave us to sleep on until He remained, and kept on crowing the Word of But, alas! it is noonday now; my morning is yet I rejoice that I have been awakened out of sleep, and desire to give the remainder of my days "s service."



SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

(Continued from p. 276.)

OF A LITTLE SCHOLAR WHO KNEW HOW TO DIE
THOUGH NOT HOW TO READ.

I was about eight years of age, an incident occurred which made a lasting impression on my memory. Sometimes I think it was one of the things God made use of to urge me to give Him my heart. I do not remember the month or year, but I do clearly remember that on the evening of a brilliant summer day, a messenger came for my father to go and visit a poor little girl. My father called me and told me that I was to go with him. I gladly did so; but my gladness faded when I heard that we were going to see a dying girl. I was afraid to think about death. To my boyish mind, death seemed a dreadful thing, and I felt that I should rather run away as far as I could; but I did not. I told my father my thoughts and fears. We soon came to a little cottage. The walls were lattice-work, and the roof was thatched with large leaves. We entered, and found a weeping mother bending over a little form which lay stretched out upon a mat. It was very sad to see

the thin face, and the bright dark
and to hear the feeble voice. M.
mother, and asked many questions
on and listening, without saying
my father took the little girl's thin

Missionary. "My little girl, I
you so ill. I hope you are not in

Scholar. "No, I am not in mu
soon go quite away."

M. "My little girl, are you afraid

S. "No; I am not afraid to d
live with Jesus."

M. "Do you love Jesus? He
loves you?"

S. "My heart tells me so, for
and felt as if my sin would break m
every day for some time into the
Jesus to take my sins away, and
And Jesus did take my sins away
me that He loves me, and died to s

M. "But, my little girl, who t
sinner, and in need of a Saviour?
New Testament?"

S. "No, I cannot read, but m
the school; and she told me also al
to save the chief of sinners. And I
and go secretly into the bush, all
Jesus. And I know He loves me.
will take me in His arms and bless m

The dying child now seemed v
smiled to her mother. It was very
ful to see that little pilgrim quite r
heaven. My father prayed with t
away. Death did not seem so dread

er told me that Jesus used to speak of death as a
"Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*." I wondered
a little girl who could not read, who knew only her
s, could understand so much about sin, and death,
Jesus. I thought how little I knew though I could
well, and read my Bible every day to my mother;
when I went to the school next morning, I looked
e children (there were more than a thousand), and
ndered how many of them knew how to die.

he little pilgrim died, and her spirit was carried by
tiful angels up to heaven, and Jesus smiled upon
and put a new robe upon her, and a little crown
her head, and gave her a place amongst the juve-
choir. And there she is, happier, and sings more
tly than my words can describe.

y father told the story of the little scholar who
how to die, though not how to read, to the whole
ol, and said: "For of such is the kingdom of
en." Many wept to hear it, and I think it likely
went home and stole away into the bush to pray
sus.

ar children, Jesus wants some little voices to
to Him in heaven as well as adult voices; and why
ld He not call you up there? It is a beautiful
d, full of light, and mirth, and joy, and love. Thou-
s of little ones have arrived already, and are clothed
hite robes, with harps in their hands, worshipping
aviour of little children.

always think of that dear little scholar when I read
ollowing hymn—and I often read it; and, as soon
y little children are old enough to learn it and sing
will teach it to them in memory of my little Baro-
an pilgrim:—

" Dear Jesus, ever at my side
How loving must Thou be
To leave Thy home in heaven
A little child like me.

" Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near
The sweetness of Thy soft voice
I am too deaf to hear.

" I cannot feel Thee touch me
With pressure light and sweet
To check me, as my mother used
When I was but a child.

" But I have felt Thee in my heart
Fighting with sin for me
And when my heart loves Thee
That love is all from Thee.

" And when, dear Saviour, I awake
Morning and night to pray
Something there is within me
Which tells me Thou art near.

" Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest
But watchest patiently.

" To God the Father glory be
And to His only Son,
The same, O Holy Ghost, to
While ceaseless ages run.

A STORY ABOUT SQUARE

And now let me tell you another story
by the last. You know that little boys
have differently shaped heads. It is
South Seas; but, strange to say, the
did not approve of this variety.
for a child's head, they declared,

may be in a square. Almost as soon, therefore, the little babies were born, the nurses would take three flat slates or stones, tie one on each side of the head, and the third on the top. Then they would pull the hand at the back of the head, and with the thumb and forefinger press the forehead: thus doing all they could for several days to make the head square in shape. One thing still remained—the nose spoiled the square. At length, it became fashionable to flatten the nose in order to complete the square. And if you ever visit the Eastern Islands of the South Sea, you will find that the noses are *flat*. Perhaps the fashion may change; but a little while ago the natives thought a woman very *ugly*: they called them *concave noses*, and now done with baby-stories. I can give some interesting tales about a kind old priest; about sharks; how to catch them; about Sunday Schools, and the May Meetings, and so forth. This will suffice for the present number.

A PREP AT A CHINESE FAMILY.

Edited by the Rev. John Macgowan, from Amoy.

As much has been said and written about many of the prominent customs and habits of the Chinese, but little reference has been made to the social everyday life of that many-millionsed people. A sketch, therefore, of the ordinary life of a Chinese will no doubt prove interesting to our young people who take an interest in the missionary cause. The family I shall describe shall be taken neither

from the very richest of the Chinese from the very poorest, but from the shopkeeper class. I think by so doing present a more fair and accurate than if it had been selected from either classes.

FURNITURE OF A CHINESE

As we enter the house our attention is attracted by the peculiar appearance of everything. A sense of dirt and discomfort pervades the air. Comparisons between the state of things in Europe and China, by no means favourable to the latter, are suggested. The furniture is generally of the most commonplace description, and made essentially for utility. It is with a good reason that the Chinese, as a nation, are commonly understood to exclude from their dwellings anything that had the least tendency to excite the senses. Their chairs, never at any time of high fashion, and frequently supplemented by plain wooden forms, are of the most upright and simple construction—of the same identical pattern that was in fashion some two or three centuries ago.

Occasionally one sees a large armchair with carving of the most curious and grotesque kind, consisting of large dragons and strange animals, which the Chinese artists suppose to be the perfection of beauty. At one side of the room a four-legged table, made of plain deal, stands before the household god, and from this table food is eaten. Sometimes the walls are ornamented with slips of paper about two feet in width, bearing written sentences either taken from

sed by some literary native in the neighbourhood. the addition of a few minor and unimportant s, we have before us the furniture of a Chinese The Chinese are amazed at the beauty and displayed in the arrangements of the foreign ; so much so that one day a Chinaman, who had permission to inspect a sitting-room of one of the residents, very gravely asked the owner, as he n the middle of the room, "whether he was quite a that heaven could be as beautiful as the room in he was standing."

MARRIED LIFE IN CHINA.

now let us turn our attention to the occupants of use ; and at the very outset we find that what we er the most important of all the elements that ne to make a marriage happy and prosperous, is emed essential in the married life of the Chinese. lady and gentleman do not see each other before re married, one cannot feel surprised that in the majority of cases there is no bond of love which together the husband and the wife. The conse- e is, that family quarrels are of very frequent ence, and one can hardly ever walk along the without hearing noisy altercations between hus- and wife. Except in their homes they are but seen together ; such a thing as a man and wife g the streets together, as Europeans do, is, as far experience goes, entirely unknown. If they are a the streets together, they are invariably a few distant from each other, one walking in advance other. A scene which I one day witnessed will o illustrate this point. I had in my family a e nurse, who was rather more comely and pre-

possessing in her appearance than of life usually are. Her husband, was a large, rough fellow—was, I believe, a pretty wife. One Sunday morning this man came to take his wife to a hill to the boat, although there was except myself that could see them. The poor woman was in continual danger of injuring herself, from the excessive exertion the man never once attempted to assist her in the somewhat difficult descent, but kept on ten yards in advance of her. To the custom appears, of course, very strange.

THE CHILDREN OF THE

But let us now suppose that in describing there are several children. As a rule there is considerably more affection shown to the boys than upon the girls. The birth of a son is looked upon as a very unfortunate event, much so as to call forth the sympathy of friends and neighbours. The birth of a daughter, is considered to be a most joyful event, and congratulations pour in from every side. The great anxiety which is shown for the welfare of their sons may be accounted for from the fact that when they to their sons to support them in old age. When their parents are alive the sons must affectionately provide for all their wants. When they leave this world the sons repair to the graves of the year to their graves, bringing with them offerings, without which the Chinese of their deceased parents could not

world. The cases of female infanticide, which are found even amongst this class of people, arise only from their repugnance at having daughters. The poorer classes justify their crime on the plea of necessity, and because they have not the means to rear a large family of daughters; but this excuse cannot always be used in extenuation of this unnatural crime.

DEGRADED CONDITION OF THE GIRLS.

After the child—and I shall speak of the girls first—when a month old the parents shave the head, and continue to do so once a month until she is two years old; at the age of six they commence to bind her feet; this is one of the most cruel customs in existence among the Chinese, one which entails a vast amount of misery upon the women of China. From inquiries that I have made I understand that great numbers die in consequence of the wrings connected with the process. Indeed, from one or two glances that I have been able to get of feet that have been bound, I could well imagine that the most excruciating torment must have been endured ere the foot could have been distorted into that shapeless mass which it presents after it has arrived at the point which the women suppose to be perfection. The girls are very seldom educated, and, except amongst the more wealthy, very few of them can read. They are taught sewing and embroidery, and learn, moreover, to make their own shoes; besides which, they take an active part in the household duties. At the age of fifteen or sixteen, and never later than twenty, they are married, and commence life for themselves; for it is rather an extraordinary fact that all the women in China get married, and such a thing as an old maid is, as far as I know, never to be met with.

PRIVILEGES AND SUPERIOR TRAINING

And now a word about the boys. Some school is chosen to which the child is sent. This selection depends upon the character of the teacher has, either for his power of instruction or from his celebrity as a man of letters. The teachers occupy a much more distinguished position in society, and are looked up to with more veneration than are their brethren in the West. Their vastly superior knowledge over the matter may account in a great measure for the result. When a father appears before the teacher with his child, he is to be enrolled among the list of scholars. With him two hard-boiled eggs; the teacher takes the hands of the boy, who is placed on the table in the school-room, and rolls them on the table. If they both roll in a straight line, the master it is a sure sign that he is possessed of considerable ability, and that he may possibly become a lord chancellor. If they should cross before they reach the teacher every day, the master is satisfied that there is no danger of the child's falling into the fire, rather, I should have said, the Yankee fire by any ingenuity he may exert. After a considerable time after he has been admitted to the writing pothooks, or rather, the severe discipline employed in the formation of the Chinese character. He also gets the sounds of the characters of their elementary books called "The Four Classics." I may as well say here, that the *written* language are very much different from the *spoken* dialect; so that it is quite different from the sound of a word and yet be ignorant

merely mechanical process of becoming familiar sounds is continued for a very long time before the teacher instructs him in the various shades of meaning embraced within the character. Great numbers of children have before this second process is commenced, so there are a great many young men employed in the country who can read tolerably well, and yet cannot explain what they read: just as an English boy might be able to read with perfect fluency a page of Demosthenes and not be able to comprehend but very little of what he is uttering. The school hours are somewhat different than would suit the taste of English boys. The school commences at about five o'clock in the morning and goes on until about eight, when the boys go home for breakfast. They return, and continue at their studies until about two. After an hour or so for dinner, they return and remain until sunset. It has often appeared marvellous to me that the little fellows could endure such long hours; and when I have expressed my surprise to the Chinese, they have replied to me by saying, "Oh, they are Chinese boys, and not English;" and, after all, may be a very satisfactory way of explaining their powers of endurance, when we consider the difference of temperament, &c., between the boys of the two countries. Of course, at certain seasons of the year the boys have their holidays, when they amuse themselves with their kites, and a variety of toys, which the Chinese are very ingenious in manufacturing.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

We have thus spoken of the members individually. Viewed collectively, I should say the people possess but few enjoyments. Indeed, they are so incessantly engaged in the struggle with poverty, that they have to

work early and late, to keep away door. As they have no Sabbath or from work, it is only now and then interruption to their labours. There during the year, such as new year's days of some of their more celebrated appear in holiday attire; but, with times, it is one unceasing round of who are capable are called upon to space forbids me to enter into the character by which they are distinguished all their faults I love the Chinese believe that when they become imbued of the Gospel they will become a nation among the civilized kingdoms.

INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTION

ABOUT one hundred miles from Bombay on the banks of the Godavery, is the is to the heathen a sacred spot—pilgrims from all parts—a city of temples the stronghold of Brahminism in W

The Church Missionary Society commenced there as early as 1852. For several years carried on their labours in faith and little *apparent* success. Out of six died at their post, and three were through failure of health. Theirs "toil," and it was not given to them reap what they had sown. The preferred. We have "entered into the know that their "labour was not in

some years the Mission has experienced the most
 y proofs of the blessing of the Lord. The Word
 extensively preached in the town and neigh-
 d, and to many it has been made "the power of
 o salvation;" so that they have been willing to
 rescution, and to "count all things but loss"
 une of Christ.

arch, 1854, the Rev. W. Salter Prier obtained
 hundred acres of land from government, at a
 le price, and then laid the foundation of a
 colony. Year by year it has grown in size
 orance. It now has its Mission-house, in the
 of the village; a small church (now almost too
 the congregation); an Orphanage, which shelters
 ously outcast children; a Poor Asylum, in which
 old and infirm people (chiefly lepers or blind)
 o care of; an African Asylum containing about
 and girls, rescued slaves from the east coast of
 School-house, attended by eighty Christian
 ; and lastly, an Industrial Institution, in which
 of trades are carried on. In this Institution
 es for baptism find employment during their
 of probation and instruction. Converts, who,
 they are Christians, are cut off from their usual
 support, are here supplied with work, and earn
 el living.

Christian settlement is now widely known by the
 Sharanpur, or *City of Refuge*. Here a shelter
 home is provided for the outcast; and here
 ave come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ,
 e Refuge of sin-burdened and penitent sinners.
 tlement, by God's blessing, still prospers.—
Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

A DISAGREEABLE COMPANION

HE is everybody's companion; the woman, nor child with whom he is is always to be *seen* with some people hand, scarcely ever seen with others or not he is always there, and well known.

When a person is in the pursuit of amusement, you may be pretty sure of a companion with him; and he likes who always have their own way.

He is a very dangerous companion obstinate, yet it is strange how much every one, and how greatly *his* ease is sulted. But, by those who have Friend, even the Lord Jesus Christ looked upon as a foe rather than a they became new creatures in Christ earnestly wished to shake off their of nothing grieves them more than w more than Christ. Yet he never al in this world, but in heaven he can his utmost to tempt the friends of eternal safety to *him*, and to clothe *fancied* righteousness rather than Ch

He will also endeavour to make th to God's Word, that it is more blessed give, only that he himself may be m

He loves being praised, and if th do it will praise himself.

He is a very intimate friend of p and he makes a very imposing ap their aid is solicited for a charitable

very closely the opening and shutting of the purse, and is always present when wearing apparel is bought. It is his presence that makes the world so cold and unhappy.

We would especially caution our young friends to be aware of him at a missionary meeting, or when a missionary sermon is preached, or when they are asked to give to any good cause. His pleadings for himself are often so very strong at those times that little folks (*and great ones too*) are ready to make any excuses for not giving liberally. The strong attachment which people have for this disagreeable companion is a great hindrance to all kinds of missionary work.

Dear young friends, I am sure you will easily guess who this tiresome companion is. I assure you, there is very little peace of mind for those who are always consulting *Self*. Make it your earnest daily prayer that the selfless love of Jesus may so constrain you that you may no longer live to *Self*.

AUNT BERTHA.

Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

WITHIN a vineyard's sunny bound
An ample fig-tree shelter found,
Enjoying sun and flowers ;
The boughs were graceful to the view,
With spreading leaves of deep green hue,
And gaily blushing flowers.

When round the vintage-season came,
This blooming fig was still the same—
As promising and fair ;
But though the leaves were broad and green,
No precious fruit was to be seen,
Because no fruit was there;

"For three long years," the Master cried,
"Fruit on this tree to find I've tried,
But all in vain my toil;
Ungrateful tree! the axe's blow
Shall lay thy leafy honours low:
Why cumber's it the soil?"

"Oh, let it stand just **one year more!**"
The dresser said, "till all my store
Of rural arts I've shown.
About the massy roots I'll dig;
It yet may bear the luscious fig—
If not, then cut it down."

How many years hast thou, my heart,
Acted the barren fig-tree's part,
Leafy, and fresh, and fair;
Enjoying heavenly dews of grace,
And sunny smiles from God's own face;
But where the fruit? Ah! where?

How often must the Lord have prayed,
That still my day might be delayed,
Till all due means were tried;
Afflictions, mercies, health, and pain—
How long shall these be all in vain,
To teach this heart of pride?

Learn, oh, my soul! what God demands
Is not a faith like barren sands,
But fruit of heavenly hue.
By this we prove that Christ we know;
If in His holy steps we go:
Faith works by love, if true.

OLD HUMPHREY



Contributions for the New Ship unavoidably postponed till next Month.



THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1, 1865.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

In a remote period India has been famous for its extent and population, for its singular customs, for its choice and valuable productions. In order to secure a share in the beautiful silks, the gold and silver, and precious stones, the spices, and other rare commodities with which the country was supplied, the Venetians long carried on an extensive trade with India. It was in the prosecution of the same object that the Portuguese first discovered the passage to India by sea round the Cape of Good Hope, and it was in the sanguine expectation of reaching that country by sailing westward that Columbus made the wonderful discovery of America.

But our present object is not so much to write of India as to give a brief sketch of the history of two men who, in very different walks of life, acquired a distinguished name in that country; one as a great conqueror and statesman, the other as a devoted missionary of the Lord Jesus Christ. L. XXII.—No. 255.

Christ. We ask our young readers to look on the picture and then on *that*, and say which of the two has the stronger claim upon their love and sympathy, and which they would most desire resemble in life and in death?

THE CAREER OF A GREAT MAN.

ROBERT CLIVE was born the 29th September, 1725, on a small estate belonging to his father near Market Drayton in Shropshire. During boyhood he was remarkable only for his idleness, his love of mischief, and his audacious defiance of all authority; indeed, so little promise did he then afford of future greatness that, on attaining his seventeenth year, his family were glad to ship him to Madras, either to live or to die, as the case might happen. He went out as a writer in the service of the East India Company, whose chief settlement, conducted on a very small scale, was then at Madras. He commenced his duties at the desk, which were found to be very irksome, and he soon became thoroughly homesick. While labouring under this morbid depression, the happy youth made two attempts at self-destruction, which failed through the loaded pistol missing fire on both occasions. But, though strangely affected at the time by this wonderful instance of sparing mercy, the effect was of short duration; for, at a later period, though while still little more than a youth, he fought a desperate duel with one of his associates.

Unexpected events, however, called forth Clive's latent energies, and opened for him a wonderful career. The French took Madras, and the English were driven from the factory, whereupon the young writer obtained an ensign's commission in the Company's service.

Afterwards, however, peace was proclaimed between England and France, and Clive, for a short interval, resumed his peaceful occupations.

At the period to which we refer the great Mogul was still reigning at Delhi; whilst Dupleix, the French commandant, dwelt at Pandicherry, and held supreme sway over 30,000,000 of Hindoos. But a great change was at hand. In order to counteract the schemes and check the progress of the French, Clive, with a handful of followers, took possession of Arcot. That city was shortly afterwards attacked by a son of Chunda Sahib, Nabob of the Carnatic (in alliance with the French), at the head of 10,000 native troops. To withstand this force Clive had under him only four young officers, as inexperienced himself in military affairs, 120 European soldiers, and 100 sepoys. But they were commanded by a hero; and, after a terrible siege of fifty days, during which the devoted little band within the walls suffered incredible hardships, the besiegers were driven back utterly defeated, and with heavy loss. From the date of this event, French influence rapidly declined. In the meanwhile, Captain Clive took to himself a wife, and paid a visit to his native country, where he received the thanks of the East India Company, and was joyfully welcomed by his family, who were not a little surprised to find that the scapegrace, who left England ten years before, had all at once become famous.

But as no fresh laurels were to be gained at home, he went again for India in 1755, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. It was at this critical juncture that Surajah Daulah, Nabob of Bengal, seized the English factory at Calcutta; and one of the most fearful crimes recorded in history was committed. The traders and others connected with the factory, 146 in number, were thrust into

a hot, close, and narrow dungeon, called the Black Hole, where, as no one dared to plead for their release while the nabob was asleep, their sufferings were so intense that 123 of the miserable victims perished within a few hours. But the avenger of this outrage was near at hand. Colonel Clive, at the head of only 3000 men, of whom one-third were English and the rest native, advanced by rapid marches from Madras to Calcutta, and in the celebrated plains of PLASSEY, about seven miles distant, he encountered the great army of the nabob, consisting of nearly 60,000 men and fifty pieces of cannon. Notwithstanding this vast disproportion of numbers, Clive attacked the enemy with impetuous valour, and utterly routed and dispersed them. By this great victory he subdued the province of Bengal, more populous than Great Britain, and laid the foundation of the British power in India. Clive's share of the spoils arising from the conquest of Bengal was enormous, amounting to between £200,000 and £300,000 in money and jewels, besides an estate in land valued at £30,000 a-year. But, although it can be shown that in his pursuit of fame and fortune he committed some disgraceful acts of perfidy and wrong, his bitterest enemies failed in proving that this remarkable man had been guilty of extortion or rapacity; whilst, on the other hand, he displayed on some occasions great disinterestedness, and made the most munificent presents to his family and friends.

Shortly after the victory of Plassey, Clive revisited England; was graciously received by King George III, who had then recently ascended the throne, and to whom he was raised to the peerage. At this period Clive had reached the pinnacle of fame and fortune, and was looked upon in every circle as a man who, by his tal-

every, had earned for himself imperishable renown added to the glory of his country.

No sooner had Clive left India, and resigned the government to less able and resolute hands, than a kind of abuse and disorder that can afflict a country at once broke out. The servants of the company, bent only on enriching themselves in the shortest time, and by any means, practised the most outrageous extortions upon the miserable Hindoos, and a scene seemed inevitable. The directors at home trembled at the fate of their distant empire, and for their fortunes depended on it. Clive was at once seen to be the man fit for the crisis; and accordingly, having been re-elected governor and commander-in-chief, he set out, in 1764, on his third voyage to India. In the exercise of the powers entrusted to him, this extraordinary man, in a short time, put down the frightful abuses that prevailed in the government, and introduced the most salutary reforms with a view to relieve the unhappy trodden natives of India from the oppression of English rulers.

Having achieved this great object—more honourable than the laurels he won at Plassey—Lord Clive finally returned to England in 1767; but, instead of being welcomed with that enthusiasm which his last and greatest acts had fairly merited, he became from that time the object of fierce and unrelenting persecution. His salutary reforms in India had exasperated a powerful party of Englishmen, who, until thus checked in their courses, were accustomed to prey upon the hapless natives. These men instigated the Government to open a thorough inquiry into Lord Clive's alleged malpractices in India, his money dealings with the great nabobs, and every public transaction in which he bore a part.

during his residence in that country but the investigation cast a slur and embittered his last years. His life and the magnificence in which he lived, and the ill-will of multitudes, whose people look upon him as an upstart who had reaped the fruits of oppression and robbery, were quick by the ingratitude of his countrymen, retired from public life, but not to rest in privacy. Suffering from a variety of ailments, contracted in India, he fell into profound mental gloom, from which he sought relief, by the immoderate use of opium. His condition lingered until the 29th of January, when, at the age of forty-nine, he died by his own hand.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF A FAITHFUL THE LORD JESUS

ALPHONSE FRANÇOIS LACROIX was born on the 1st of May, 1792, at the village of Lignières, of Neuchâtel, in French Switzerland. At the death of his father he was taken under the care of his pious uncle, who resided near the village, and by whom he was generously brought up. Being of a strong and vigorous frame, his youth was remarkable for feats of agility, and he took a high place among his companions in every athletic contest. At a somewhat later period young Lacroix developed a strong passion for a military life, partly by patriotic feelings, and partly by the influence of those stirring times, into contact with the army, who served under the first Emperor Napoleon, the cause he heartily espoused. He acco

enlist in one of the Swiss regiments of the army, and actually left home with his knapsack and head-quarters at Berne, when he was sud-
denly arrested by an invisible hand, and a voice seemed to say, "What dost thou here? Return." The fervent and righteous man—of his excellent uncle—had not the truant obeyed the sudden impulse, and left the roof under which he had been so ten-
derly nurtured. From about this period his religious feelings became more developed, and held out the promise of one day going forth to serve under the banner of the King of kings.

During his seventeenth year, young Lacroix was enabled, in the providence of God, to quit his own country for Holland, where for three years he acted as tutor in a Dutch gentleman's family. It was in 1808, while attending a missionary prayer-meeting, hearing about the overthrow of idolatry in the East, and the thought of going forth to preach the Gospel to the heathen was first stirred within him. By his preliminary movements, it may be stated that Mr. Lacroix at length offered his services to the Netherlands Missionary Society, was accepted, and took his passage for India, and sailed at the beginning of October, 1820, and reached Calcutta on the 13th February in the following year.

Mr. Lacroix commenced his labours in the Dutch settlement of Serampore, situated about thirty miles from Calcutta, and was cordially welcomed by the families at large, and especially by the missionaries of the Missionary Society. His first object was the acquisition of the Bengalee language, which he prosecuted with arduous and success that he soon attained that proficiency in it which enabled him to address the

natives with a power and fluency that were truly remarkable. Within a few months after his arrival he was witness, for the first time, of that shocking spectacle, *suttee*; where, in spite of every remonstrance, a woman was burnt on the funeral pile of her husband, her son setting fire to the pile. This scene, which took place on the banks of the Hooghly, opposite Chinsurah, excited in Mr. Lacroix's sensitive mind emotions which could never efface. He commenced his stated labours, taking charge of the missionary and other schools, and he diligently taught the Scriptures, together with the elements of geography, astronomy, and natural philosophy. In common with the other missionaries, he preached to the natives at all hours of the day, wherever congregations could be collected, besides performing a stated service in Dutch for the benefit of the foreign settlers in the place. In the tranquil fulfilment of these duties several years passed away. In 1825, Mr. Lacroix contracted a marriage with a lady, a member of one of the most respected and ancient Dutch families in Chinsurah, and which was a source of much of the happiness and usefulness of his after life.

In consequence of the cession of the Dutch settlements of Chinsurah to the English, and the decision of the Netherlands Missionary Society to transfer its mission from India to Java and the neighbouring islands, Mr. Lacroix, in 1827, joined the London Missionary Society, with whose missionaries he had from his first arrival in the country held the most intimate relations. In 1829, he removed to Calcutta, more especially in charge of the villages, about twenty in number, situated south of the city, where some eighty converts, men, women, and children, had been baptized into the faith of Christ. During part of the year, when the Ganges is

whole of this region is covered by its waters. The inhabitants are nearly all Hindoos, of the fisherman, who are accustomed from their infancy to amphibious life, and to navigate with ease these waters in boats in which an ordinary landman could not. They sow these vast plains with rice; the creeks swarm with all sorts of edible fish, and so make a tolerable living from their double occupation. During the rainy season the whole country wears a beautiful appearance," but "when the water recedes from these vast fields, immense masses of tangled rice lie everywhere rotting in the sun, and for months the whole country is exceedingly ugly." "This, then," observes his son-in-law and nephew, Dr. Mullens, "was Mr. Lacroix's field of vision. He who had been born on the slopes of the Himalayas, and had spent his youth clambering over its lime-stones, wandering in its dark woods, and gazing at the snow-capped peaks that seemed to pierce the glory of Europe, led by the hand of his Father in heaven, now found himself placed on a level with the lowly villages surrounded by long reaches of rice, to guide the souls of their people into that path of holiness which should bring them, equally with the mountaineer, to the perfect salvation revealed in the Word of God." Far more than twelve years Mr. Lacroix sustained the pastoral charge of these villages.

"Not only in the pleasant days, when the journey was easy, and the people prospering, but when the creeks were muddy and the fields were parched, when the heavens were fiery brass over his head, and the cracked earth scorched his feet—when persecution sought to crush the disciples, and slavery and vice came in like a flood to destroy

their inward vitality and growth; t
on his way, steadfast, unshaken, abo
of the Lord, seeking not theirs but
no joy greater than that of seeing
the truth."

During all this time, and to the
Lacroix continued to proclaim the G
ful power and effect, both in Calcu
bouring suburb of Bhowanipore; als
tours throughout the province of Ben

"A servant once told his mistress,
Lacroix preached, every Bengali's hea
valuable elements of native preaching,
diligently under the example and adv
and Mr. Trawen; but he soon out
and models, and for nearly thirty
honourable position of being, wheth
aries or native catechists, the most el
Bengali that the country contained."

At the close of 1841, Mr. Lacroix p
for the benefit of his health, and to
ance with old and attached friends.
he visited England, France, Hollan
Switzerland, and everywhere pleaded
Missions to crowded audiences with
success.

After an absence of two years, this
voted man returned to his beloved
Calcutta and the vicinity; and therefo
on the 8th July, 1859, he continued
stancy and fervent zeal to engage in
work, preaching to the heathen, buil
the faith, and seeking by every me
and wide the knowledge of the glorio

not more appropriately conclude this brief and perfect outline of Mr. Lacroix's life and labours giving Dr. Mullens's account of the death-bed. Nothing was permitted to disturb the composure of his last hours; nor pain in body, nor grief in mind, shaded the still surface of his calm untroubled soul. Christ was present; and his PEACE was passing all understanding. Slowly, steadily, hours passed on—senses growing weaker and

It was one of those sultry Indian afternoons when the scorching heat, all nature is lulled to a repose. The leaves hung listless on the trees; the birds had ceased their cries; not a sound was to be heard but the soft breeze that crept over the landscape, and the quivering currents of the fiery air. In that stillness the members of the family and the friends gathered around his bed, watching the last flickering life. None of death's terrors were present; no trace of pain, no struggle for breath, could be seen when the silver cord was loosed from its hold; and at sixteen minutes past three, with all the calm of a little child, softly and sweetly, he fell asleep. With the will of Him who alone hath power to give life and spirit, what could they do but join with one voice in a solemn burst of thanksgiving, that, through Christ, another victory had been won, another soul carried home to glory, and that another had been welcomed to the skies, leaving to the world a bright example of an earnest life, rich in good works, and to his mourning family the blessed assurance of a most honoured name? So died this faithful servant of Christ; thus ended he from the tolling of a long and useful life."

NARRATIVE OF ELIKANA, A NATIVE OF MANAHIKI

THE Rev. Dr. Turner, who recently visited the island, has laboured for many years in the first among the barbarians of Tanna, the Hebrides, and subsequently at the Islands of the Samoan Group. As joint superintendent, with Mr. Nisbet, of the Mission Seminary at Leominster, Dr. Turner has rendered valuable service to the Mission; and it was through his labours of love that he became known to the people, a man whose noble Christian character and adventures form the subject of the following communication. Our young readers will observe that the communication is addressed more particularly to the Girls' Mission School at Waltham. We are glad to give it a wider circulation than its original medium.

“ Malua, Samoa

“ *To the Young Ladies at the Girls' Mission School at Waltham.*

“ MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—
From England I had a request from Mr. Turner for you something to read at one of your ordinary meetings. I have great pleasure in now let me begin at once to tell you something about *Elikana* (Elkanah), a student here.

ELIKANA LEAVES HIS NATIVE COUNTRY

“ *Elikana* is about thirty years of age, and lived there until he was

od man, and was a deacon of the Church there. In April, 1860, he left in a canoe to go to an island thirty miles off, to get some wood to make doors and windows for a new house he was building. There were nine of them in all in the canoe, including a woman and a child. A gale of wind came on to blow, and they could neither reach the island they wished to go to, nor return to their own land from which they set out. For three days they struggled to get back to Manahiki, but in vain, and then they were obliged to drift away, and go wherever the wind and current took them.

PERILS OF THE VOYAGE.

They had plenty of cocoanuts in the canoe, and, thinking they might soon get on shore somewhere, they were not very careful about them. But for six weeks they were tossed about the ocean, without seeing a landing-place for the soles of their feet. Only six cocoanuts were left as they commenced the seventh week; and now they made a law that no one was to taste another morsel of cocoanut but those who worked at bailing out the water from their leaky canoe. Only two had strength to do that, and they were allowed to share the nuts. On the ninth week they had only half a nut left. All the time they prayed every day to God, as they did on shore; and when the Sabbath came round Elikana prayed aloud, and thus tried to observe their usual hours of public worship three times a day. On the evening of the ninth Sabbath they sighted land. About midnight they heard the roar of the breakers on a reef, and found that they were drifting right in. They all united in prayer, and cried to God to save them. They went, weak and helpless, in among the seething, raging, angry billows. They clung to the canoe. The

wonder is they were not all dashed to pieces; but only three were shaken off and engulfed. A friendly wave lifted the rest, canoe and all, and laid them down on the reef. They saw the three no more. Two of them were the woman and child; and a fourth was fast in the bow of the canoe, but he was quite dead.

HIS WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

"The five were very weak; but they managed to crawl on shore, on their hands and feet, and lay down on the beach. About noon they saw a man coming. He spied the wrecked canoe on the reef, went to it, saw the dead body, cried over it, covered it with a cloth, went on shore, found the five lying helpless on the beach, and then sat down and cried over them in their distress. (See *Frontispiece*.) They seemed all nearly dead. They asked him to kindle a fire and bake a cocoanut for them. He set to work. They have no lucifers there, you know; but he soon got a light by the friction of rubbing one piece of wood on another. Within an hour he had baked a oven of cocoanuts for the poor dying creatures lying on the sand, and helped them to drink a little of the warm milk. He then went away, and bundled up some things which he found about the canoe. They wondered whether he knew anything about religion; and when he came back Elikana thought he would try and find out by proposing to pray. He sat quietly, with his head down, while Elikana prayed, as if he knew what they were doing. He then bade them remain alone, while he went across to a little island where the king lived, and where he said he would get a large canoe to come for them. They asked if the people would not come and kill them at night if they knew they were there; and he said there was no fear, and went away. Towards evening

great shouting, and saw a party coming in dressed up as if for war. They were afraid; no danger. It was the king's body-guard, to come to fetch them. They were lifted as if they had been infants, carried to the palace across to the king's house, and the place was crowded with people come to see them. The king raised a seat, and he wept as he saw their weakness. Presently, cooked fish, taro, &c. were brought in, and they ate and felt

that there was a meeting of all the people, arranged that the poor men in distress should be helped, and specially provided for by the king's orders, and that the dead body should be brought in and buried in front of the king's house. One party died and was buried, but Elikana, and two men quite recovered. Elikana soon learned the language. He found that the natives called Nookoolyelye (or, Nukulaelae, as we call the South Seas). There are a number of coral islands, people reside on two of them. They are like the Samoans, number 257, and live on coconuts, and fish. They said they once had a sacred house for it, but the captain of a ship asked them to burn it. They said if they did, their lives would become of them all! They were so angry! The captain said there was no God but the God of heaven would look down on them—and urged them still to burn the house. They set fire to it, and burned house, idol, and all. The captain was glad, said it was good, that God would be kind to them.

TELLS HIS DELIVERERS ABOUT THE GOSPEL.

"As soon as Elikana felt well, he thought that God had spared his life and taken him there to the heathen people to do good. He commenced to have religious services on the Lord's day, and to tell the people about Jesus, who died to save sinners. Then he thought he would commence a school. In a wooden bucket with a tight-fitting lid, such as they make at Manahiki, and which he saved from the wreck, he had managed to preserve three books, viz., a Rarotongan Testament, a volume of notes on the Gospel of Matthew, and a hymn book. With these he determined to commence a school. The first day a young man came. After learning three letters, A, K, and L, he got tired of it, and ran off. Then two old men came. They persevered from letters to small words, and plodded on still to the larger words; and now nothing would please them but a leaf each from the book, to take with them. Off they went, with a leaf each from the Testament, and went from house to house in the settlement, to exhibit their treasures and display their learning. This brought quite a rush to the school. Every man must have a leaf; and soon the whole of the New Testament was gone. Away went the volume of notes on Matthew next. They were clamorous next for the hymn book; but now Elikana's good-nature was obliged to give. No—he could not spare the hymn book, he needed it for his public services. There were two and three to a leaf, and numbers of the children had none at all.

INSTRUCTION CARRIED ON UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"All now rushed to be taught, and it was quite a task to classify and instruct them. Let me now quote a little bit, translated, as nearly as I can, from Elikana's

vided them,' says he, 'into four classes—men and two for the women. They composed the letters, then united them and made men, with joy, they read the lines and the they were so eager after it, that, although early in the morning, it was mid-day by breakfast sometimes, and then, directly had to beat the gong for another class. It difficult business. I had to wade about climbing over their heads, &c., in getting another, showing each how to do his word. It was impossible to get over them all, as time to dismiss, some went away angry not given them a fresh word. At night about the back of the house, to wait till p was over, and then they crowded in. classes, a singing-class and a reading-class. class sat before my face, and the reading-class by back, and there we sat sometimes till

(To be continued.)

CHINA.

ounded by wall within wall. The outside miles in circumference. It is of massive g sixty feet high and forty feet broad, with gates, each surmounted by a lofty tower. how much prejudices are being softened reiguers, who not long ago were refused the gates, are now allowed to enjoy a promiscuous ramparts. The central space is called "Forbidden city," because it contains the

palaces, and cannot be entered with the emperor. The roofs of the buildings with yellow porcelain, gleam in the finished gold.

In the other parts of the city several streets run parallel to each other; they are bordered on either side by numberless private residences, the broad thoroughfares are lined with shops. These shops are of a low appearance, being low and shabby, displaying old furniture and old clothing. A throng of people at once arrests the eye, motley, and unlike all to which you are accustomed. Here comes "a high official" in a green sedan, borne on the shoulders of two porters. Numerous horsemen lead the way, dressed with peacock's feathers and plumes, while several carts, drawn by mules, and supported by springs, bring up the rear, and convey the servants of the great man.

Yonder comes a caravan of Bactrian horses, with two mountain men, between which a Tartar wedges himself. He has been born there.

There, under that awning, you see a man entertaining an audience with a tale of his country. Further on a mountaineer exhibits the suppleness of his joints, or exhibits his dexterity in swallowing all kinds of food, and all along the thoroughfare you see men sitting and eating in portable kitchens, or men sitting and plaiting their tails in the open street seems to be regarded as private property for all kinds of purposes. There

large ground and perform their devotions in long processions carrying gay banners, and with melancholy music and white mourning, and a thousand other strange objects, a street small panorama of the empire.

into an alley, or smaller street, and inspect the interior of private dwellings. A low brick wall is all you see, with ranges of small windows without like the lunulets of a battery. These are glazed with paper. Whatever is rich or ornate is jealously concealed from view.

None of them more than one story in height are hidden by these blind walls. They are built of earthen tiles, floored with brick, and supported by pillars. The rooms are usually ranged round a paved court.

Once a fine city once; but it is now in a state of decay. It still contains a large population—prone to idolatry. Every square has one or more temples, and every family has its household gods. Shall these temples be supplanted by the Christian, and household gods give place to the Christian? *—Church Missionary Gleaser.*

GOOD A LITTLE MATCH MAY DO.

A little boy had just touched a match to the wood of the grate, and was watching the fire find its way among the crackling coals. In thought and half aloud, he said, "What a little match would make so big a fire!" "My little man," said his father, "a little with her little things, may do great good or

great harm. A good apostle once said, 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' And now as our fire is burning, I will tell you a story about a little match and the good that it did.

"Away down on the shore of Long Island stands a small house or fisherman's cabin. It is just far enough from the water to be out of the reach of the great waves that come rolling in from the ocean, and near it is a creek or little river in which the fisherman used to shelter his boat. At the time of my story the man had left his little cabin and gone to another place. It was a desolate and dreary about that little house. You could hear only the moan of the surf as it broke on the beach and sometimes the cry of those beautiful sea-birds—the gulls—as they settled down on the water, or made long circling flights around the mouth of the little river.

"It was now the cold month of December; a strong wind had been blowing for three days, and all the while the thought of the sailor on that lonely coast prayed God to keep him from its dangers. A good brig, that is, a well-masted vessel with square sails, had, two weeks before, left the island of Cuba, bound for Boston. She had a captain, mate, and six sailors for her crew. The voyage had been a pleasant one, and was about over. They were thinking of their homes and friends, when the fierce storm came and drove them from their course. The rigging was soon stiff with ice, and it was hard to handle the ropes or manage the ship. Officers and men did their duty, as all true sailors will do; but it was in vain. The winds and the waves and the ice and cold were too strong for the brave sailors, and carried the poor brig steadily toward the shore. Soon they heard a sound terrible to seamen. It was the voice of the breakers. The captain called all hands about

s voice in prayer. He prayed for their
so willed it, that they might have strength
ree waves, and if they could not be saved
k, they might be safe in the mercy of God.
oon struck, and she lay with her side to
e water for a little space was so calm that
t was safely launched, and every man
But, alas! before they could reach the
ave struck the little boat, and the poor
into the boiling sea. Four of them, with
ached the land, and, though scarcely able
ed themselves forward to find a shelter.
they came in sight of the little cabin, but
s the creek between it and them. 'We
gh or die,' said the captain; and after a
they reached the other side, but the brave
go no farther. 'Leave me, my men,' said
for yourselves, and then come back if you
en gained the house, but what horror
hen they found it was empty. One man
et as he looked at the fireplace and the
But, alas! there was neither flint nor
a light. A moment he stood in agony,
ed his head, he saw upon the rude mantle
arked 'matches.' With trembling haste
and found one single little match! Oh,
epended upon that little match! Here
ers; a little way off lay their brave captain,
t were in that single match. If it failed,
for cold and hunger were fast doing their
e poor men. With a trembling hand, and
er, he drew the match; and, as the little
roke out, 'Thank God!' burst from their

"That little match was life to many sailors, but the good captain was killed before they could reach him. One little match may do."—*Sunday School*

WORKING FOR CHRIST

The low tuft grass is not a state flower
Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee
Nor fashions for their transit o'er the breeze
The "hearts of oak" revered by all

Yet think of it as lightly as you will
Passing it over in your careless thought
It has its own peculiar place to fill
And, humble as its work appears
Nor oak, nor rose, could do this

So, youthful Christian, through life's journey
There is a special work marked out
It may be of the lowliest kind, it may
Be such as shall the loftiest power
But none beside yourself your work

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's feet
And seek to learn the purpose of His will
Ask Him, who has so oft your sin forgiven
To point you out the work that is His will
And tell you where to find your part

"What wilt Thou have me do?"
To your Redeemer's glory, work
Illumined every moment from on high
Strive in each action Christ to glorify
Nor let one thought of self, life's end

Work! work! nor covet an ignoble gain
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile
Those love the Saviour most who love His will
And he who blesses others shall be blessed
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's love

Chae

CONTRIBUTIONS

TOWARDS THE PURCHASE OF A
MISSIONARY SHIP.

AND ITS VICINITY.

Master John	8 0 0
Augusta R. Price	
H. Price	0 10 0
Price	0 10 0
S. Burn	1 0 0
M. Burn	0 10 0
	0 5 0
	0 2 6
Tl. 17s. 6d.	

Henry and	1 10 0
James	0 10 0
Henry Hughes	0 10 0
Tl. 1s.	
John Bond	0 15 0
	0 17 0
Trifle	0 3 0
Poste	0 11 0
Yates	0 8 0
	0 4 0

Angel Sunday	7 6 0
Angel Chamberlain	
Day School	0 0 0
Barbican	
Day School	0 10 0
	0 5 0
	0 11 0
	0 3 0
	0 2 0
	0 5 0
	0 7 0
per Messrs.	0 2 0
and Bennett	0 3 0
	0 3 0

Girls' School.

Mrs. Lucas	8 10 0
H. Britain	0 10 0
Louisa Oliver	1 3 0
Juliet Knight	0 0 7
Susan Ross	0 0 2
M. A. Newman	0 4 0
A. Williams	0 3 0
Eleanor Bennett	0 3 11
Sarah Traxler	0 2 0
M. A. Davis	0 10 0
Louisa Greenwood	0 3 0
K. Manning	0 4 0
C. Traxler	0 3 0
K. Brand	0 3 0
Kath Prescott	0 10 0
Florence Smith	0 3 0
Emma Slocum	0 3 0
M. A. Burgess	0 4 0
Chera Windsor	0 0 0
Rosebeth Davidson	0 3 0
Smaller Sums	1 4 0
Tl. 12s. 4d.	

Cambridge Heath.

Congregational Church.

Sunday Schools.

M. A. Watson	1 3 0
J. and C. Sugars	1 0 0
J. Morrison	0 14 7
L. Hoan	0 13 0
W. Ware	0 12 0
Ada Meller	0 11 0
G. H. Hall	0 10 7
A. E. Elvin	0 10 1
L. Friend	0 10 0
H. J. Card	0 8 0
P. Goulyer	0 7 0
P. Dorrington	0 7 0
L. Lush	0 7 4
H. H. Card	0 7 8
L. Holtwood	0 7 0
S. Pelley	0 3 4
L. Hancock	0 3 0
R. Rogers	0 3 0
C. Bartlett	0 3 0
M. R. Oosterhuis	0 3 0
A. Bisset	0 4 0
A. Savage	0 4 0
S. Newton	0 3 7
L. How	0 3 7
G. Harris	0 3 0

J. Boon.....	0	3	6	Ellem
O. Harmsworth	0	3	4	Elizabeth
H. Whiter	0	3	4	Harriet
L. S. Clarke	0	2	10	Emily
R. W. Chamberlain	0	2	0	Elizabeth
H. Pearce	0	2	8	Jeanne
Arthur Mellor	0	2	6	Caroline
Smaller Sums	1	4	5	Lucy

137. 56. 34.

Craven Chapel.

Sunday Schools,

Boys' School.

Collected by—

James Wood.....	0	4	5	Louisa
William Newton.....	0	13	3	Amelia
John W. Garforth	0	8	0	Matilda
Edward Nodds	1	0	0	Mary P.
Thomas Osborn	0	6	8	Mary P.
Alexander Muirhead	0	2	11	Grace C.
G. E. Whitfield	0	4	6	Ellen C.
John Baker	0	11	0	Helen C.
Louis Giraud	0	8	0	Helen C.
James Barringer	0	14	0	M. A. T.
Edwin Jeane	0	8	0	Caroline
Alfred Platten	0	11	2	Eliza C.
James Cunningham	0	3	7	Ann T.
William Alexander	0	4	0	Charlotte
Thomas Knight	0	4	1	Sarah J.
James Jones	0	3	0	Diana S.
James Wood	0	8	5	Louisa
John Seal	0	10	0	M. J.
Samuel Muir	0	2	8	Louisa
Joseph Dixon	0	7	0	A. and
J. W. Williams	0	4	2	Charlotte
S. Marvin	1	0	10	Allen S.
W. J. Grosjean	0	5	8	Emma
Alfred J. Ray	0	4	2	Ann M.
James Wood	0	2	0	Agnes
Sunday Collection	1	6	0	Miss W.
H. S.	0	8	0	Elizabeth

Girls' School,

Collected by—

Eliza Batey	0	13	0	Elizabeth
Jane Reading	0	0	0	Mary
Sarah Edwards	0	4	7	Emily
Elizabeth Patterson	1	0	0	Sarah J.
Emma Bull	0	0	0	Master
Louisa Kirk	0	4	0	Master
Emma Matthews	0	5	0	Misses
Jane Pelly	0	6	0	Misses
Isabel Barker	0	7	0	Master
Charlotte Khayer	0	4	0	Master
Miriam Kollogg	0	3	0	W. and
Allice Brooks	0	4	0	Mrs. C.
Amelia Long	0	3	0	Master
Clara Long	0	3	0	Misses
Georgina Terry	1	2	0	Eliza
Allice Lyons	0	4	0	A. and
Helen Comper	0	4	0	Colleen
Helen Marks	0	4	0	Girls'
Helen Malverdin	0	6	0	Smaller
Jane Crato	0	0	3	

Epiphany.		James Lark	0 0 2
St. Church Sunday		John Hutttable	0 7 1
School.		Ellen Richards	0 0 2
		Mary Hall	0 2 1
		Harriet Archer	0 2 1
St. Michael.		Jessie Sanson	0 2 4
	0 7 0	William Carpenter	0 2 6
	0 7 8	Anna Jones	0 4 11
	0 5 0	Mary Fry	0 2 0
St. Andrew.		Mary Boyce	0 2 2
	0 10 8	Charlotte Dehler	0 2 2
		Ossie Mitchell	0 2 2
		William Corner	0 4 0
		George Gill	0 2 2
St. Kensington.		Clara Swinburn	0 2 10
		Sarah Broderip	0 2 11
	0 2 6	Edmund Singer	0 4 6
	0 10 0	William Clark	0 2 6
		John Chappel	0 2 0
		Henry Jones	0 2 0
		William Broderip	0 2 0
		L. M. Azar	0 4 6
		F. Amder	0 2 0
		G. P. Amder	0 2 0
		Frederick Swinburn	0 2 0
		Smaller sums	1 10 5
		1M. St.	

Middleton Road.

Sunday Schools.

Particulars of sum acknowledged in Jan.

St. Mary.		John Parr	0 11 6
St. Michael's.		Mias Skaggs	0 2 0
St. Andrew's.		Joseph Skaggs	0 4 2
St. John's.		William Hens	0 2 2
St. George's.		Walter Small	0 0 0
St. James's.		Sophy Laming	0 4 0
St. Peter's.		Martha Cheverton	0 2 6
St. Paul's.		Henry Osborne	0 2 7
St. Stephen's.		Jane Bishop	0 2 2
St. Thomas's.		Maria Passingham	0 2 0
St. Vincent's.		Mary Ann Allen	0 2 10
St. George's.		Josephine Bush	1 2 4
St. James's.		Ellen Hart	0 2 1
St. John's.		Julia Linton	0 2 6
St. Michael's.		Alma Hewitt	0 2 0
St. Paul's.		Miss Mott	0 2 0
St. Stephen's.		F. Mansfield	0 2 6
St. Thomas's.		Alfred Drake	0 2 0
St. Vincent's.		Minnie Horne	0 2 0
St. George's.		Jane Watowright	0 1 11
St. James's.		Emily Outley	0 2 0
St. John's.		Elizabeth Snow	0 2 0
St. Michael's.		Fluence Hart	0 2 0
St. Paul's.		Angie North	0 2 0
St. Peter's.		Adie Nicholas	0 2 0
St. Stephen's.		Christine Martin	0 15 1
St. Thomas's.		Samuel Robinson	0 2 0
St. Vincent's.		Emma Smith	0 2 0
St. George's.		Alma Bruton	0 2 0
St. James's.		Sarah Thorpe	0 2 0
St. John's.		Clara Hawkins	0 2 0
St. Michael's.		Elizabeth Finner	0 2 0
St. Paul's.		H. B. Martin	0 2 0
St. Peter's.		Mr. Allen's Family	0 15 0
St. Stephen's.		Smaller sums	0 15 2
St. Thomas's.		117. 12. 5d.	

Old Gravel Pit.

Juvenile Society, additional	0	12	0
Sunday School, ditto	1	15	4
	2l. 7s. 4d.		

Peckham Rye.

Congregational Church.

Collected by—

Miss A. Lancaster	0	7	3
Miss H. Cookson	0	3	6
Miss M. A. Lancaster	0	4	4
Master List	0	2	8
Messrs. T. & J. Bell	0	5	6
Miss Sutherland	0	9	6
Miss Davis	0	4	8
Master Fitzgibbon	0	3	6

Boxes.

Mr. Davies	0	3	1
Miss Cook	0	2	0
Smaller Sums	0	15	8
	3l. 5s. 3d.		

Stockwell.

Collected by Miss Jackson.

Miss J. and Friends	3	3	0
Sutherland Chapel	3	0	0

Tabernacle.

Sunday Schools	2	0	0
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Upper Norwood.

Alice and Ada	0	10	6
West Dulwich	1	0	0

Wyetide Chapel.

Sunday School.

Collected by—

Anna J. Adams	0	4	4
E. Chapman	0	10	0
T. Hitchcock	0	3	0
S. Beaumont	0	4	3
J. A. Morris	0	10	0
E. Palmer	0	7	2
L. Lubbock	0	10	8
M. Muretti	0	3	0
M. Archer	0	4	3
Jany Miles	0	4	0
Tilly Fawer	1	0	0
— Woolfenden	0	15	2
Marie Goff	0	4	8
Annie Harris	0	3	7
R. A. Horsford	0	10	0
L. A. Foster	0	4	0
Emily Peters	0	10	8
Grace Page	0	3	10
E. M. Crane	0	11	0

M. Davey
A. Creech
H. E. Pea
M. A. Sim
A. Cradock
A. S. Malc
E. A. Ho
S. Etridg
E. Negus
C. Turner
A. Lamm
M. A. Tho
J. Wren
M. Shank
M. Ironfel
A. E. Moss
J. Gribble
A. Tooley
A. Jones
S. M. Aust
M. Hart
No Name
P. Primros
A. Atkins
A. Hood
J. Gilton
E. M. Toole
R. Muller
A. Callow
R. Boden
It. Winter

H. Muller
George Gree
J. Scott
George Merr
Andrew Gra
George Evan
P. Franklin
H. Jones
R. Precious
A. Ireland
Henry Lupto
Charles Wina
Wm. Negus
A. Berner
A. Brice
H. Litchford
W. Powl
G. Hanley
Wm. Francis
Jas. Higgs
Wm. Hames
Charles Mott
Frank Atwell
S. Richardson
C. Moore
Alfred Numa
Wm. Young
Wm. Peacock
Wm. Sommers
Collection at La
Smaller sums

AND ABROAD.

[illegible]

Oxton Road Sunday School 1 0 1

Birmingham.

Carr's Lane.

Collected by Master Shaw.

A Friend.....	0 5 0
Presbyter.....	0 2 6
Anglican.....	0 2 6
A Friend of Missions.....	0 2 6
Smaller Sums.....	0 7 6
Edward Barnett, Esq.	5 5 0
<i>6l. 1s.</i>	

Lozell's Chapel.

Juvenile Collection 27 1 4

Bishop Auckland Sunday School 0 10 0

Brewood.

Collected by—

Mary Andon.....	0 8 3
William Dove.....	0 3 5
<i>11s. 6d.</i>	

Bromley Common. Cottage Sunday School, additional 0 11 0

Bromyard.

Misses Osborn..... 0 4 10

Brosely. Sunday School ... 1 10 0

Buckinghamshire, L. C. M. 0 10 0

Huntingford, Sunday School 4 0 0

Campbeltown, Dalarnan Sabbath School, additional 0 4 1

Carmarthen.

Mary Ann Davies 0 3 6

John Davies 0 2 6

5s.

Chelsfield. Collected by Master Joseph Jenkins ... 0 13 4

Cranbrook.

Congregational Chapel,

Collected by—

Miss F. Dungey.....	0 7 0
Miss E. Dodson.....	0 8 0
Miss H. Jenner.....	0 2 0
Miss M. Moore.....	0 2 0
Miss A. Kope.....	0 2 6
Misses A. and H. Heaven.....	0 12 0
Misses E. and F. Spurgeon.....	0 11 0
Miss P. Widen.....	0 6 6
Master F. Igoulden.....	0 4 0
Master C. Williams.....	0 6 6
Smaller Sums.....	0 10 7
<i>34. 11s. 7d.</i>	

Miss Jen
Small SuEbenezer
Stewart
Hyde PaDenton,
lected
dingtonLondon
Childre
F. S. and
Mary anDagley L
lectionDumfriesshire
Sabbat
ClassesDundee
SabbatEaling,
per M.Elling, n
Collect
GibertElland,
SundaysFrome, 2
School

Fre

Pe

Sabbath
Elizabeth

Joanna T

Isabella

Isabella

Charles

Baird
Ritche L

St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Miss Deven	0 4 4
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Miss S. Downie	0 2 8
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Miss J. Downie	0 8 7
St. John's Church.	1 10 0	Miss M. Knight	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Miss D. Lewis	1 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Miss M. Lewis	0 4 1
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Miss S. Oakey	0 7 8
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Miss Thompson	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Mrs. Westall	0 0 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 8	Smaller sums	0 12 8
St. John's Church.	1 0 0		St. O., St.

Sabbath School.		Hastings, Robertson Street	
Sabbath School.		School, in addition to	
Sabbath School.		St. O., St. previously	
Sabbath School.		acknowledged	0 8 0

Croft Chapel.

Collected by Young Ladies at
Norman House.

St. John's Church.	1 5 8	Miss Jessie Hardy	2 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Miss Walkden	1 0 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 1	Miss Richardson	0 10 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 7	Miss Bonny	0 0 0
St. John's Church.	0 9 0	Miss Overy	0 4 10
St. John's Church.	1 4 7	Miss Thorne	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Miss Dewar	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	1 7 2	Smaller sums	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 12 2		St. O., St.
St. John's Church.	0 10 0		
St. John's Church.	0 8 7		
St. John's Church.	0 9 0		
St. John's Church.	0 2 8		
St. John's Church.	0 2 8		

St. John's Church.		High Wycombe. Collected	
St. John's Church.		by Miss Turner	0 8 0

St. John's Church.		Holy Moor Side, near Uxbridge.	
St. John's Church.		Independent Sunday School.	

St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Heater A. Bingham	0 2 4
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Ellen Tomlinson	0 4 10
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Walter Bingham	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	William Green	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Harriet Briggs	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Ellen Lowe	0 4 7
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	W. Harrison	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	James Hollows	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Joe Wilkinson	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Harriet Brown	0 0 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	George H. Whitton	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	William Dronfield	0 2 4
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	John Evans	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Thomas Hopkinson	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Elizabeth Brown	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Emily Clayham	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Percy and Simon Mathew	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Bertha and Eliza Mathew	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Annie Maxfield	0 4 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Ellen Lindsay	0 4 11
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Winnie Bishop	0 2 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Smaller sums	0 11 0
St. John's Church.	0 10 0		St. O., St.

St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Hornsea, Congregational	
St. John's Church.	0 10 0	Sabbath School	0 5 0

Huntly.

Sabbath School.

Per Mr. Crueshank,

Garty.

Collected by—

Miss Mary Stuart and Miss Helen Dallas	0 5 7
Miss Mary Grant and Miss Ann McGregor	0 17 11
Miss Margaret Fraser and Miss Jessie Smart	0 10 10

Collections in Schools.

<i>Huntly</i>	1 5 5
<i>Kinross</i>	1 0 2
<i>Bothwellseat</i>	0 11 4
<i>Longhill</i>	0 8 9
	57.

Itfracombe. Collected by
A. Huxtable and Lydia
Perrin

1 10 0

Ipswich.

Nicholas Chapel.

Agnes Hammond	0 7 2
Annie Prentice	0 4 0
Jane Coleman	0 6 3
Lily Raven	0 12 5
Mira Cooper	0 7 6
Jessie Bradley	0 5 6
Arthur G. Shatford	0 0 6
Laura Garrod	0 4 3
Edgar H. Frost	0 2 0
Ellen Taylor	0 2 2
Kate Morey Kaff	0 5 0
Bilza Garrett	0 3 6
L. and J. Higgs	0 10 6
Frederick U. Read	0 6 7
A. Hubbard	0 6 0
Augusta L. Woods	0 4 4
Alice Noble	0 3 0
S. Bird	0 3 0
B. M. Hunt	0 14 0
Alfred Thurston Parsons	0 7 1
Charlotte Stevens	0 3 1
S. Mayhew	0 0 0
Harry Clarke	0 10 0
Joseph Henry Thurston	0 3 10
Mr. Warrington, by Lectures	1 10 4
Mrs. Shepherd's School	0 8 5
Miss Prentice	0 5 0
Emma Fisk	0 2 0
Mrs. William Bant	0 7 3
Dorcas Clarke	0 2 2
E. Russell	0 4 0
Samuel Saunders	0 3 0
Ellen Parrow	0 2 0
Arden Butler	0 7 0
William Bantock	0 4 7

Bessie L.
Joseph L.
Edward
Emily B.
Julia A.
Miss T.
George
Edgar P.
Clayde
P. M. L.
Miss A.
H. C. S.
Bilan B.
Jane B.
Thomas
Thomas
Smaller

Jaffa.
Agnes

Kirkcaldy.
terian
School

Kidders.

Sarah A.
Fanny
Emma
Rosa H.
Alice F.
Ann F.
Annie L.
Warham
Annie L.
Sarah W.
A. G. B.
George
John J.
Whiston
Sturrier

Lennox.
Collier
Cath

Green.

Miss E.
Miss L.

Annie L.
Cuthbert
Philip
Daniel
John W.

.....	0 3 3	Annie Marriot.....	0 3 1
.....	0 3 2	Rebecca Canice.....	0 3 10
.....	0 7 3	Ann Canice.....	0 3 9
24.		Charles Brown.....	0 6 6
.....		— Ferguson.....	0 2 0
.....	0 3 0	Francis Bentley.....	0 4 6
.....		William Johnstone.....	0 2 6
.....		J. F. Pollitt.....	0 12 0
.....		John William Hutton.....	0 17 3
.....		James Hutton.....	0 11 2
.....	1 0 0	Martha Hutton.....	0 3 4
.....		Janet Hutton.....	0 4 6
.....		Mr. McFarlane's Class.....	0 16 1
.....		Samuel Gallimore.....	0 13 6
.....		Joseph Leigh.....	0 3 0
.....		John Cameron.....	0 3 0
.....		Charles Harrison.....	0 2 0
.....		James, William, and Arthur Welch.....	0 10 0
.....		Mary H. Dobson.....	0 3 6
.....		Smaller sums.....	0 2 3
25. 7s. 6d.			

High Schools, Primarily;

Female Side.

.....	0 3 0	Miss S. Fuller.....	0 3 0
.....	2 10 4	Miss P. Finney.....	2 10 4
.....		The Misses and Master Richard Fletcher Halden- dale.....	0 3 0
.....	1 2 0	Miss Fleming.....	1 2 0
.....	1 3 0	Miss Griffith.....	1 3 0
.....	1 3 0	Miss A. E. Armitage.....	1 3 0
.....	1 2 8	Miss S. Jackson.....	1 2 8
.....	1 1 0	Miss M. H. Gunnington.....	1 1 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Lily Fendlow.....	0 10 0
.....	0 13 0	Miss A. Williams.....	0 13 0
.....	0 14 0	Miss Halliwell.....	0 14 0
.....	0 12 0	Miss M. A. Gleave.....	0 12 0
.....	0 12 0	Miss J. Donaville.....	0 12 0
.....	0 11 8	Miss E. Riversdale.....	0 11 8
.....	0 11 1	Miss Charlotte E. Elliott.....	0 11 1
.....	0 10 0	Miss Warton.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Sarah Jones.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Broome.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss M. A. Jones.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Sykes.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Ann Dawson.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss H. Nightingale.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Mrs. Sharples.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss A. Pollard.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Mary Beatrice Ladvard.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss H. Newton.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Mary A. Bridle.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Elizabeth Davies.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Annie Dean.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Sarah Fox.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Walsh.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss A. H. Martin.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss K. Bates.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss M. A. Johnson.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Elizabeth Pugh.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Eleanor Brindle.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Jessie A. Dean.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Anna Jones.....	0 10 0
.....	0 10 0	Miss Lew.....	0 10 0

Miss C. Brown	0	5	0	From
Miss H. A. Bates	0	5	0	
Miss Mary Darlington	0	3	0	Anne Hill
Miss Phillips	0	5	0	Sarah Hood
Miss Martha Davenport	0	5	4	B. A. Pim
Miss M. A. Gagnon	0	4	8	Sarah Stod
Miss A. Hares	0	4	7	Smaller S
Miss Rachel Kirkham	0	4	5	
Miss B. Roberts	0	4	0	
Miss A. Barber	0	4	0	
Miss Ellen Moore	0	4	0	Margate.
Miss Mansell	0	4	0	
Miss B. Lounds	0	4	0	
Miss Ellen Lakerwood	0	3	0	
Miss S. Ellison	0	3	4	
Miss Mary Hunt	0	3	0	
Miss S. Griffiths	0	3	0	St. Matt
Miss E. Bradley	0	3	0	
Miss Elizabeth Hall	0	3	0	
Miss Helen Dunn	0	3	0	Sabbath S
Miss M. J. Abbot	0	2	0	Juvenile S
Miss Sarah Jones	0	2	0	Class
Miss E. A. Hulme	0	2	11	
Miss M. J. Kay	0	2	10	
Miss Martha Kenworthy	0	2	10	New Brun
Miss Cannon	0	2	0	gational
Miss S. M. Smetham	0	2	0	

Male Side.

Master W. Wilkinson	2	5	0	St. Paul's
John, James, and William Denn	3	3	0	Parliament
Master E. Cummins	1	0	0	
Master J. Livingston	0	10	4	Collected
Master A. Elderton	0	13	2	
Master J. W. McLaughlin	0	11	0	Isannah V
12th Class Males	0	14	0	Isabella H
Master S. Peckett	0	10	0	Elizabeth
Master Worthington Led- ward	0	7	7	Elizabeth
1st Class Males	0	7	2	Sarah Ann
Master W. Hoggard	0	7	0	Ellen G. C
Master M. Radcliffe	0	6	5	Ellen Jane
Master A. Radford	0	5	2	Sarah Tess
3rd Class Males	0	5	0	Elizabeth
Master A. Sheldon	0	5	0	Ann Colpi
Master E. Canhill	0	4	5	Margaret
Master H. Mott	0	4	0	Smaller S
Master T. W. Sheldon	0	4	0	John Par
Master C. Howard	0	3	0	Joseph G
Master W. Moss	0	3	0	Thomas M
Master J. Grimshaw	0	2	0	Thomas B
Master C. Perry	0	2	3	Benjamin
Master R. Heap	0	2	11	Robert Ch
Master W. Hale	0	2	0	William T
Master J. Taylor	0	3	1	John Wood
Master T. Greenhalgh	0	2	8	William T

Infant School.

Master James Palmer, Jun.	0	2	0	Thomas S
Master Joseph Davies	0	3	1	Robert W
Master Joseph Waring	0	3	0	Anna Chas
Freemasons from Dissolving Views	0	4	8	Smaller S

Northam.
Pickard

[illegible]

Emily Johnston	0 3 7	Miss E.
Mary Ann Laycock	0 3 3	Miss E.
Elizabeth Bailey	0 3 7	Mr. J. H.
William Waugh	0 0 0	Smaller
T. W. Clarkson	0 7 2	
Peter Laycock	0 3 7	
Robert Slater	0 3 1	
David Wade	0 2 10	
Frederick Laycock	0 2 0	

Missionary Boxes.

Mr. Farey's Class	0 7 1	
Mr. Shuttleworth's do.	0 5 11	
Miss Hudson's do.	0 3 0	
Mr. Dawson's do.	0 3 10	
Mr. J. Lambert's do.	0 3 1	
Mr. Cornthwaite's do.	0 9 1	
Smaller Sums	1 15 2	
sl. 15s. 2d.		

South Cheriton.

Collected by—

Miss Thirsa Gulliford	1 1 6	Sunday
Miss Bowsey	0 4 3	Waltham
Master J. Bowsey	0 3 9	Prentice
11, 9s. 6d.		Waltham

Stalybridge. Congrega-	
tional Sunday School	2 17 0

Scaussea.

Fabian's Bay Independent Chapel.

Collected by—

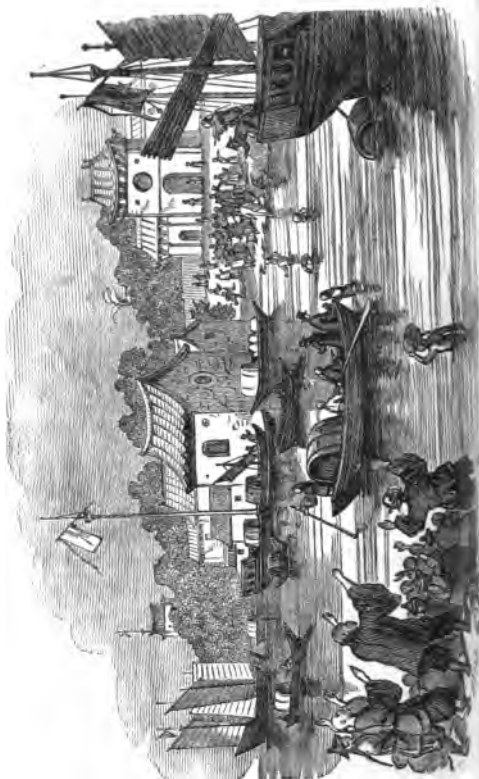
M. Bullon	0 15 0	Woodlark
S. J. Bowen	0 7 8	gation
D. Thomas	0 2 6	
Sarah Bowen	0 2 7	
David Lewis	0 5 0	
Mary Johns	0 4 0	
James Wallace Holmes	1 3 0	Sunday
Smaller Sums	0 5 8	
21, 7s. 5d.		

Trefgarth.

Collected by—

Miss A. Charles	0 5 8	Miss B.
Miss M. Hattie	0 5 1	John M.
Miss A. Wright	0 0 0	Joan L.
Miss E. Charles	0 4 7	David U.
		Jonathan
		William
		Smaller

Further contributions unavowed



THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1865.  
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THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD IN CHINA.

WE need scarcely observe that, in a country so large and populous as China, there are multitudes who are utter strangers to the art of reading, or who have advanced little beyond the first rudiments of learning. The higher and well-to-do classes of the male sex enjoy, indeed, the advantages of scholastic training; and, under what is called the *competitive system*, a powerful stimulus has been given to education among those classes. But, although there is much to approve in the moral precepts of the great Chinese sage Confucius, and a knowledge of many useful arts has been widely scattered throughout the empire, it must be borne in mind that China has for ages been sunk in profound heathenism. It is only, therefore, in a few of the principal cities and towns where the precious Gospel has of late years been proclaimed by the missionaries that we know the knowledge of Christ and His great salvation, together with a glimmering

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of the science and learning of the West, to penetrate.

But, whilst a few rays only of light have yet reached the interior of this *Land*, it is most encouraging to find considerable numbers of the people beginning to read in their own tongue the books sent by the missionaries, but their most remarkable extraordinary eagerness to obtain knowledge.

As an instructive and amusing anecdote, I present our young readers with an extract from the journal of the Rev. Mr. Hall (in company with an invalid friend) who undertook, in the spring of 1840, an arduous tour from his station at Ning-po to Ning-tung-fu, the capital of the province.

"Six miles farther on," writes Mr. Hall, "we arrived at the central and largest place of the province. This is Sheng-fang, where also we first saw a cross, being the first time that they had seen a foreign doctrine." It is a considerable town, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and is about two miles in length. The population is probably over 40,000. There are many respectable men and others. A large temple is situated here, and a great festival is held in the month of August. The population for miles round crowd in to see it.

"Our boat was hardly anchored when a difficulty which was new in our experience occurred. The difficulty that Chang and I encountered was, that once besieged for the boats to pass, I pushed my way across the bridge, I pushed

was so great that I had to ask a man to guide us to a larger space. He found us a capital stand, and was himself very useful. I told them the story of the widow's son. There is a wonderful lesson in 'Bible stories.' Latterly I have been busy with this. One may preach away most of the day, and plainly, illustrating as best we can, and yet the moment some incident from the Bible is told, and the lessons taught by it naturally come before the eye is fixed; and one is led to ask whether the Holy Spirit does not specially honour the Gospel of the Son of man.

At T'aiteh, where the tale of the leper had been told, they listened patiently while told of their own cure; and I now found it so again at Chang-shan. A minute before Chang-shan-sung had tried to get a hearing: a few listened, the mass were asleep, while some walked off. But the poor were awakened when told of Christ's mercy to them. Half-an-hour I had as quiet an audience as I ever had.

After the service, we asked for the reading men, in order to get our books. For a moment all went well; but the eagerness of the people broke all bounds, and it was needful to announce that we would give them books if they must buy. At once fifty hands were raised; and, for fear lest others should forestall us, there was a rush forward on the part of such to get their books from us. Again and again we repeated that we had no more. More than once, by main force, I kept those who crowded up the temple steps from getting books. There was nothing for us but to beat the drum and make for our boat; but not to sail. The crowd followed us, and for upwards of

three hours there was a scene of the most exciting interest. Over a thousand must have visited us. Kept constantly supplied with books by Mr. Hall, who most of the time remained inside, out of the turmoil, and with the boatmen and others trying to keep order, it was still more than I could do to supply the demand. Many a time, in sheer self-defence, I had to clear the boat; for they swarmed upon it like bees, and some poor lads got ducked repeatedly; but, nothing daunted, their cash was the next minute once more presented, and they got one book only to return the succeeding minute for another. The men on shore, except when they wished a forty-cash Testament, trusted all to these nimble messengers. Soon the bank presented an extraordinary appearance. It was a gradual slope of considerable height, and crowded from top to bottom with natives. I was too busy to notice much, but Hall speaks of it as the most wonderful thing he has seen in China. Many were supplied with books; and these were being opened and read with eager curiosity. Numbers more were, with outstretched hands, demanding the coveted treasure. The perspiration ran down my face. I begged for rest. They crowded round the open window. I expostulated, got angry. No; books they wanted, and books they would have. We resolved to drop down the river. As we took up the anchor half-a-dozen fell into the water. No matter, they followed us down the bank. We crossed, and shut up shop for awhile, leaving Chang to preach while we had a quiet stroll. They pressed us with questions and entreaties for books. We soon found there was no rest for us at Sheng-fang. It was close on seven o'clock, and I was worn out. I began to fear, too, that the excitement would be too much for Brother Hall. So we resolved to go. Before leaving,

however, I mounted a high grave-mound, and preached again. There must have been 500 present. They were as attentive as before. We now said 'Good-bye.' When a mile from the town, scores still lined the bank, crying, 'Don't go, don't go! let me have one book. See, here is money: only one!' We thought to supply just these, and pass on. No sooner had we pulled to one bank than those on the opposite one pulled off their clothes, and, holding them upon their heads with one hand, while the other contained their money, plunged into the water towards us (*see frontispiece*). As soon as it was known we had stopped, the stream again began to pour from the town. We once more pulled up anchor; but some of our fellows followed the boat for two miles, until their leadings proved successful. Being told that the stream we were upon became, a little farther on, too shallow for boats, there was no plan but to return on our course to T'aiteù and take another."



NARRATIVE OF ELIKANA, A NATIVE CHRISTIAN OF MANAHIKI.

(Concluded from p. 343.)

NEW AND SINGULAR ADVENTURES.

"Elikana now prepared to leave. All were grieved, and hurried to give him a parting present of whatever they had handy. The men gave him each a bonito pearl shell fish-hook, and the women went with a cocoanut of girdle each. Next morning at sunrise he beat the drum, and assembled all for a farewell meeting, and then went to the ship with his son and the other two men from Manahiki, and sailed away. The vessel went to Tuna, or Horne Island; and here the captain, from

mitted to the upper side of the door, and sought immediate access to Tangaroa. He presented a humble petition, entreating that he would graciously grant the same, and again to Rarotonga and reinhabit it, defend and bring up his poor orphans.

Is not that a strange prayer ? I first heard of it ; yet I could not doubt the cunning of the old priest ; for the bravest warriors would be deceived by such a story.

Now, unfortunately, Tangaroa heard the great multitude of spirits were petitioning, and present their petition. So this was his turn to attend and take his turn. What a poor old man Tangaroa must be to keep such a multitude of crowds ! But so it was. And he waited a long time—some months. At last he heard his prayer, and seeing that he was in his body and save the poor orphans, he sped he ran down the sky-valley, and swam across the sea to Tuoroa, to search the wicked ghosts, and reach the grave in which he found the grave in which he began to dig it up again. He found it beside the grave, and when he had dug it up, only the skeleton. He tried to dig it up for some strong roots of the tree, and he put ear-holes, through the eye-holes, and between the ribs, so that he could be firmly fixed to the ground. He tried to dig it, but in vain ; and in vain as he could not recover his body, he would attend his orphan boys.

a guardian angel. Tangaroa gave him permission to do so, and told him he might punish and kill any warrior, including Maken himself, the greatest chief on the island, who in the slightest degree might wrong the poor orphan. This strange story saved the boy's life. No savage dare touch the lad who was attended and protected by a real ghost. He grew up to manhood, and became a mighty man of war.

This story sounds very ridiculous to our English ears. Is it possible that strong men could believe such a silly fiction, and be scared by it? It is more than possible; and it is very pitiful and very sad to observe how blind and foolish, as well as wicked, men become who have no Bible and no knowledge of the only true God and His Son Jesus Christ. Happily for us, we were born in a Christian land and in Christian homes. The beautiful light of the Gospel shone around our heads as we lay in our cradles; and Christian parents have taught us so much about God and Christ and the way of salvation that we can laugh at the follies of heathendom. Shall we not try more than ever to send the glorious Gospel to those dark lands?

“ Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Hath learned Messiah's name.”

A BIBLE-WOMAN'S

LON

DESCRIBED

SOME time ago, when I bro
window garden, you asked r
how I managed my plants
led me to take interest in c
me real pleasure ; and my
look so very nice that all wh
them.

I love flowers ; they seem
the more we study them,
blance. In the morning th
they wither and die ; and d
And when each morning
flowers, my heart rises in
Father for the care He bee
well as unprofitable plants,
gether in His field until the

These flowers read such
those who will learn ! W
pot and cover it with moul
before I see it springing up
of it *never* ! How like the
sown, and, alas ! never spr
as it falls upon the hard he

When I water my plant
water my soul with the d
"living water"—it would l
seed before it is sown teach
a tiny thing it is to produce
not more strange than that

body should be laid in the dust till the last trumpet shall sound, and then be raised a glorified body fit to live in Paradise. Again, when my flowers look bright and gay, I am reminded of the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," where

" Everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

How good is our heavenly Father to create such lovely forms for our pleasure, and to make them so cheap that every poor person may procure a pot or two for his window!

But I must, dear madam, describe to you my garden, I have two large windows looking to the east; so they get the early morning sun. I have a box fixed to each window, and in the box I place my pots in order; the first row being small pots filled with convolvulus and sweet peas and nasturtiums—these gracefully droop over the box; next a row of geraniums, "Tom Thumbs;" and raised behind these, golden calceolarias; in the centre is a pot of blue Canterbury bells, which contrast well with the scarlet and gold. Above all towers a lovely rose in full bloom, with fuchsias and tall geraniums, pinks and carnations.

The use of flowers in my window.—First, I do not require any blind or curtain beside, as the plants in the box and on the window-sill serve instead, and those in baskets suspended from the top, for a curtain. They also keep my room very shady and cool, a pleasant retreat in the heat of the day, when I return, tired or disappointed, from the work of my district; but the change to my room and pretty flowers is so great, that I soon regain strength and encouragement from the certainty that the Lord who makes these to grow will in due time bless

also the labours of His ser-
 Spirit to shine into the he-
 in the district. So my own s-
 able again to go forth with G-

Tending and watering and
 in the morning has dispelle
 so has been to me a cheap
 neighbours wonder how I fin
 them early rising gives me no
 pleasure. I rejoice to add,
 "window garden" in the distr
 example, and there is scarcely
 plants may not be seen.—*Jur*
of the United Presbyterian C

A SCHOOL-TREE

IN spite of the odd mixture c
 and finery, there was a certa
 herent in them all. Every I
 put on a veil: if you lead I
 will, with one turn of her h
 the most graceful folds po
 European child can manage t

At seven o'clock the child
 sent on in an advance guar
 after, a donkey being laden v
 carrying a basket with the es
 cakes flavoured with saffron,
 sweetmeats. Coffee, in the
 added to these dainties.

The spot selected, under
 tree, and surrounded by hedg

quite removed from the road. Each little girl was on the happiness of having a flower stuck in

her Arab blanket had been spread on the ground to sit on, and cakes and coffee were served, and the matron sat calmly smoking her *narghileh*, or pipe, on her own carpet close by.

When the feast was over, the younger ones danced in a ring of little boughs in a perfect ecstasy of merriment, while the older girls seemed to find no pleasure in following us about, pointing to the flowers, and then, suddenly throwing their arms round us, exclaiming, "I love thee much!" with eyes really sparkling with affection. How often had it been said, "I make nothing of Moslem girls;" but the key-note was wonderfully powerful (and equally so in every opening the doors of young hearts.

They claimed, just as they had ended singing, "How it is here in the garden, is it not?"

I answered; "but oh, Saida! I know of a place where I shall go one day—*insanabellah*; and where roses have no thorns," I added, looking at the girls who had scratched their hands.

My teacher! will you not take me with you? said the child; and several little voices echoed, "Oh!"

In an opening for a little conversation about the

"Where fairer bowers than Eden bloom,
And never-withering flowers."

Our hearts were softened by innocent happiness, and I listened willingly and asked many questions. My teacher! you said we should have white robes

there," exclaimed one bright
be always *clean*!"

I endeavoured to show him
and purity so often meant
belonging to the robes of
of the purity of heart of
This image is peculiarly plain
youngest and most ignorant
it was becoming very hot,
the veils were resumed, and
home.—*Miss Whately.*

A GOOD DEED

WHEN everything seemed
main knocked gently at the
it: he went in with an air
voice—

"The weather has cleared
and the full moon shines!
I mean to go up to the woods
sleep without his supper.
milk, a quarter of a loaf, and
which I hid while Jeanne

"You are going to the
down to the grotto, I beseech
the opportunity of sending
socks which I have just fit

"The very thing: it resembles
shoes which are too small
sure they would fit M. I
badly he wants them."

Germain embraced M.

lifting up her heart in prayer for his safety. An hour every one, even the dog Castor, was that the young lad slipped out of the house, only that the night was too brilliant. However, no one missed him; for in a country village the night is not its proper use as well as the day. The boy passed over the ground so nimbly: he seemed without looking to his steps, or caring for the path. Soon covered him up to his knees, he ran through the village, up the first acclivities, and over the hills. Sometimes dazzled by the sudden bursting of light from behind a cloud, sometimes plunged in deep obscurity. He saw the face of the country covered with brilliant and dark masses, which seemed to be pursuing and devouring each other. But the woods that these striking contrasts of light surprised him most. The trees and bushes, once lightened up and the next enveloped in shade, blowing in the wind, seemed almost like living animals, waving their arms and heads, waving them about with various expressions. These might be taken for encouragements to proceed, or threatenings to warn him to stop, and when to this are added the mournful sighs of the wind among the branches, the rustling of the leaves under his feet, and the cries of the screech-owl, almost felt a sensation which had never assailed him before, and of which he was not a little ashamed; at the same time he was not sorry when he reached the top of the rock, and could sit down for a moment at the foot of the chestnut-tree to recover his breath. From that point the whole ravine opened itself before him. He had never before seen anything so wild or so sublime: the river, unfolding itself in the depth below, looked like a living serpent; the sportive moonlight, playing alter-

nately with the s
firs, and the rich s
duced the most
length, thoroughly
he had indulged, h
gave the accuston
times, but receiv
attempt: an echo
and all again was
even by this: he t
but without succes

"Surely some m
said, in great anx
ran to the descent
the dangerous and
uncertain and dece
him would have sh
would have been
young feet, well ac
might well have h
slippery by the rail
the place where th
moment, and his c
vered himself in a
both his hands, let
does was successful
was passed; but w
the platform a new
him in the grötto?

He approached
cautiously. The n
fears were dissipa
slumber. He adv
daring to set his fo

those reproaches he now dreaded. He sat in, watched him, and listened to his regular ill breathing. What peace! what serenity! What Gospel comfort in the heart of one who so calmly amidst such discomforts, and with the sword of human tyranny hanging by a hair over his head, the peace and consolation of Christ were his. The Bible was lying open by the lamp, now ex-

Its cheering words had soothed him to sleep as a mother lulls her infant in her arms. There were some few broken fragments which betrayed the repast he had made on that day, shells of the hard nuts which had been his only food. As he listened, he heard his own name and his sister's pronounced. A smile flitted over the pale face of the sufferer as he uttered them. Germain could resist himself no longer, but, seizing his hand, he

"friend, it is I; it is Germain, who has brought supper."

Germain started up, and exclaimed—

Germain, you! What pain you have given

He seized both the hands of the boy in his own, and his black eyes, fixed steadfastly upon him, expressed at once the most tender affection and mournful

"must go, then," he said; "we must part, Ger-

"I never, never!"

"Do you wish me to believe in your friendship, and to ask your word? Do you think so ill of me as to think I should prefer exposing your life to losing my

"Forgive me, sir! it is not come again without you."

Lepage shook his hand.

"Now I shall be off,"

"The moon shines bright there which will soon cover for them. You will not question now."

Wishing him good night but Lepage insisted on a dangerous pass, that he waited there until the signal above, which assured him returned to his cave, murmured her rights: interest began to feel too certain too light on the preceding and counted his wealth. on one side of the basket the other; and, hungry latter, which were neatly attention.

"She has made them handled the fleecy presence After paying this just tribute to his simple fare, and had done since he had vengeance of Robespierre.

Germain got home again. However, Castor barked, creaked, and the nightly sound that his charitable mission person certainly was away

on the watch for a long time in great room. She coughed three times, and he It was enough. In a few moments they dly asleep, and remained so till daylight. *Fugitives of the Cevennes."*

SERPENT-CHARMERS.

memorial a peculiar race of men, called s, have existed in those countries where found. These snake-charmers are men- gan writers, and also in the Scriptures. Psalms, speaks of the adder, the asp or closes its ears and becomes deaf to the charmer, let him charm never so wisely." y was that the serpent was so cunning heard the voice of the charmer, he laid close to the ground, and stopped up the tail. The snake-charmers pursue to this opation in India and Egypt, and have er- power or tricks even in this country.

n jugglers, or snake-charmers, frequently tricks at fairs and festivals in India; and t they can even do this while the reptile is of his poison fangs, making him go through ments, in the upright position peculiar to to the music of a small flute. This is called -capelle's dance; but how the jugglers obtain ver the venomous beast is not clearly known. hat, before the commencement of the per- he serpents are made to bite pieces of red all the venom is exhausted; and, in order to to the dance, that the jugglers cover their

hands with a jug, and the small stick, and that, when the jug is presented to them, and they cause themselves given the mode of treatment is, the for hours the head and appearing ready to strike by some spell or power in the doctor, seems supernatural.—

A MOTHER TELL

A POOR woman was found in any village, by Mr. M. She was old, and thin, and could stand up. When she saw me for she had never seen me, she spoke kindly to her, and said

"My mother, fear not, I will do you no harm. How came you here?"

After recovering her consciousness, she said
"I have been here four days, and here to die."

"Your children!" exclaimed I.

"Yes," she said; "my son and two daughters. They have left me on the blue mountain, and have gone home."

"Why did they leave you?"

Spreading out her bony arms, she said
"You see, and therefore I am alone. When they kill game, I am not able to eat the flesh; I am not able to carry it, and I can no longer carry out the work I used to do."

not afraid of the lions?" asked Mr. Moffat, his eyes.

"Thin there is nothing on my bones for the and they won't take the trouble to touch me,"

It would have taken her with him to his he could not. So he left her some food, for her fire, and promised to return and get soon as possible.

Left, her heartless children heard that Mr. visited her, and, fearing that he might be a chief who would punish them for their went after her and took care of her as long

as heathenism appears as it is set forth at the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, described as making and leaving men dis- parents, without understanding, without tion, implacable, unmerciful.



BEGINNING TO DO GOOD.

Is you to do something. He has a place and you even when little. He begins with you g, and asks love and labour and gifts accord- age and ability, that you may be trained in greater things in the future. You notice in it is the little flowers that are first seen, and forth their sweetness; and it is only as the vances that the larger flowers blossom and fragrance. It is first the rill, then the brook, the deep and broad river. So with you, dear you have to grow. To read you must begin C, and to work you must do things suited to

your size and strength. This
 with the little ones and the lit
 anxious to teach you in the m
 you in the best of causes. W
 thing for the heathen who
 knowledge, that the habit of
 feeling and sympathy awaken
The Macedonian.

ON THE SAILING OF THE

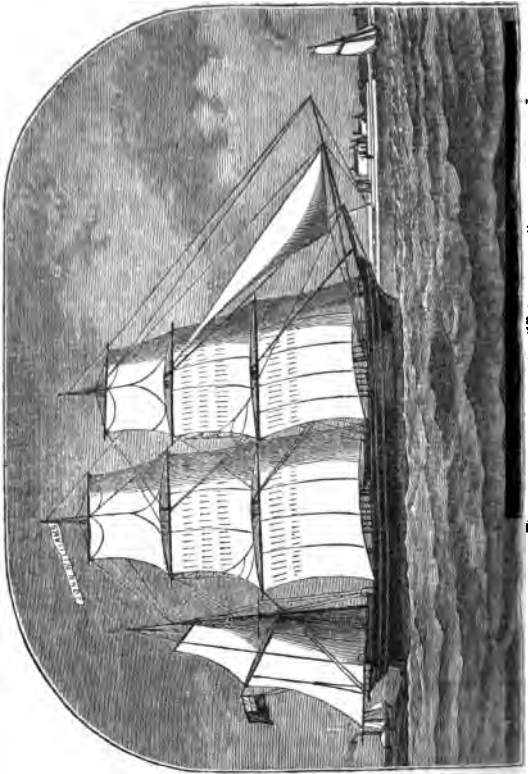
“JOHN WILSON”

SPEED on, speed on, ye
 Across the stormy sea
 To lands where days are
 And where the gent
 Wafts odours from the
 Where flowers unce
 But where a moral da
 As cheerless as the

But there's a good tin
 When those benight
 Shall hear the Gospel
 Along their rocky st
 When the Maori's dar
 Shall rise to Heaven
 And spiteful hate and
 Shall yield to peace

Then speed ye on, ye
 Like Templar Knight
 Unfurl your banner to
 And all your stores
 And should an Error
 Burst forth where'er
 May Heaven's broad s
 And send off e'er'y b

Yes! speed ye on—the
 May sometime deck
 Methinks the risk you
 Ye e'en might wear
 For of the joys of Fall
 Ye break th' endure
 That blighted shores
 And hear the Sahara



THE SQUADRON SHIP "JOHN WILLIAMS."

THE
MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

FEbruary 1, 1866.

THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

Our Number contained a full account of the circumstances attending the departure of a new ship at Aberdeen; and, now we hope, fairly set out on her long and arduous series of voyages, to extend over the year, our young friends will, assuredly, be glad to receive a few parting words from her.

With salutations and prayers and good wishes from many of the friends of Missions, the "Hesperus" sailed from Gravesend on Thursday the 1st day of the new year. Besides her crew, she had on board, as passengers, two missionaries and their wives, all bound for the Pacific. Of these missionaries, one was to be stationed at Samoa, a fourth at Rarotonga. The good ship also carried large quantities of supplies, clothing-apparel, for the Mission families and native teachers, with innumerable articles of trade.

for domestic use, or for exchange with the means of obtaining the parts of the world which

All went well with us, we proceeded down channel in the morning, when a violent storm of several days such was experienced that all on board were in danger, but, in the gracious providence of God, we were enabled, on Friday, to reach Weymouth in safety, and were most kindly welcomed by the authorities, and J. Lewis, and others, who are happy to assure us that our good ship has sustained no injury beyond the loss of a few articles carried away in the storm. At the time our Magazine was again have left our ship for her distant voyage.

The first destination of our ship will be the great colonies, where myriads of our countrymen have found a home. The next will be our antipodes—that is, the world would be by a straight line through the centre of the globe. ideal, we must content ourselves with a roundabout course of travel. It is pleasant to think of the Australian colonies, so near

our countrymen have gone to settle, carrying with them their English industry and business habits, they have loved their God, and their fathers' land of their adoption. In all the ports and cities of these colonies places of worship have been erected; the Gospel in its purity is preached, and the schools are filled with happy groups of juvenile scholars.

When the signal is given of the arrival of a missionary ship at Adelaide, at Melbourne, at Hobart Town, and at each of which ports she is to pay a visit—crowds of young people, with their parents, hasten with eager steps to look upon her. Many cheerful voices will be heard to welcome her, and many hands will be sent over our money to pay for her voyage. We took our share with the mother country in this labour of love." To our friends at home belongs the chief credit of procuring and sending out the new missionaries. They will be glad to learn that many of our children in Australia, and also in the other colonies, have presented their offerings toward the work. In the colonies there are many kind, warm-hearted Christians who will give the missionaries a cordial welcome at their arrival; and during their stay meetings will be held, to enable the colonists to express their good-will to the missionaries, and their interest and sympathy on behalf

of the good men who
to convey to distant
Saviour's love.

After leaving Sydn
at which the ship will
direct for the beautif
fast as favourable win
are sure our young
speed and a prosperou
missionaries on board
from the natives who
and to bless with the

"A NARRATIVE OF
IN THE SOUTH

AMONGST the thous
have contributed to t
bably some who may
is called the "John W
an inquiry excite surp
man whose name s
rising generation ca
ship, then, be it re
former one wrecked
name in honour of t
of the best and most t
left the shores of Brit
Master's cause at the
of Erromanga.

In the year 1837, de

Williams published his very interesting and "A Narrative of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas." It was then an expense that we have the pleasure to announce now, of Paternoster Row, has brought out a new and large edition, with a preface by me, and illustrated, like the original, with beautiful plates, and sold at the new price of *one shilling* per copy.

It is a pleasure to assure our young friends, that in this narrative they will find a valuable fund of entertainment, and an instructive reading about Christian missions, which ought to give the book a prominent place in every library. We hope, therefore, that our juvenile readers who are not provided with copies will lose no time in procuring them. We hope, therefore, that our juvenile readers who are not provided with copies will lose no time in procuring them. We hope, therefore, that our juvenile readers who are not provided with copies will lose no time in procuring them.



SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

(Continued from p. 11.)

So what thousands of my young readers have paid a visit to the new missionary ship while she was in the docks, and with great delight examined the vessel from end to end. I spent some two hours near the ship, and two little shareholders went with me, and I had to answer hosts of questions, of all sorts of things. I had often described the ship, and the saloon, and the compass, and the rigging; but my past efforts

only prepared them to a
thus we spent two most ple
in my memory many thrill
tory, especially during the
Some of these I will tell, i
readers, who, I expect, are
Williams," to picture to th
vessel from island to island
visit the Isle of Pines. A
days from Sydney, we sigh
great hopes were naturally
would speedily cast away
Gospel of Jesus. Two na
visit been left there at th
promised to protect their pe
Their property consisted o
some tools in order to bu
and to help the natives
houses.

We approached the r
discovered the opening,
selves in a vast lagoon. A
could find anchorage in th
was one great objection—th
but, once within, no storm
to yourselves, the little "
because she was only half
anchor in the midst of an
lay about half a mile di
mountainous, and it was th
to the water's edge.

What seemed a small isl
a mile off, but this prove
promontory. As soon as

guard was loaded with powder and fired
several times. This was the usual signal which
gave on shore the arrival of the missionary
and patiently waited the result. The village
was several miles distant. We waited un-
til we saw two natives coming off in a small
canoe and drew near very cautiously, but at length

We had some natives on board who knew
our language, but very little, and it was with
difficulty we could interchange thought. We
promised a suitable reward if they would paddle
us round to the village where the teachers
resided, and request them to come on board,
but they seemed hesitating in mind. Their man-
ners were very mysterious. At length one of
them came into his canoe and went on shore, pro-
mising to fetch the teachers. This messenger started off
at four o'clock. Nothing further could be
done as the teachers could not possibly arrive till
dark. One native remained on board all night,
but would not go on shore, having evidently some im-
portance to communicate. Still he said nothing,
and finally he began to cry and wail aloud. This
excited inquiry and suspicion; and about eight
o'clock we were all at breakfast, he intimated that
the teachers had been put to death, and that
we should pull up our anchor and get away as fast as
possible. This communication startled and grieved all.
The native further informed us that, even
before he had been left on the island, the old
jealousy of the influence of the new Gospel;
an epidemic carried off some of the people
and a beloved relative of the principal chief—
had cunningly attributed the disease and the

death to the anger of the
overwhelmed with sorrow
friends, ordered the teacher
the two brave men, who
people with their lives in
preaching Jesus unto them
their emancipated spirits
rious army of martyrs. In
the extreme danger of our
was more than probable to
fleet of canoes filled with
and our vessel would be
mercy he knew of was a
immediately ordered the
to be unfurled, and in a few
sailing towards the opening
stated that this was very
between the coral walls and
was not space enough for
round. The vessel reached
being two points of the reef
to say, just as the ship
reef, the wind shifted forcing
the brig to be dashed in
moments were moments
seemed inevitable. We
savage natives, and already
the waves as they curled in
coral bank. If wrecked, we
have destroyed every one.
deck rushed to the side of
would preserve his people
the billow; we held on
crash. But no; the good

ing forward, and danger was passed. The catchers lifted their heads from the bulwarks at and gave deep sighs of relief. Not one spoken for some moments. The peril was too near for words. Although only a boy, forget as long as I live the incidents concerning escape from the Isle of Pines; the pain occasioned by the murder of the two teachers; and hurried departure; the passage through and the profound gratitude we all felt towards our kind and brave servants and the missionary ship out of so many and so fearful perils. This mind my young readers that the voyages of will often be beset with great dangers, not a stormy wind and tempest, but also from rats, from small harbours, and from the guns of the misguided savages. We suspect that two vessels had been attacked by the same island, their crews overpowered and the cargo seized and the vessel burnt in to destroy all evidence of the outrage. One of the vessels had been destroyed only a short time prior to our arrival at the island. Had we touched at the island of the island, we must, having no successful play, have fallen at once into the hands of the natives, and my little readers would never have seen these Short Stories by Arona.



FROM A MISSIONARY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Peeleton, British Kaffraria,

September 1, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Very pleasant would it be, if I may permit, to have a chat with you, through the

pages of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine," more frequently than is now possible; for most gladly would the missionary, working far away among the isles of the sea, treading Africa's deserts, India's plains, or threading his way through one of China's populous cities, do all in his power to stimulate you in aiding forward the great cause to which he has devoted himself for life; that, without fainting, you might toil on and pray still, until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdom of our God and of His Christ, and all flesh see the salvation of God.

Many of your friends engaged in the Mission-field have been once and again stimulated and encouraged by your efforts, and are led to hope that sympathies so early awakened may be more and more strengthened, until many of you, in maturer age, are found with the spirit of the missionary resting upon you, contemplating the still existing need and abounding misery of the heathen world, and presenting to God at once the earnest dedication of soul, saying, "Lord, here I am; send me."

MISSIONARIES IN SOUTH AFRICA INTERESTED ABOUT THE NEW SHIP.

It was with much interest that we, in foreign lands, heard of your being once again engaged in collecting for a new missionary ship; and with deep pleasure we find that you have succeeded in accomplishing the desire of your hearts, and in once more providing for the missionaries of the South Seas a means of communication with each other and with their beloved native land. I think your hearts must swell with pardonable pride as you hear of the progress of your new vessel towards completion; then of her launch, and finally of her voyage, freighted with blessings for newly converted lands, and

o who shall make known to islands beyond
searchable riches of Christ.

addened by the tidings of the loss of your
uns;" but our sorrow gave place to gladness
nd you had determined to supply the need
at loss by a new ship, and have carried
termination so nobly until nothing more is
need be done.

MARKED OUT FOR THE YOUNG ON BEHALF OF THE HEATHEN.

regard this consummation of your wishes
on of your anxiety for the salvation of the
our desire that all lands should possess the
f His truth; yea, that Jesus, our Lord,
the travail of His soul and be satisfied; be-
re in the precious blessings He has purchased
t deep sorrow, that fearful agony and death.
want you to be as earnest and energetic this
very succeeding year, in collecting for our
y as you have been during the year that has

you will be startled at this, and exclaim,
are there more Mission ships to be supplied?
noble and dearly purchased yoness been
Cannot we cease to solicit our friends? At
must continue our efforts, give us a reason
—show us the necessity; give us the power
hose who ask a reason for a fresh renewal of
nd bounteous gifts."

ever, my dear young friends, see a comet
as the sky, with his wandering erratic light,
in be witnessed more frequently, an eclipse of
in? And, as you gazed upon these, were you

not struck by the thought, as you saw so many look upwards to these objects in the sky—"How easy is their attention arrested by this solitary wonder! They never heed the uprising of the sun in glory or the moon walking in brightness, nor ponder the stars in their courses! The singular, the apparently wonderful, the of rare occurrence, excites deep interest; but, if we look day by day into God's works, we might say a hundred things than these."

And so it is with us in reference to our fellow-creatures in reference to the heathen world. Your attention has been fixed upon the wreck of one ship, and you have been called out, and your powers in some measure taxed, to raise the means to purchase another; and thousands of wrecks line the shores of eternity, and thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge. Men are dying in sin because they live in ignorance; the gates of eternity is engulfing them as they strike upon one and another rock of ruin; and can you, will you, neglect your efforts? One soul could not be purchased for less than your Saviour's blood; the gold of Ophir could not be weighed for it: and shall it, then, perish, and you may add to send out one who shall seek until he be lost? Nobly you have aided in swelling the contributions at the Mission House; but it must not be less than £100,000, year by year, will not be less if you will persevere. Be diligent labour as for God, and realise that you are labouring to enlighten the darkness, removing the ignorance, overthrowing the power of sin, and thereby lessening the amount of misery in the fallen world. Apart from all considerations, apart from the hope that God will bless you in this work, such efforts may stamp your own character and life with an impress of benevolence and

which shall more than bring to you your

IES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A CHRIS- TIAN PEOPLE.

ther reason why we would have you give
rtily to this work.

u remember that the time when ancient
to decline, when, among others, Greece
emenced that degenerate course which
ubversion of the empires and prostration
was when they ceased to be actively em-
and apart from themselves. Riches had
r hearts were set upon them, luxuries were
asures indulged in, and habits formed
their more active and purer forefathers,
n found them out, and the ways which
to them proved at the end to be the ways

ometimes fear it may be with our beloved
on. How wonderfully and rapidly is her
asing and power extending; and we fear
be not acknowledged, if energy and wealth
rated to Him, if our power and our wealth
as ends and not as means, and means of
lim, then we too shall be considered as un-
ve too, having been weighed in the balance
wanting, having been tested and found worth-
as cast aside, that another nation may take
ho, possessing our privileges, may bring forth
hereof. Be, then, this year in earnest. Give
to Christ. Remember that you are not your
He has bought you with His blood; that all
an render is trifling compared to, nay, con-

trusted with that which He has done for you. Let His own words at once cheer and nerve you: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life."

In closing, I say, do not consider this a dull letter. Next time I will write more particularly about my own work in Kaffirland.

Your very sincere Friend,
THOMAS BROOKWAL.

"WITHOUT NATURAL AFFECTION."

DEAR CHILDREN,—You have read in the New Testament that fearful description of the wickedness of the heathen world which St. Paul gives. Among other things, he says they are "without natural affection;" that is, parents do not love their children, and children do not love their parents.

Perhaps you have sometimes wondered whether there were indeed any people so wicked as those there described. Now I have been living several years with the Hindus, who are among the most civilized of heathen nations. I will tell you some things that I have seen here, and you will say that St. Paul's description applies even to this people.

A DAUGHTER CASTS OFF HER MOTHER.

A few weeks ago I saw two women sitting before my door, the one a very aged, infirm person, and the other a strong, healthy woman. I asked them what they wanted. The younger one said, "Sir, this old woman wishes to be received into your almshouse. She has no children or relatives to take care of her, and she is too weak to work, or even to go about and beg." "And

I asked. She replied, "I am only a came to show her the way here." So I woman to stay in the almshouse a few afterwards learned that the woman who was her own daughter, married, and miles from here! As it was a rule not who had relatives with whom they could she must go home and live with her old woman fell down at my feet, and ad to be permitted to stay. She said her daughter had turned her out of doors, give her anything to eat, and that, if sent, she would starve. Was not that daughter "without natural affection," when she could thus cast in her old age and weakness, and leave her to be fed by strangers?

SHE THROWS AWAY HER CHILD.

The girl, who has been watched over from her mother, will say, "Children may pervert their parents, but I do not believe a mother to love her child." Well, then, I will tell you of an incident which will show that even mothers "without natural affection" for their children. I was sitting in my study, a man came up to me, and began to tell the following story. He was going to a village a few miles off yesterday, and passing by a hedge of prickly-pear, I heard a low cry of a little child in pain. On looking about, I saw a little child lying among the thorny bushes, struggling to get out. It had been thrown so far in among the thorns that I could not reach it; so I called some of the men of the place as quickly as I could, and we cut away the prickly-pear, till we could reach the little babe and

take it out. It was very deeply scratched by the thorns and covered with blood. We gave it some milk, and revived a little; but it was so badly hurt that it died a few hours." On inquiry, it was found that the mother of the child had herself carried her babe there and laid it among the thorns, hoping it would die before it could be found. But it lay there for hours, crying with all might, till the stranger came by and heard it. Can you think of anything more cruel? And was the mother "without natural affection," when she carried her living babe and threw it among the thorns to die? Truly the heathen have changed very little in a better place the time of St. Paul.

SELF-TORTURE OF HINDUS; OR, UNDOING DEVOTERS.

SUCH sights as these are, alas! too common in India. There appears one miserable object, who, in the vain hope of working out his salvation by so doing, has been standing upon one leg, and with one arm on his head, perhaps for twenty or thirty years. The scorching sun, or the pouring rains, make no difference to him. His skin is, the more misery the more hard.

There is another poor fanatic on the ground, crawling, apparently, like a worm. He is on a pilgrim's journey. Perhaps he is journeying from the north of India to the south, a distance of one or two thousand miles. In whole way he travels he carries with the length of his own body laid upon the ground. What a weary journey is this! What a miserable existence is he dragging out in the vain hope of finding salvation!

ance is to be seen the Charruck Paja, stival. There is the poor man, with the

through the fleshy part of his back, the end of the pole, and whirling round, to the sight of the beholders, who think that they adore wretched gods. The poor, lacerated, victim, on this occasion receives three or four blows for allowing himself to be thus tortured. This takes place every year throughout the whole of India.

few instances to show the extent to which they will submit themselves to self-torture, in order to attract the favour of their gods, to attract the admiration of the people.

One man, who began his life of self-mortification at a young age, travelled about for thirty years, carrying a bundle of iron spikes, the people everywhere worshipping him as a god. He had been also in the habit of allowing water to fall on his head from a great height, even in the cold season, so that he derived constantly misery; and during the time he was in the habit of mortifying himself in this way, by passing logs of wood to be kept on his back, that his sufferings from the heat of the sun were greater.

He was observed by an English clergyman, and something extraordinary by the multitude of Hindoo pilgrims attended him, who were engaged in worshipping him, kissing his feet, and prostrating his blessing. A large crowd of people made the extended branch of an old tree his couch, the fakir fastened two strong poles at the lower end of each, and raised himself, then he introduced his feet. He then was

pended himself, with his head downward, over the fire, and, by means of another rope, continued to swing himself backward and forward, while, with the other hand, he counted a string of beads a fixed number of times. To this species of frightful torture he doomed himself for four hours every day during a period of twelve years. On coming down from his swinging posture, he would roll himself in the hot ashes of the fire. By this means he said he would atone for the guilt of his sins, and be made holy for ever.

We believe, however, that it is more frequently a desire to obtain human applause which actuates these poor blinded people than any other motive.

—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.*



TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A MID-DAY OUTSPANNING.

TRAVELLERS in the interior of South Africa encounter many inconveniences, as you will see in the following account by a missionary, who was taking a journey in his waggon:—

“Having come to some accustomed water-place, which is by the wayside, we look out for a tree which will give us shade when the sun has become more powerful. It is about nine o'clock in the morning. The oxen being released from the yoke, and the reins which have been round their horns collected, the boy (leader) goes off with the oxen to feed, while the driver remains by the waggon to cook.

“We then pack off to see what kind of water we shall get, if any. We find it most filthy. Beasts, sheep, dogs,

we drank and waded in it. We look in our part, where we can procure a little bottle. The water found is all the same; it is or runs. It is not a fountain, but is lodged in a sand-hole when the river

is low with our hands in the sand, a little the water's edge, and take what we can. Least drinking it may be better than the little being full, we make a fire of wood, by boiling, and the addition of a spoonful of fat, or oil, the food at least will stick to the cooking pot, instead of tea, and the unpleasant tastes are not so much perceived. To drink cold water, we strain it through a handkerchief, or a piece of cotton, and to eat more of the 'poor' of 'dirt' in our lifetime than is necessary.

To the wagon, the food brought from camp to be cooked. It consists of flesh for a meal and bread for ourselves, but as the food is being ready, a skin is spread on the ground, under the shade of the wagon we sit and eat with knives and forks after the skin, but the men with their fingers, or a pocket-knife. Our coffee is hot, we drink it, and have the luxury of sugar, which our hosts have. Milk none of us expect on the plain. We are told, two or three, if not six or seven, to be used. They have seen our wagon here, and have followed to see what they could. They take hands all round, beginning with the first, and after the usual lengthy salutes, 'Good night' and themselves without ceremony, but

the ground near where the servants are eating, while the men seek a stone to use as a stool. They talk with the servants about this event and that, this person and the other ; never forgetting to light their pipes and hand it all round, for each to get a puff or two from the same charge. Our men now hand them a part of the food which has been given to themselves. It is received without a word. Each one, like the baboons on the mountains around them, tears off with his fingers a piece for himself, and passes the rest on.

"Having eaten what they can get from the servants, they come to us, asking for tea, medicine, or anything they happen to want. Should the articles asked be given to them, no word of thanks is spoken unless they are first taught it. Having got all they can, they walk away. Our men having eaten, sleep ; for we must wait till the heat of the day is past before we can resume our journey. This time is employed by us in reading or writing, as we are able. The time having come when we can again travel, the men are awake, the long whip cracked for the watcher to bring the oxen, kettle and other cooking utensils tied behind the waggon, barrels filled for use at the next outspanning, where there will be no water, oxen caught by the horns with ropes of beast-hide, and their necks being fastened in the yoke, the long whip cracked, and the waggon rides away. This supposes that the oxen have not been lost, and that no other detention occurs.

"At a night outspanning, after tea or supper has been taken, a hymn sung, and prayer offered, the oxen are made fast around the waggon, we repair to the waggon to sleep, while the men gather around the fire they have made, a skin forming their only bed."—*Wesleyan Juvenile Offering*.

CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE PURCHASE OF A MISSIONARY SHIP.

IN THE VICINITY.		COUNTRY AND ABROAD.	
Younger	0 5 0	<i>Aberdeen.</i>	
.....(D.)	1 0 0	Female Auxiliary.	
.....	5 0 0	Juvenile Branch.	
Holy		Miss Russell, Secretary.	
.....	0 15 0	Free South Sabbath School.	
Michael's		Per J. B. McCombe.	
.....	1 0 0	Collection	1 10 8
Notting Hill.		Collected by—	
School.		Miss Jane Mearns	0 7 0
.....	0 2 10	Isabella Ray	0 4 1
.....	0 3 0	Margaret Clark	0 0 0
.....	0 4 3	Elizabeth Clark	0 0 0
.....	0 8 0	Euphemia Berry	0 4 0
.....	0 2 7	Jane Gray	0 5 0
.....	0 3 3	Elizabeth Cromar	0 11 4
.....	0 5 3	Jane Ann Thomson	0 3 6
.....	0 3 9	David Milne	0 3 3
.....	0 4 3	Isabella Melvin	0 6 0
.....	0 4 1	Smaller Sums	0 2 8
.....	0 5 0	St. Paul Street Evangelical	
.....	0 10 4	Union Sabbath School	1 1 0
.....	0 10 0	John Street ditto	1 0 0
.....	0 5 0	Established East.	
.....	0 2 6	Master John Smith	1 0 0
.....	0 3 3	Free Union Church Sabbath	
.....	0 6 7	School	1 0 0
.....	0 5 6	Mrs. Spark	0 2 0
.....	0 14 6	Previously acknowledged...	8 16 6
.....	0 3 0	Total	79 6 5
.....	0 7 6	J. Mowlem, Esq.....(D.)	5 0 0
.....	0 2 7	The Boys of Robert Gordon's	
.....	0 3 8	Hospital, per Captain Williams	0 13 0
.....	0 4 0	Acock's Green	0 13 4
.....	0 6 0	Avebury	1 7 0
.....	0 4 1		
.....	1 3 3		
.....	0 14 4		
.....	0 7 3		
.....	1 5 11		
107. 9s. 6d.			

<i>Armagh.</i> Collected by Miss A. Bell	0 13 11
<i>Buckley Mountain</i>	1 0 0

Castle Comer.

Collected by—	
Miss Emily Ross	0 19 0
Miss A. S. Millie, <i>Tunduff Abbey</i>	0 11 0
	1 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i>

<i>Cheriton Fitzwarren</i>	0 13 0
----------------------------------	--------

Chiddingly.

Collected by—	
Miss Deadman	0 10 0
Master Waldoock	0 18 0
D. A. Knighton	0 17 0
Ellen Thatcher	0 6 7
Mason Thatcher	0 4 11
Ann Simmons	0 14 9
H. E. Peters	0 12 6
Edith Gower	0 6 8
Miss Ford	0 5 0
	4 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i>

<i>Dundee.</i> Collected by Lydia Steel	0 7 7
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Edinburgh Auxiliary.

J. S. Mack, Esq., Treasurer.

Master J. R. Donaldson's Missionary Box	0 5 0
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<i>Hastings.</i> Silver Hills Presbyterian Sabbath Schools	1 2 0
--	-------

<i>Brussels.</i> Two Sunday Schools connected with the Chapels of the Boulevard de l'Observatoire and the Rue Beiliard	4 0 0
	5 <i>l.</i> 7 <i>s.</i>

A Few Young Friends, per A. Ohisholm	0 7 6
--	-------

Halifax.

Range Bank Sunday School.	
Collected by—	
William Holt Hatch	0 5 6
Annie Maria Mann	0 5 6
Sarah Ellen Turner	0 3 0
	1 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i>

<i>Inverness.</i> Fraser Street Chapel Sabbath School ...	1 7 0
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<i>Lynn.</i> Independent Sunday School	1 0 11
--	--------

<i>Newport, Monmouthshire.</i> Collected by the Children of Mount Zion Chapel	1 10 0
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<i>Penzance</i>	11 11 11
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Perth.

Mill Street Congregational Sunday School.	
---	--

Collected by Jane Josephine Ramsay	0 11 11
--	---------

Rio Janeiro.

Mrs. Garrett	0 13 8
Mr. Charter and Friends ..	1 14 0
Mr. Wittet and Friends	1 14 0
Antonio J. Rodrigues	1 15 3
	6 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>

<i>Reading.</i> Per Mrs. C. J. Ratcliffe	0 6 6
--	-------

<i>Ripon.</i> A British Workman	0 5 1
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Roxton.

Collected by—	
Miss Mary Ayres	0 5 1
Miss Grainger	0 1 1
Miss King	0 1 1
Miss Bond	0 3 1
Miss Richardson	0 3 1
Smaller Sums	0 6 1
	2 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> 2 <i>d.</i>

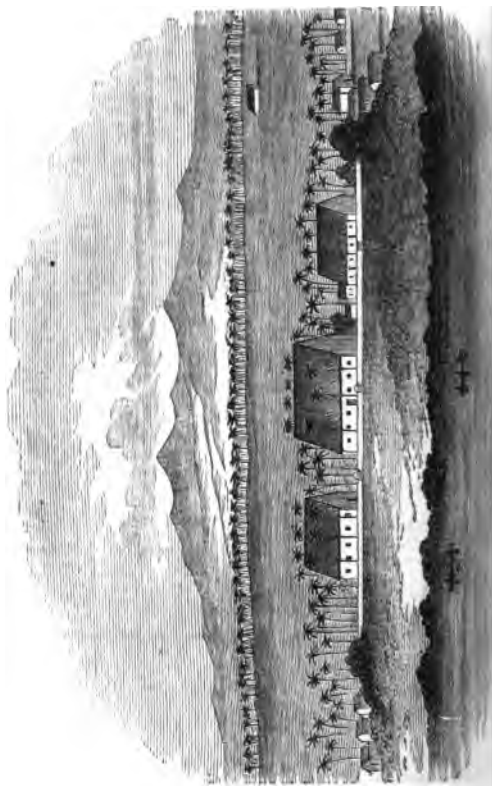
Sunderland.

Bethel Sunday School, Villiers Street.	
Miss Geikie	1 3 0
Miss E. J. Robinson	0 7 0
Miss B. Renney	0 4 0
Miss F. Macdonald	0 3 1
Misses Doughty and Bailie ..	0 3 0
Miss J. E. Preston	0 3 0
Miss M. Watson	0 3 0
Mr. Thackray's Class	1 4 0
Master D. Pinkney	0 3 7
	8 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i>

<i>Totnes.</i> Sunday School	0 11 1
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Wellingborough.

Salem Chapel.	
Boys' Sunday School	0 4 11
Girls' ditto	1 19 11
	2 <i>l.</i> 4 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>



MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1838.

AND THE OUTSTATIONS OF THE
COY. BOOUP, SIXTH BEAR.

After for December we gave some
Barotonga; and we now propose to
our young readers a few particulars
Mangala, another island of the same
of introduction to a letter from the
a Wren Hill, the missionary of that
which he reports a visit lately paid by
neighbouring islands.

THE VISIT OF MANGALA.

land, and the party who accompanied
voyage for the discovery of Barotonga.
Mangala on their route. This was
1822, and the astonished natives
gazed on the vessel that brought them
glared it was the first they had seen
sailing of Teta, meaning Captain Cook.
every party opened a communication at
the natives, who, though entirely
III.—29, 1838.

heathen, evinced so much cordiality and friendship that some Christian teachers and their wives were put on shore, with the intention of taking up their residence on the island; but the treacherous natives, as soon as they had got them into their power, robbed them of everything they possessed, and treated them in so shameful a manner that they were glad to make their escape back to the vessel.

NATIVE TEACHERS AND THEIR LABOURS.

Nothing daunted, however, by this rebuff, the missionaries in the Society Islands, after no long interval, sent two other devoted teachers to endeavour to ingratiate themselves with these barbarous people. Two members of the church at Tahaa, Davida and Tiera, whose zeal and love had prompted them to the enterprise, on reaching Mangaia, leaped into the sea and swam ashore, taking nothing with them but the light dresses they wore and portions of the Tahitian New Testament wrapped up and tied over their heads. The good providence of God so ordered events that, since the date of the former visit, the Mangaians had suffered severely from sickness, by which their spirits had been wonderfully subdued and they were thus prepared to welcome the messengers of peace with kindness and hospitality, and to listen with attention and interest to their instructions.

When these good men first landed on the island in the year 1823, the entire population of 2000 were heathen, and sunk in the lowest degree

In the year following Tiera died; being subsequently joined by other the island being occasionally visited by natives, the Mission greatly prospered, in the course of a few years at least one half of the natives attended the public services, a school had been formed, and many converts.

In a report of the year 1841, the Governor (then of Rarotonga) presented the following picture of the state of things at

—
 The Kingdom of Christ appears greatly to prosper. Nearly all the adults have joined the Church. They are living together in peace and harmony. There are three places of worship, well attended by attentive hearers. The supplies of the Mission to Mangaia have been caught up with avidity and read with great delight. The natives have presented an urgent request for a Bible, for which they propose to pay with copra and arrowroot. Upwards of 400 natives have been admitted to church-fellowship. The candidates are very numerous. The children in the schools show an ardent desire to acquire knowledge. Little, however, can be accomplished. They have a supply of elementary books. At present they learn to write on the broad leaves of the banana-tree, using a sharp-pointed stick for a pen."

ARRIVAL OF EUROPEAN MISSIONARIES.

In the year 1845 the Mangaiaans were delighted to have as their own missionary the Rev.

George Gill, who, on his being transferred to Rarotonga, was succeeded in 1851 by the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, and, through the labours of these devoted brethren, every vestige of heathenism in Mangaia has disappeared, the entire island has made open profession of the Gospel, and numbers are adorning that profession by holy and consistent lives.

Our Frontispiece consists of a sketch of the Mission premises at Oneroa, Mangaia. Of the more prominent buildings, that on the right is the missionary's residence; the chapel is in the centre, and the school-house on the left.

NATIVE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The vegetable productions of Mangaia are almost identical with those of the other islands, the sugar-cane being particularly fine. The inhabitants are noted for their ingenuity, as displayed in the fabrication and patterns of their cloth, in the construction of their spears, bowls, cocoa-nut drinking-cups, and other articles.

It is more than probable that in Mangaia, as in most of the islands of the Pacific, the natives, in the days of their heathenism, were in the habit of feasting on their fellow-creatures, chiefly captives taken in war; but this shocking practice had been abandoned even before the introduction of the Gospel. There was, however, one dainty dish to which the epicures of Mangaia were extremely partial up to a recent period, and this consisted of *baked rats*. The island swarmed with these creatures, so unlovely to European eyes; and, as fish

animal food was scarce, they were with amazing zest, and, when cooked, were served up with all the national feasts. "As sweet as a common expression of the Mangaian giving any remarkable delicacy of the progress of the Gospel baked by fell into discredit, and soon ceased to be of food. Under the enlightened the missionaries the natives have new tastes and habits, and that higher of the usages of civilized life which never fails to bring in its train. I subjoin Mr. Gill's letter, which is addressed to our juvenile readers.

Mangaia, South Pacific, August 25th, 1865.
 TO YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have just come back from a few weeks' missionary voyage. Being obliged to call at Aki and Rarotonga, I took my passage in a schooner bound to Mauke, Mitiaro, and, indeed, to all the islands of the Hervey Group. The captain was kind, but he could not make his little craft as comfortable as a 'John Williams.' The best berth was reserved for me; the other nooks of our snug little vessel were occupied by the captain, mate, and cook. I was comfortably stowed away in the fore-cabin. A chief of this island and another pious native who accompanied me, were also comfortable amidships.

MAUKE, WITH NOTICES OF THE ISLAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

On the 13th we set sail for Mauke, and on Friday, the 18th, was sighted by my friend the chief (who

had never before been out of sight of his own island long before it was visible to the keenest European eye. As we neared the land we were much pleased with its pretty appearance, although the island is low. It is a perfect level, about forty feet above the level of the ocean, and sixteen miles in circumference. It lies 100 miles due N. of Mangaia. But it was very sad to observe how the hurricane of February 2d ult. had devastated the island. Over-night the people learnt that Gilirus (literally, 'Gilly the Second') was on board. At four o'clock a.m. of Saturday, the 17th, every man, woman, and child turned out to weed the pathway from the beach to the village in the interior. At eight o'clock we landed. The moment the boat touched the reef we were (four of us) hoisted up on to a rude sofa, secured by two long poles, each about thirty feet long. The fact was, all the able-bodied men on the island had resolved to give us a thorough welcome, and that we should *not* walk. At first I stoutly resisted, but finding this hopeless, I quietly submitted to be carried in state with my friends. But two serious obstacles interposed—two gigantic iron-wood trees lay across our path. The dreadful hurricane I have already referred to uprooted them and deposited them where they are likely to lie for many a year. In all directions the forest trees had been pulled up by the roots and hurled about in wild confusion. The sea must have risen thirty-six feet on that dreadful night. With a single exception, all their splendid canoes were swept away. Every building, including the church, the school-house, and the teacher's dwelling, was laid low. Food of every kind was destroyed. However, through Divine goodness, no life was lost on Mauke. Notwithstanding the damage sustained by the hurricane, the island is again verdant

Fossil is, however, rather scarce at present, many years before the village will be as formerly. After a while we were admitted to the door of the teacher's house. The chiefs and church members now come to shake the teacher, most have been pretty diligent, built his own new bark-and-plates house (three large rooms) and the school-house, as a temporary church. The church itself is the present, but soon in disrepair. It is made of bark-and-plates for rafters and posts. The chiefs told me that, all being so, he would it next year. In the course of time visited by one of the principal natives, some and partake of a feast. We went, and brought for fifty guests instead of four. On the 14th it was for the master of the house in his second sickness, after inviting you to be his help yourself in the good things spread he makes himself scarce. The women and younger, stay in the the village. Meanwhile at Manki were all crowding about watching the strangers. A woman, a boy, and repeated from mouth to mouth. Raperley delighted to get a shake of the hand, he on visiting all the hand positively asked, a few large round pigs were sent as a present being expected to the task of becoming them, in the morning, when, I found, the children, but I gave to the captain for his native crew. Finally, I yielded to the task, but not to sleep, but was covered with much noise. I then saw the boats and all, but then and many others, and sleep for a long while.

"On the morning of the Sabbath a prayer-meeting was held. The chief who accompanied me conducted with great propriety. I preached in the morning and in the noon. I fear that my addresses were rather long, for there were many things I wanted to say to them. This was a first meeting with these interesting islanders, who have been the last until the great day of account. The house was crowded. Every man, woman, and child (except the children on the island was present, as I suppose. The population of Manki is 442 souls; of this number fifty are church members, and 150 attend the adult school, and say, 'I would like to be good.' All profess Christianity and are under Christian instruction. Twenty-eight dollars were contributed to our Society by these poor people in May, and the amount has been forwarded to the treasurer through Mr. Morris, of Tahiti.

"Considerable differences obtain between the different tribes spoken in the various islands of this small group. At first I feared that they would not understand me, but this I was agreeably mistaken; for when I had finished the people at the conclusion of the morning service asked them what they knew of the discourse, they went through the principal points with great correctness, and even added some suitable Scripture illustrations of the given.

"At the close of the services an aged church member introduced himself to me. He said that he will remember their terrible wars to the days of his old age. He had often perished of *haua* (fever). But, added he, these years attending down his cheeks, the blood has been in us peace and good-will and eternal life.

"On Monday morning the poor people (including the women) as with a host of *haua* and *haua* and *haua* as a proof of their good-will and their lay of *haua* (the

nary. It grieved me to accept it, as I well
 their present on any pretext whatever
 ed a deliberate insult. Our excellent and
 mother, Rev. H. Royle, of Aitutaki, is their
 its them from time to time in the mis-
 then there is one.

as custom I must mention. Another way
 spect to guests is to crown them with
 wers. Each individual, on depositing his
 at or bit of sugar-cane, puts a wreath of
 e head of each visitor; so that at last we
 st in the garlands that enveloped us.

much pleased with their schools. I exer-
 ls and boys in arithmetic, and was delighted
 ompt and correct answers. These young
 or an hour's teaching before going to work-
 young as three years, others are about
 class being under the care of an intelligent
 t, strangely enough, there is *not a slate in*
ool. I shall never forget the three pleasant
 this interesting island.

ATIU, AND AITUTAKI ALSO VISITED IN ROTATION.

evening (June 19th) we sailed for Mitiaro,
 y thirty miles distant; and, after brief but
 visits paid to that island and also to Atiu, I
 itutaki on the 23rd June, and met my esti-
 her the Rev. H. Royle and family. Remem-
 former fertility of this beautiful island, I wept
 nt wretched appearance. The fatal hurricane
 y last has done more damage here than in any
 islands of the group (Mangaia and Rarotonga
 They are, nevertheless, rebuilding their beau-

tiful church. The entire village is destroyed. It is many years ere the effects of this visitation will be effaced. My heart bled for these poor people, and kindness I have experienced in the day of God's mercy. They have literally nothing to eat but small quantities of flour. I dread to think of the future. But God can preserve his poor people. I send cordial greeting from Mr. and Mrs. Boyle.

"After accomplishing the object of my visit to the tologs, where we landed on the 26th and left on the 28th, I got back to Mangais in safety July 1st, and found all well, through the good mercy of God. I may say a few days since the captain of the same little vessel took ten large packages of food to Atenuaki from me. But what are those amongst so many? We can only pray for a new missionary vessel.

"Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM WEAVER."

PERILS BY SEA AND BY LAND.

LAST year the Rev. T. McCutcheon left England for missionary work on the coast of China. He was married there. He was one of the missionaries who founded the Mission work of the Church Society in China twenty years ago. After ten years' labor he was permitted to return to England. In the good providence of God his health has been restored and he has gone out again.

He was directed to visit a place called Yantai, or Thersakot Chin-tse. The town is situated on the peninsula of Shan-tung, and is about midway between Nanking and Peking. The province of Shantung

Eighteen provinces of China, central as well as
England, Ireland, and Scotland. "What a
saying. Yes; if the judgment trumpet were
to sound, and you, and I, and they were
all before Jesus Christ, the Judge, they
all, alas! be found to be idolaters; and
"Idolaters shall not inherit the kingdom of

rest stay at Shanghai, Mr. McCauslin em-
barked a steamer bound for Yenchow. Besides
him, he was accompanied by two American
and their wives, a missionary from the North,
with his wife and child; a naval officer, and
During a storm of wind and waves the ship
lost its way, and the vessel ran aground. The
all things, but then remained firm in the sand,
wrecking over her.

awful situation to be in! Had not the good
lost all? No: he put his trust in Christ,
and he felt could hold firm, and that God
all things well. There was great confusion.
The crew refused to obey the captain. Some-
times they began to plunder the passengers'
closets of money through desperation of life.
and was not attended a Chinese mission at
and was, when Mr. McCauslin had had some
about Christianity, came to him and said
and he was to tell him to go and to pay to
himself a companion he said, "I cannot
it now," &c. "It is a good thing to pay to

and that was made to meet the party for
all of Chinese people meet together in the
day, and committed themselves, with body

and soul, to God's protection. They then went on deck. A boat was lowered, and, though the waves tossed it about, and the night was dark, it reached the shore safely. A rope, one end of which was on board the ship, was now fastened to an anchor buried in the sand. By the help of this rope the boat was passed to and from the ship to the shore, which, by God's great mercy, all reached in safety.

But their dangers and sufferings had not yet ended. The cold was intense, and the snow lay several feet deep on the ground. The night was dark. No path could be found. They wandered over fields of ice, in which they constantly sank in wet and mud. The ladies and the little child suffered very much. They thought they were near to Yen-tae, but, after wandering about for more than three hours, they were unable to discover either house, village, or town. What should they do? Some said, "Choose a sheltered spot; roll up the ladies in the blankets, and wait for daybreak." Others said, "It is dangerous to sleep in the snow: let us go on." So on they went. Soon one of the party heard dogs barking, and, guided by the sound, in another hour they reached the village of Kae-day-ko. It was now four o'clock in the morning. All rejoiced to think they should now get shelter and food.

On entering the village, they knocked at the door of the first farm-house they came to. Some of the poor ladies were so tired that they sat down in the snow; others kept walking up and down to keep their feet from being frozen. Here was a disappointment: the owner of the house, afraid they were robbers, would not admit them. "No; they must go away." Just then a neighbour, who had heard them knocking and shouting, came up. He, too, would not take them into his house, but he made a

outside. After a time God moved him to them, and he invited them in. Need I say they all felt? The half-frozen ladies were now on a bed over a fire-place, in which a fire blazed. Then some tea was made. Cold and badly partook of the coarse food their host offered them.

There was small, Mr. M'Clatchie and two others in want of other shelter. After many refusals they were at last accepted and who took them to his home. The one room for disposal was occupied by Mr. M'Clatchie's family, whilst he sat by the fire waiting for the travellers, and consoling himself by singing to himself a hymn, "Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour is here," he writes, "I felt as happy as a king. For it is, thought I to myself, that the Lord has come to return to China as his ambassador, and that there is in our suffering discomfort in

the morning dawned Mr. M'Clatchie and two travellers set out for Yen-tae. The distance was thirty miles. Three mules were provided, "first," writes Mr. M'Clatchie, "a wooden frame that used to support panniers on the backs of the mules at home, was strapped on; over this was placed a sackcloth cushion; and over that, on my back, I placed a blue longcloth cushion: rattan was stretched to the wooden frame by thick cordage, and a strip of broad sackcloth for the bridle and reins." Mr. M'Clatchie was glad to see the sweet potato, offered him by a labouring man, and with his heels on a low bench eating his breakfast, each attended by a muleteer, the three set

They reached the town of Tsa-tsa-ho about 6 o'clock. Here they put up at an inn to dine. "I thought," writes Mr. McOatehr, "I had walked five or six miles of my journey, yet, as my trousers were frozen and my shoes and stockings quite wet with snow, I could hardly stand, my feet pained me. There was no fire, of course. When one was lying down there was no chimney, the smoke pained my eyes so much that I was obliged to run up and down the stairs to get warm, to the great amusement of several who stood looking on, and laughing heartily."

Here Mr. M'Clatchie tried to hire a horse, but could not find one, and he was compelled to continue his ride, suffering all the time excessive pain. At about five o'clock, they safely reached Yonah, and kind welcome from Christian friends, a warm bed, and wholesome food soon refreshed and restored the traveller.

You will rejoice to know that his health was materially suffered from his exposure and journey. Yen-tao was not found a suitable place to establish a Mission of our Society; so, after a short stay, Mr. McChesbie proceeded to Peking, where he will be engaged in *Church Missions through the Interior*.

CAPTION: FIGURE 11. "A NEW PERSPECTIVE."

the one faithful faithful missionary. I
 go to you also in this service. While
 I of those who have already embraced
 it preach the Gospel of salvation to the
 heathen at their own expense, you have
 in all that trouble to yourselves, and are
 y, Rev., till this time, but are also praying for
 in behalf of us always that He may

do for you something about me, I shall
 really. My father's name was Swaminathan,
 a Annamite. We were living in a small vil-
 (the east of this place). My father embraced
 while I was very young; and he and I were
 the Rev. C. Meale. Some time after he
 church, and was made a superintendent of
 school. During the interval I learned to
 (the school) therefore I have not much
 About the year 1898 I was married to a
 good Annamite, of Maranatha, then
 (Maranatha Mission). About six years after
 before, A.D. 1904. While so married, I had
 also, who had labored in the Mission for
 fifteen years. But his death had he professed
 our faith, connected us with some others,
 gave up his work joyfully to God. Some-
 is Mr. Lewis came to Maranatha. As my
 or refused to give me any portion of my
 property, because I had no male children, I
 (the school) and went to Maranatha
 to school. Both of them were kindly taken
 into the boarding-school. Of these, the
 (the school). The younger is married, and
 named David. My daughter lives with me,

her husband being one of the boarding-school teachers here. I am now about forty years of age; have two brothers and a sister. It is some years since my mother died.

"I was admitted into the Church by the Rev. E. Lewis. While I was teaching a Sunday class, Mr. Lewis thought of giving me a work in the Mission, and so spoke to my mother; but she refused. Howbeit, God, who had chosen me for His work, was mindful of me. By the grace of God I was appointed, through Mr. Wilkinson, to a very responsible work, and for which I had long been anxious. Therefore I am exceedingly thankful to God, who has fulfilled His handmaid's desire in having given her this merciful and glorious calling. It is now little more than five months since I began the work. I go about to teach, read, &c., with a sister agent who has been long in the Mission. We teach catechisms to the non-reading women in this congregation, who are increasing every year. Often we go to the neighbouring heathen villages, in order to show to them the true way of salvation, and sometimes we go and read to certain villages where high caste people live. A little to the south of this place a rich man has embraced Christianity lately. We teach his wife and her two sisters to read. They are very anxious to learn, and have made some progress. Also we regularly conduct a prayer-meeting in his house every Wednesday. We hope that God is blessing our work. Many hear attentively when the Gospel is preached to them. Some intelligent people among the heathen acknowledge that what we say is true, and that there is no use of worshipping idols; but they are not willing to give up their old customs and their caste. Two women have lately come, for the first time, to the chapel. On

to a class of non-readers after 10 o'clock, being have prayers with the women, who live in Widows' Street.

A frail and sinful woman, I am liable to weakness. Therefore I beg you to pray for me to receive the grace and strength that I may stand to the end, and that I may do His work. May the Lord give His Holy Spirit, and enable me to preach His word plainly and zealously. I beseech my Heavenly Father that the vast number of souls that hear the Word may be turned to Him. I thank you all, and make you to rejoice, by granting your requests. I remember you in my prayers, and I pray that I may do the same for me. My daughter, her name is Mary, I give our affectionate salams to you.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Most obligingly yours,

"**ARUMANAYAGE.**"



SLAVE CHILDREN.

Some time ago one of her Majesty's ships of war captured a Spanish slaver at no great distance from the coast. It was a very dark and rainy night when the captain ordered his lieutenant to go on board, to take charge of the vessel. She was not a large one, but she had a large and very precious cargo on board. When the officer got upon the deck, he found he could not put his foot anywhere without trampling upon a child. The ship was loaded with children. Its freight consisted of men and women, but of boys and girls there were fewer than two hundred and eighty negro

children were there. The vessel was quite full of them; and numbers were crowded together upon the deck, exposed to the pouring rain, or to the burning sun.

Having taken his place upon the main boom of the ship, the officer sat there with his cutlass across his knees, and his pistols loaded in his belt, waiting for the dawn; the thought occurring frequently that the Spanish sailors, some of whom were still in the ship, might rise in the night, and try to toss him overboard. As the first streak of early morning light was seen, one of the little black children at his feet, who probably suspected that the ship had changed masters, and that they had fallen into the hands of the English, and whose heart was therefore lighter than the rest, began to crow like a cock. On this the kind lieutenant likewise gave a hearty crow. Other children quickly took up the note; and, by their crowing and clapping of hands, they expressed the joy they felt at the change of circumstances which they could not but perceive had befallen them. Their delight was increased when the good officer also imitated the quacking of a duck. They all soon began to quack; and right merrily did these little ones respond to the kindly tones and cheering notes of the Englishman's voice.

The tears trickled down the bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks of the aged sailor, as he related to us the account of this interesting scene, many years after it occurred. Deeply did that gallant officer feel his extraordinary position, thus surrounded by such numbers of helpless children, whom he had had a share in delivering from slavery, and whom he knew would henceforth have the opportunity of hearing of "the true God and of Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent."

As soon as it could be accomplished, the little Africans were landed in Sierra Leone, and were placed where

care for, and where many of them
 as he trained up "in the nurture and
 the Lord."—*Church Missionary Inten.*

ST IN THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

from Philadelphia had been waiting, with
 arms, for three days to see the President.
 had furnished a substitute for the army,
 afterward, was one day made intoxicated
 soldier, and fastened to a soldier. None after
 a army he deserted, thinking that, as he
 a substitute, the government were not
 service. Returning home, he was arrested,
 and sentenced to be shot. The sentence
 was on Saturday. On Monday his wife
 with her baby in her arms to see the Pres-
 ident. "She had the baby," she had
 three days, and there was no chance for

late in the afternoon of the third day,
 was going through the back passage to his
 to get a cup of tea or take some rest. On
 he found the little baby cry. He took
 back to his office and saw the tell-
 ing a woman with a baby in her arms. "I
 was, and, if he would allow me to say it, I
 as a man he ought to see, for it was a mother
 son. He said, 'Send her to me at once.' She
 her very, and the President pardoned her
 as the woman came out from his presence, her
 as she was in prayer, and the tears of remorse
 as she would went up to her and, pulling
 her, saying, it was the baby that did it!"

SERVING THE LORD.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus
 In this life's little day,
 To spread around "the joyful sound,"
 As those forgiven may ;
 To tell his lovingkindness,
 His promises so true ;
 To urge the young, that they may come,
 And trust this Saviour too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 For Him who loved and gave
 Himself for us, an offering thus
 Our ruined souls to save.
 Glad service we would render,
 For grace so rich and free ;
 Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne
 So little fruit to Thee.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
 Be this our one desire,
 Our purpose still to do His will,
 Whatever He require.
 No action is too lowly,
 No work of love too small,
 If Christ but lead, we may indeed
 Well follow such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 While our weak spirits rest
 In His own care, safe sheltered there,
 And with His presence blest.
 In such calm, happy moments,
 No greater joy we know ;
 Redeemed from sin, we live for Him,
 To whom our all we owe.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
 Oh ! weary not of this,
 But onward press, with cheerfulness,
 Though rough the pathway is.
 Hold on, unmoved and patient,
 Till He shall call thee home,
 With joy to stand at God's right hand,
 To serve before the throne.

L.

Wesleyan Juvenile Offering.

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BIOGRAPHICAL

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MEMORIAL CHUECH AT AMBATONAKANGA, ANTANANARIVO,
MADAGASCAR,

THE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

~~~~~  
APRIL 2, 1866.  
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MADAGASCAR.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCHES.

This piece for the present month accurately describes the first of the four Memorial Churches to be erected in the capital of Madagascar—building at Ambatonakanga, represented as being, is not quite completed, but will shortly be set apart for Divine worship. Our young friends, on hearing of these Memorial Churches, may wish to know how they are so named. They are doubtless aware that the term *memorial* has reference to something to be laid up in the memory, or, as we say, to be borne in mind; but they have not yet heard the reason assigned for applying it to these new churches. Well, then, they are called in order to keep in perpetual and living remembrance those devoted men—the noble martyrs—who, during the cruel reign of Radama, the former Queen of Madagascar, sacrificed their lives rather than deny their Lord.

LXIII.—No. 263. E

and Saviour. For a period of sixteen years it is, from the expulsion of the *former* local Missionaries in 1833 to the year 1851, this persecution was maintained almost without intermission; and, during its continuance, as hundreds of the Christian natives were destroyed and reduced to poverty, hundreds more were doomed to slavery, and not fewer than a hundred suffered death for the sake of the Lord Jesus, by various modes of torture. Several died by sword or the spear, others were precipitated from rocks, and dashed to pieces in their fall, and some were burnt alive in the capital.

Our young readers will be shocked to hear of the barbarities inflicted upon these good people, and all on account of their religion; but the sufferers have long since found a peaceful happy home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. They are now far beyond the reach of human praise or censure; but, for the sake both of the living and the dead, it is proper that we should keep before us a loving and honoured remembrance of the devoted men who thus sacrificed their all for Christ and His cause, and hence originated the idea of the Memorial Churches, which, when completed, we trust, prove a great blessing to the people of Madagascar.

In carrying their thoughts back to the old days of persecution in Madagascar, our young friends should be led to reflect that it is through God's special goodness that our own loved

men so long exempted from any such
 cation. Time was when the flames of
 fire witness to the faith and constancy
 martyrs ; and should it ever please God,
 punishment of our national sins, or for the
 religious professors, to raise up another
 in our land, it may become a subject
 self-examination and inquiry with our
 minds whether, in such event, they would
 be, like the martyrs of Madagascar, to
 be held dear on earth for the sake
 of His cause.



FEW WORDS ABOUT AFRICA.

—but in the dim distance of some fifteen
 centuries—when the tribes and nations inhabiting
 the regions of this continent enjoyed a high
 civilization ; and, what is more to our present
 purpose, the Gospel of the grace of God was widely
 disseminated, and Christian settlements, with flourishing
 churches, abounded in their midst. At that period a
 large portion of Europe, including the British Isles, was
 in profound ignorance—ignorance of the true
 religion, of all those arts which minister to the comfort
 and utility of man.

Our imagination cast a bridge over the wide
 chasm that separates those early centuries from our
 present times, and what do we see ? The Christian churches
 which shed so beautiful a light over the northern
 Africa, have, like the seven Asiatic churches
 founded by St. John, become extinct, and their abused

privileges have been transferred to other lands. The worship of Jews has been superseded by the homage paid to the false prophet Mohammed, and other false and deadly error. Nor does Algeria form any exception to the moral darkness which broods over Northern Africa. The French have indeed founded there a great empire, but their subjects, the Arab tribes, are kept in subjection only by strong military rule, and those tribes exist as much as ever addicted to the lawless habits which have in all ages distinguished the descendants of Ishmael.

The curse pronounced more than 4000 years since on the children of Ham has fallen heavily upon that race, myriads of whom have been torn from their homes and sold into bondage to satisfy the cruelty and pride of European and American taskmasters. It was nearly thirty years since the negroes throughout the British colonies were set free; and we rejoice to know that a similar boon has just been conferred upon the millions of that long oppressed race settled on the plantations in the Southern States of America.

But not only have these tardy acts of justice and humanity been conferred upon the poor *Africani*—long exiled from their native land—but, within the last fifty or sixty years, great and successful efforts have been made for the spread of the Gospel on the African continent, and through the researches of Dr. Livingstone, and other water-seeking travellers, new fields have been bestowed on the zeal of Christian Missionaries. Little indeed has been done for the northern parts of the continent, but the rays of Divine Truth are shining so brightly, and the *simple and pure* many devoted men—the *different* religions—are expanding their strength for the spiritual good of the people. The Missionaries of

ve restricted their labours to *South Africa*; result of those labours among Hottentots, *uanas*, *Kafirs*, and other tribes, multitudes converts have been gathered into the fold of pherd; schools for the education of the been brought into active operation, and the es in various languages have been widely

SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

(*Continued from p. 35.*)

vas fair, and the "Camden" danced gaily l waves, as, leaving the Isle of Pines, we way to a much larger island, called New This island has since been seized by the have only lately done no small harm to Mission stations in the neighbouring islands. e of my voyage the French flag had not a those seas, seeking a suitable spot for a ment. New Caledonia was still in the un- session of the natives, but tributary to the ief of the Isle of Pines, from whose savage we had only just escaped.

mer voyage two native teachers had been left edonia; and, as the "Camden" approached a canoe came alongside, and the two noble sprang on board. Right glad were we to see d when they told us of their dangers and es, it was resolved that they should be taken located where their lives would assuredly be . I shall never forget the scene on board the " when the Rarotongan teacher gave the

following thrilling narrative. Perhaps some of our readers may have heard the story before. I am sure will be new to most, and as it shows how wonderful our Lord Jesus takes care of His people when they are to serve and glorify Him, it may be both pleasant and profitable to tell and read it again. Picture then in your minds the little brig "Clenden," lying-to, and upon the after-deck a group of Englishmen and Englishwomen—Missionaries and their wives—with Captain Stone and his wife, listening to the narrative of the Hawaiian teacher. The waves were curling merrily some two or three half a mile distant, and the shore was some half a mile beyond. Within the reef, in the still and calm lagoon, lay a very small island, with a few coconut trees and a couple of rough native huts upon it. As far from the beach stood the long row of native huts composing the village, and from the deck we could easily distinguish the teacher's cottage. Beyond rose the hills, mostly barren, with deep ravines and narrow valleys. The sun was shining in his strength and heat. Now listen to the teacher's story. He said:—The chief and his people had been very kind to them; in spite of great temptations, had fulfilled their promise that they would protect their lives, be kind to them, and allow them to preach the Gospel to them. However, was going on well; the people came very numerous to their cottage of an evening, and conversations were all on the life of Jesus and the way of salvation by faith in Him. Some of the people had begun to learn the alphabet, and would soon be able to read easily—when, unexpectedly, a large canoe arrived from the Isle of Oahu. It brought two messengers from the Warrior-chiefs to the head men of the village, commanding them to put the teachers to death; and saying that he had already

lives in his own kind, and promising a
 & his demand were complied with. But
 with the heart of the head man of the vil-
 lage, he was very ignorant and was not
 in Jesus, still he won't put it in his
 the poor teachers in death. Accordingly
 a week back, having failed in their mission.
 a Warrior-chief of the Isle of Pines was
 it at the result. He was resolved that the
 die. Accordingly he sent his messengers
 taking with them some new hatchets and
 whole native custom of those who came
 in the world. The royal canoe arrived
 messengers brought their present and told
 of the village chief. The negotiation was
 stronger than English boys and girls can
 be. William chief passed with admiration a
 time, and longed to call them his own, and
 if he would only let those mis-
 delinquent live. His mind reversed,
 of the messengers to stay awhile, and as the
 should go with him to the teachers' vil-
 lage, for he had no idea of their danger,
 and that that evening a light boat of the
 would have been immediately followed by
 The canoe came. The natives assembled
 great crowd. Two chief men came, and two
 old men, and the cottage was filled with
 them to say, the subject for conversation
 being was the conversation, that Jesus had
 his boat and had promised that at the end
 of the week would the dead to life, and judge
 his her. It was a new and startling doctrine
 were. They asked if all the people killed in

war and eaten would appear at the judgment-seat of Christ? And the teachers answered, "Yes; all will be there—all the dead will be there, and all now living will be there, and every one will be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or whether they have been evil." The natives became very excited and alarmed as they began to count up the persons they had cruelly treated and killed and eaten, and thought, we shall meet these persons again at the bar of Jesus, and the bravest heart was filled with terror. The chief was also afraid. He thought of all the people he had wronged and killed, and the prospect of meeting his victims again amazed and confounded him. He inquired how he could escape condemnation, and was told only by repentance toward God and faith in Jesus. Somehow his mind was very dark. He could not understand the glad tidings of forgiveness; still he could not help feeling that perhaps the teachers could save him in some way from a just condemnation, and so he dared not even nod his head to the two messengers, and thus gave the signal for the murder of the teachers. At length the party separated; the chief and his friends went home, and the teachers retired to rest, knowing nothing of their extreme peril, and of the wonderful way in which God had directed the conversation to the doctrine of the resurrection, and thus preserved the lives of his servants. Next morning the chief plainly refused to put them to death, and the messengers embarked in their canoe, threatening the bitter vengeance of their Warrior-chief. The canoe was soon lost in the distance, and the teachers were safe for a little while longer. On their arrival at home, the chief of the Isle of Pines became furious, and commanded that on a given day all his warriors should be ready, with their war-canoes, to sail over to New

slay the teachers. And the proud thought was—"And where is the God that can helpless men out of my hands?" And he heard his proud boast. But I have filled up my space in the present Magazine, and will till next month the remainder of this month reads almost like a chapter in the Acts 3.

OLDEST EVIL IN THE WORLD.

OLD. It was born, strange to say, in heaven, and any existence. How it came into being which no one can explain. The first sinner was a bright angel, full of power and goodness ; but he was converted into a devil, and lost all, though he still retained much of his power. Soon after our first parents were created, the angel thought he would try whether he could make enemies of God like himself, by putting into their hearts that new, that deadly poison for which he was driven out of heaven. He did try, and with that success. They believed the lie he told of the truth God had told them ; and they regarded him as their tempter was, and they were driven out of the earthly paradise as he had been out of heaven. At least six thousand years have passed since ; so that sin is a very old thing.

Q. It is since sin came into England I do not question whether it was here before the time there were lions here, and bears, and wolves, and were very fierce ; but they never sinned. The mountains, and rivers, and trees, and valleys ; the sun never sinned. The sun shone by day as

brightly as it does now, and the moon by night; neither of them ever saw, on sea or land, on hill or plain, one stain of sin in all England during those centuries that separated the Creation from the deluge of man by the waters of the Flood. When I landed on our shores I cannot tell. It may have been twenty-five or thirty centuries ago. But I can tell how it came. The first man that landed on these shores brought it with him. It formed a part of the cargo freight that crossed the sea from the East to the British Isles. And nothing could have kept it if man himself was to come in. Let him do so tonight for a thousand years, and then let him and his boat that carried him, and all that it contained, but his own person, yet vain would be all his efforts to get it out: the man has it in his soul; it is as inseparable from him as if it were a part of himself; and the first tread of human foot on English soil was the treading of the serpent, and of old England was polluted and became the shade of sin.—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine of the United Presbyterian Church.*

THE GIPSY TEA-PARTY.

[From the Morning Love Magazine.]

DEAR FATHER,—I lately had the pleasure of being present at a tea-party given by some kind ladies and ladies a large number of gipsies, gathered together from distant outskirts of London. These ancient people still love, like their Cordeliers, to dwell in tents. That large schoolroom they were (I suppose) the only gathering men and women, their black eyes sparkling with a brilliancy peculiarly their own.

the women possessed no small share of all had sought by their neat and respectful do honour to the kind entertainers who ally waiting upon them. Some *baby* gipsies, and the roving mothers seemed as loving as their more settled sisters.

lads, and wild rough boys were there too, with a tea as some of them said they had never with their skins brown as the earth they r, and their wondrous thick black matted had never known brush or comb. We sang and all went on happily till a certain kind to address them, drawing a contrast between of God, "the good news," and the certain future it revealed to all who believed it, and gipsies went about telling concerning fortunes new could never come true. She was right, well, but spoke without tact; and a bright, in a scarlet cloak, fired up in a rage, and ay told lies, and fortunes also, besides gipsies, was not coming there to be told she was a

ought the lady's address to a conclusion, and s, the missionary to the gipsies, soon, by a few ds, put all right again. Soon after this a gentleman accused one of the matted-haired boys ng his pocket-handkerchief, which caused a us burst of indignation.

a finished, we all rose and sang the hymn—

"O for a heart to praise my God!"

ntleman read Luke xi., and Mr. Burns offered All behaved very reverently. He addressed eely on having no continuing city here; and

drew a contrast between our city of London, with its sins and sorrows, and Jerusalem the golden, with its pearly gates, where no sin, no death, no sorrow shall ever enter. He called their attention to the words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" and then, "What think ye of Christ?" "Are any of you saying, I wish I knew Him? Think of His words, 'Lovest thou me?' Who here is able to give Peter's answer, 'Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee'?" He then counselled them, in the words of the hymn, to seek each night to "pitch their tents a day's march nearer home."

Now a fine old gipsy woman, with a beaming, happy countenance, very clean and neat, having on a dark dress and a large shepherd's-plaid shawl, rose and asked to tell her dear friends what the Lord had done for *her* soul. "Since I have been a widow," she said, "I have brought up nine children; but oh, what mercy God has shown to me! In His infinite love He brought me to Jesus! And Jesus, the blessed Jesus, has brought me into His fold. He has made me, as you see, friends, a happy woman. I cannot read the Bible, but I love to hear it, and follow what it tells me; and you know what a sinner I used to be. Ah! Selina" (speaking to a woman across the table), "you know how we used to go on sinning together, telling fortunes, and telling lies, as the lady said; but I would not do it now, Selina. Oh, give it up, and join me. Come to Jesus, just now, just as you are, every one of you. Have you looked to Him? Have you asked Him to forgive you? 'Just as I am' I go to God on my knees night and morning, and I long to speak a word for Jesus. I know you have never heard a gipsy woman speak like this

friends, seek Him! seek Him! There are but one leads to heaven, the other down to hell. For His sake, turn to the Lord; oh, for Christ's sake."

A woman had such evident love in her heart for Him, such a touching manner, and clear, fine words, she riveted all ears and eyes also, and she said of the woman of Samaria: "Come, see what He has told me all things that ever I did: is not this?"

And with many of these interesting people, he was seeking the Lord. One old man of the Jews, already very happy in Jesus, said "he was so near to Him; the name of Jesus was so precious to him that it seemed to make his heart jump, as if he could be cut in pieces for Jesus."



CHINESE BABIES.

When winter comes on, and the weather grows cold, the baby is placed in a kind of basket made of straw thickly twisted. In shape it is something like a barrel. There is a hole at the top and one at the bottom. The little baby is put in at the top. The basket, on the floor, is placed a pan of heated water to keep its little feet warm. How very nice to be in the cold weather! It has rattles to play with. Babies at home have.

The baby's head is often shaved, and its hair, as soon as it is a month or two long, is braided into a little tail! This is tied with a bit of silk or red cord. Sometimes there are two little tails, one on each side of its head;

sometimes one only, sticking out of a round hole in the top of the cap.

A baby's cap in China is not made of plush or velvet. It is a stiff band of silk or velvet. Little tinkles or bells are sometimes added, and so "baby has music when it goes." There is generally a little image of a lord or idol, just in front, which the poor heathen mother believes will protect her dear baby from harm.

In the summer the babies wear scarcely any clothes, but in winter, in the north of China, the babies' dresses are padded so thickly with cotton that they look like little hibernians. Can you fancy a fat, brown baby muffled up in thick clothes, and a dark cap fitting close to its head, with a round hole at the top for a small braided tail to pass through? Such is a Chinese baby on the cold winter days.

Our little readers will be interested in this story of their brothers and sisters in China. "What!" you say. I hear some one say, "are they our brothers and sisters?" Yes they are, and we should love the funny brown babies. I think you do love them. If so, pray for them, and help to send them the good tidings about Jesus. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."—*Chinese Missionary Journal Instructor*.

BUDDHISM.

MANY of our young readers and contributors are probably ignorant of what Buddhism is. Buddhism is a system of religious belief held by the largest number of the heathen population in the whole world. Its followers are estimated to number at least three hundred and fifty millions of people, occupying the vast region

1 Eastern Asia, Japan, Ceylon, Siam,
 Thibet and Tartary in the north. Such
 the prince of darkness !

Spirit of truth and love,
 Life-giving, holy Dove,
 Speed forth Thy flight ;
 Move on the waters' face,
 Spreading the beams of grace,
 And in earth's darkest place
 Let there be light !

1 and mysterious personage was Gotama
 Buddha, the founder of this dark and
 em of heathenism. He is said to have
 ut 600 years before the Christian era.
 made up of legends, superstitions, and
 lmost beyond belief, did we not know that
 the eyes, corrupts the understanding, and
 hearts of those whom he keeps in bondage.
 specimen or two from among the many, just
 t the system is.

to the Buddhist belief, the earth is immov-
 on it is placed a round mountain one million
 iles in height, the earth itself being two and a
 s of miles in thickness, below which are three
 stone, water, and wind, each of incredible

The Buddhist's sun is 500 miles in height
 breadth, and 1500 in circuit. The moon is
 490 miles in length, breadth, and thickness,
 circuit. Notwithstanding these dimensions,
 aries are swallowed by a certain Assur Bahu,
 prodigious size, whose mouth is 3000 miles
 head and limbs of suitable proportions !

only just a sample of the absurdities of
 other objects of worship is that of Guatama's

foot on high mountains, where he is supposed to be trodden in pursuing some of his marvellous journey. How striking is the remark of a Christian native attending a traveller in Siam amongst the grand sublime scenery, where one of these pretended bones is shown—"Oh, master! the Siamese see Buddha's stone, and do not see God in these grand things!" how sad is the thought that so many thousands of poor heathen are thus blindly following an image's footsteps, not knowing that there is but one only holiness and to God! "Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father by me."—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor*.

HARRY LEVY; OR, THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT SWEAR.

HARRY LEVY, when a very little boy, used to live in a large house, and his father was very rich; but one time he had to leave his fine home and go into a small home. His father died after a long illness, and Harry was left the only son of his mother.

"Mother," said Harry, one day, some weeks after this had taken place, "why don't we live in the great house? And where are my pretty playthings? What is Mamma?"

And his mother had to tell her little boy that as they were poor she could not buy him the fine playthings, and that she must be his nurse in the place of Mamma.

Harry was glad to hear that his dear mother would take care of him, and promised to be good; but he was his mother crying, and asked her why she did so.

She told him she was thinking of his father, and that she was left alone in the world with her little son.

ther, have we not a God who will take
ou used to tell me that I had two fathers,
them is dead."

her in the time of her riches had not
and this she told her little boy.

he, "does not God love you?"

k so," said his mother; "God loves all
He has made, but——"

an to love Him," said Harry, and looked
in his mother's face.

e lesson by you," said his mother, with
will love God, and ask His mercy."

Harry led his mother to have faith in God
childish trust.

nge from a large house to small apartments,
es to poverty, had in its way many trials.

a large house still, but not alone; there
amilies besides their own, and the children
arm the staircase and in the street also,
or widow heard them with pain swear and
ame in vain. She must let Harry out some-
ne laboured hard to warn and guard him
d. One day she sent him a little distance
se after some food, for she had been ill and
ork, so Harry had to nurse her and fetch all
d. Anxiously the widow watched for his
the time passed on till the evening, and she
hy he did not return. She could hear from
as the sounds of the children without, and
think of the temptation and trial to which
to be subject. Suddenly she heard some one
g the door, and sobs burst upon her ear.
the door was thrown open, and an honest-
y appeared leading in her boy, whose face and

hands were bruised and bloody. "I dragged 'im away," said the boy, "but they were pounding him hard, I can tell you."

"But what was it for? What has my boy done that they should beat him so?" said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Well, I don't know; guess he can tell you," said the boy.

"They wanted me to swear, mother," sobbed little Harry, "and said if I'd swear they would give me some money, and if I would not they would beat me. I told them it was wicked to swear. Then they laughed and hooted me, and afterwards they began to strike me and kick me."

"And they would have killed him if I had not come along," said the boy who had rescued him, whose name was Donald Davis. "I could not bear to see half a dozen great fellows on such a little one, so I up and stopped the fight."

Mrs. Lloyd thanked the poor boy for his kindness and had some talk with him about swearing, for he had not been taught like Harry. She then told him, if he liked to come and hear her read to Harry, which she often did, and thought it would please him, he might. Donald Davis, after thanking her, took his way.

Harry had been very quiet all this time, scanning with strange interest the features of the boy. His wounds were not severe, and as he went to bed that night, he said, exultingly, "I'm glad I did not swear; ain't you, mother?"—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

WISH TO BE SAVED TOO.

of Germany there are large forests which are of the country : here and there are to be forests open spaces clear of trees, and there are towns and villages.

Most of these villages are for the most part ignorant, blind and spiritually dead, not but ashamed of prayers.

And a few years ago to send some good men to rest villagers, who preached Christ to them, were convinced of their miserable state, they sought peace through the blood of Christ. The people began to listen to the preaching, and then to rage, and then to try and kill the men of them said—

"I was afraid by day, I was afraid ; for their looks were malignant, and they pierced me with their eyes. By night, I was in danger of falling from precipices ; for there are few beaten roads. And of wicked men determined to waylay us as we go to God, without success."

One man, who was in danger of his life, after many dangers, at last came to a place called Prevost. There the people desired to hear the Word of God, and young crowded to hear, and children cried out together, "What must I do to be saved and obtain mercy, and could rejoice in seeing God."

He endeavoured by every means to do mischief, but could not succeed ; for Jesus, champion, bruised the serpent's head. The meeting-place, that would hold them, soon became too small. Many people were standing without before the house ; and as that

THERE REMAINETH A REST.

In the far and hazy future,
 That our eager vision straineth ;
 In the Paradise of Eden,
 For the weary, heavy laden,
 Sweetest rest for aye remaineth !

In this dim beclouded valley
 Oft the shower of sorrow raineth ;
 But no cloud shall cross the heaven
 Of the land that shall be given
 To the saints—where rest remaineth.

We are pilgrims. Day by day
 Every weary footstep gaineth
 But a little on the way ;
 Yet we linger not nor stay :
 Toil we on—a rest remaineth !

We are anxious, unbelieving,
 Worldly care our spirit paineth ;
 But our hearts shall cease from grieving,
 And our breasts from restless heaving,
 In the rest that *there* remaineth.

In the bosom of the Father,
 In the light that never waneth
 Of the sunless city's splendour,
 In the temple it containeth,
There eternal rest remaineth !

There no voice is spent in sighing,
 There no troubled soul complaineth ;
 Never darksome night shall follow
 On that ever-smiling morrow,
 Nevermore shall enter sorrow,
 Where our endless rest remaineth !

We shall walk in robes of whiteness,
 That no earthly colour staineth ;
 We shall see our Saviour's brightness,
 And the glory he retaineth,
 While eternity remaineth !

MARION.

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THE
LE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

MAY 1, 1886.

BIBLE AS A BOOK OF HISTORY.

WISE and discerning students of Holy Writ will learn to value it, first and chiefly for the precious truths concerning Christ which are able to make us unto salvation; but they will also distinctly interest that the Bible contains the historic record that has come down to us of the world, and of the various peoples and nations which have been known on its surface.

Last Number we referred briefly to our origin of the human race—the down-trodden descendants of Ham—who found a precarious home on the continent of Africa, and we now invite the attention of our young friends to

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ASIA.

In that quarter of the world the most wonderful work was done. It was the cradle of the human race, in some unknown sequestered spot, was situated
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the beautiful garden where the first man came perfect from the hand of his Creator. That scene was the scene of the temptation and of the fall of our first parents. Asia was appertained to the descent of Shem, and became the scene of the most important events recorded in the Bible. There was situated the land of Canaan, or Palestine, where Abraham and Jacob abode in tents, and where their descendants grew into a nation, found a home and built cities; they came out of Egypt. It was there that great and holy men of God bore faithful and fearless witness against the folly and wickedness of idolatry. It was there that transpired the most wonderful series of events in the world's history—the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension to glory of our Divine Lord and Saviour. It was from Jerusalem, the chief city of the favoured land, that the apostles and first preachers of Christianity went forth to distant regions to proclaim everywhere the glad tidings of the Gospel. It was in Asia that arose the mighty empires of Assyria, Persia, &c., long since crumbled into ruins, but which once exercised a great influence on the destinies of the race.

But a marvellous change has come over the East. The Asia of the present nineteenth century, we find scarcely any resemblance to that of the older world, excepting in its physical aspect; but we do recognize its social and political developments, the spiritual fulfillment of that remarkable prediction, uttered by patriarch Noah upwards of 4000 years ago (Gen. ix. 26): "God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem." The European nations—the descendants of Japheth—are spreading rapidly over the vast plains of Asia, carrying with them their arts and

country claims the sovereignty and the
 ia, with its sable millions of people, for
 China, long noted for its exclusiveness
 esistance to all innovation, has at length
 tes, and her great towns and cities, to the
 commerce of the Western nations. But
 ish trade and commerce penetrate, there
 ith all its healing influences, can and does
 entrance. The Gospel of peace and salva-
 eing proclaimed by hundreds of men of
 the length and breadth of India, and also
 l and many other considerable cities of
 then it is borne in mind that these empires
 ably the greatest in Asia, representing a
 on of nearly five hundred millions, it will
 he attempt to reach and penetrate this mass
 —to break down the myriad forms of idol-
 to substitute for them the pure light of
 is one of the boldest enterprises that the
 er witnessed. But some small success has
 d. A few precious fruits—an earnest of a
 est—have been gathered in; and we would
 l prayerfully and hopefully to the time when
 er millions of souls, shall be found stretching
 ds unto God.



THE SAVAGE ISLANDERS DID FOR THE NEW SHIP.

“Niue, or Savage Island, May 8th, 1865.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS — We are anxiously
 o hear something about the new missionary
 is a year ago since our good old ship the

'John Williams' went down, but we have heard nothing yet about a successor. I wrote to Dr. Tidman after we heard of the death of the 'J. W.' and asked him to leave something, if it was only a piece of rope, for the young people of Savage Island to pay for. I did then because I expected you would work so hard on the new ship that she would be done and put to sea before another letter from me could reach England. I do not know if I have been too sanguine in my expectations, but I hope I have not. This much I know, if the children have worked as well as Savage Island, there is already more than enough collected to pay for a splendid new ship.

"We sadly miss the 'J. W.' and the natives miss her loss. They loved her much because she brought them the Word of God, and all that has made them what they now are. When the 'J. W.' was here, Savage Island was savage indeed, all dark, cruel, and heathen. Many apparently fruitless visits our missionaries paid to this island, and often missionaries left with a heavy heart. But it was not to be always so. The 'J. W.' paid many happy visits to our settlement, and Captain Williams can tell you there are islands where his visits were so gladly received, and none where he was received with more loyalty, respect, and joy. All the days the ship was here were happy days over the island. You may easily suppose our children and all were grieved to hear that they would see the 'John Williams' no more. But they are a matter of fact, and their grief is of short duration. They were soon asking about a successor, and speculating how soon they would see her. They wanted to see her too, and are not willing that the new ship should be entirely the white children's ship.

all you what they have done to help in the
 now they have done it. They 'have done
 could,' and have done it heartily.

Now there is no money on Savage Island.
 A girl has any money, not even a farthing.
 Fathers and mothers are no better off, so that
 Bibles and missionary boxes are useless here.

A very poor island too. Rarotonga is rich in
 coconuts is rich in cocoanut oil, and with the
 produce can pay for books, contribute to the
 Society, and buy clothing, &c., for themselves.
 We have neither coffee nor cocoanut oil here.
 Coffee grows; but preparing it is hard work and

There are only two things here which can be
 contributions; and those are cocoanut fibre
 and the former is useful for stuffing mattresses,
 mats, pe, matting, &c.; the latter you know the use
 of it. It has not been cultivated yet, and, of
 course there is but very little of it.

In January last the children began to prepare fibre
 contributions to the new ship. It is no very
 easy preparing it; but the boys and girls had to
 do it themselves. Many of you have seen the old, dry
 husks, as they are sent to England in the husks.
 The husk is large and thick, full of strong fibres the
 length of the nut. It is only the fibre of the ripe,
 gathered nuts that is useful, and will sell. The
 husks have to be husked, the outside of the husk thrown
 away and the inner part well beaten and dried to get
 the fibre clean. It has to be beaten well, then put
 in the sun to dry. This has to be repeated several
 times until the fibre is clean and free from dust. It
 then has to be tied up in bundles of about 50lbs. each,
 and it is ready to be shipped.

"It takes about six nuts on an average to make a pound of fibre, and a pound of fibre fetches 2½d. in Samoa. A boy would have to work several days to get a pound of fibre, and his arms would ache well too.

"For about two months we heard the sound of beating early and late. Boys and girls—little ones—all worked with a will, to see who would get the most. The first week in April all the contributions were brought in, the children of each settlement brought their bundles of fibre in as here it was weighed and put in the store-house.

"There was nearly 10,000 lbs. of fibre (worth) and 195 lbs. of picked cotton. This, with £15 worth from our own and the teachers' childrens, we expect, £125. This is the Savage Island worth the new ship—£125. Thank God that the children of small island, which was all dark when the last missionary ship was built, have now raised £125 to send a ship to take the Word of God to islands and dark he must not think the above has been from any but the children; the adults were preparing their contributions to the Missionary Society at the same time, and the night after the children brought in 15,000 lbs. of fibre and £70 lbs. of cotton, which, with a little more, valued at £200.

"We have just held our two May meetings on one side of the island, and one on the other. I did not write to you last year about our May meetings, we need not tell you about those held this year. You would have seen and heard what we saw and heard on those two days. Such gatherings!—about 2000 people. Such forests!—about 600 pigs, and other such things, at each of the two meetings.

"Our people are now anxiously waiting for a new

saying that it may soon come, and come
new missionaries. If there is not one on
Lage Island, I don't know that the people
captain land when he comes.

I must finish this letter. Don't forget
id; but pray that the children may give
as well as their contributions, to the

"I remain,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"W. G. LAWES."



SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

(Continued from p. 83.)

Jesus heard, as I noticed in the former part
ry, the angry boast of the Warrior-chief of
Pines; and He determined to preserve His
angelists, and to do so in a way that would
e proud chieftain before His defenceless
On the appointed day, warriors, to the number
ve hundred, assembled on the sea-shore, and
their war-canoes. The signal was given, and
canoe led the way with a fair wind towards
tonia. The distance was considerable, and the
out to sink deep into his ocean-bed when the
ed the lagoon at New Caledonia, and directed
towards the little islet, which I have already
situated within the reef. Then the chieftain
band encamped for the night, intending next
to paddle on shore, and carry out their wicked

When it was quite dark, a knock was heard at the door of the Mission-cottage, and the teachers were surprised by a secret visit from their protector—the head man of the village. After the usual greetings, he said, “Do you remember some weeks ago two strangers coming with me to your cottage one evening?” They remembered the circumstance. “*Those men came from the Isle of Pines to put you to death.* Once before that visit they had come on the same errand, and I had sent them away. On the second visit they came with me to your cottage.” In a moment the teachers perceived through what extreme perils they had passed. They understood at once that their protector’s mind had wavered, else those messengers would not have accompanied him to their cottage. He continued—“Did you see that large fleet of war-canoes enter our reef this evening, and land at the little islet yonder?” The teachers had seen it, and wondered what the arrival meant. “The chief of the Isle of Pines has come, with his army, to put you to death. I am too weak to defend you. I cannot defend myself. My advice is, run away to the mountains and hide yourselves until the party are obliged to return home.”

The teachers at once realized their danger, and each prayed in his heart to God for guidance and protection. Now they learnt, for the first time, that their brethren had been slain on the Isle of Pines by the very chief who was spending the night on that little island, and designing to slay them also in the morning.

What should they do? How could they escape? To run away to the mountains was not only to run away from their posts but could insure no safety; for these warriors knew every foot of the country, knew all its hiding-places better than themselves. After some

1, they resolved to remain in their cottage ; night—probably the last night of their earthly prayer, and leave the issue in the hand of God. their protector of their determination, and If you do, be sure you fasten the doors and securely as possible.” The meaning of this as you will perceive as we proceed.

r teachers spent the livelong night in prayer, said that night was a very happy one to od enabled them to feel sure of His help and to be certain that if they were slain by the f His gospel He would receive their spirits lasting joy into His glory.

ars passed by, and the morning began to break. towards the little islet, they could see the restirring themselves. They watched with calm removed hearts. They saw the chieftain jump royal canoe. They saw all his band get into canoes. They saw them leaving the islet—but, o say, instead of paddling towards the village, es made straight for the harbour, and sailed ne, and soon were out of sight.

ay imagine the surprise and joy of the poor ! Now they felt that God had heard their and had filled the heart of the proud chief with d fear, so that, to the amazement of his men, red them to go home without killing the . It was a wonderful deliverance, not wrought out by God alone.

et arrived at the Isle of Pines in the evening, n it became known that the expedition had It began to be whispered that the old chief had rt—had turned coward—for he was afraid, with dred armed men, to kill two defenceless Christians.

These whisperings at length came to the knowledge of the chief, and made him very angry. He ordered his little army to be ready by a fixed day, with their canoes, to go again to New Caledonia.

The day arrived. The fleet started and entered the reef, and reached the little islet as before. The teachers saw the fleet of war-canoes arrive, and instantly understood that their enemy was come a second time with intent to put them to death.

They proceeded as on his former visit—fastened up their house and spent the night in prayer. But, somehow, one of the teachers—a Samoan—was stricken with the fear of death, and all through the night he was in the greatest distress. The other—the Rarotongan—was able to confide in the love and mercy of Christ, and did all he could to comfort his companion in labour, and perhaps in martyrdom.

The morning broke in clear beauty and sunshine over sea and land. Eagerly they watched the little army. They saw the men get into their canoes; and, led by the royal canoe, they saw the whole fleet paddling towards the beach, near their cottage. They prayed for help and guidance. The warriors landed, and, led by their old chief, they came and made a large and complete circle around the cottage. Then, according to their silly customs, the chief began to dance round the cottage, cursing the two poor teachers in the name of all his idols, and devoting them to death. He would hew them to pieces, not kill them at once, but slowly and painfully torture them to death. The old man worked himself up into a state of madness, and foamed at his mouth. At length he halted, and seemed puzzled what next to do. He did not exactly know how mighty Jesus was. He began to feel that if he touched that

haps the Lord Jesus might strike him down
he stood still, uncertain what next to do.
The forgotten teacher at once perceived that the
science was awakening; and he opened the
book, and went out, and, approaching the chief,
he offered to shake hands with him. (See
p. 10). This old chief was taken by surprise; he
did find the teacher so helpless and yet so calm;
he made him the more afraid, but Jesus
was stronger than his idols. He returned the
grip, and took the teacher's hand and shook it.
He inquired what he wanted at New Calcutta,
Maine. The old chief could not speak. He
began to tremble. The tall strong
and those trembling before the insignificant
were both silent in nature, and very slight
build. The men must have astonished them-
selves and each other, who, with relaxed spirit, were
on the end of their journey in hand with
the teacher. Their leader gave an equally
low bow, he took a snow hat which he wore
upon the teacher's head. But the teacher,
knowing what he had heard that the old
chief of a crew where the chief had murdered,
he put with his hand and buried it upon the
teacher's. "I will never wear the hat of a
man." This proceeding and remark caused
the teacher to tremble exceedingly. With shaking hands
and his own eyes full of tears, and that it would
not be vain. The teacher made no objection,
he held it, and came back that it was made by
him, and so was honestly come by. The
teacher was led back toward the teacher the
old man's hands dropped to the ground.

Henceforth the teacher was *taboo*—was sacred, no man durst hurt him. The chief next ordered him to embark in their canoes. He told his attendants to pick out an ample supply of the best food they brought with them, and lay it in a heap upon the shore. This was soon done. The men were in their canoes. The chief stood alone on the shore with the teacher. Pointing to the heap of provisions, the chief said to the teacher's acceptance of them as a gift from him, and as an expression of his sorrow that he ever sought to injure him. Then giving him a hearty shake of the hand, the chief sprang into his canoe, and he started homewards, and in an hour was out of sight.

You may imagine the joy, and the gratitude and wonder of those two evangelists. They at once poured forth their hearts in prayer and praise to God, who had so unexpectedly delivered His servants.

These events took place a short time before our arrival in the "Camden," and it was resolved to take away the teachers, and place them on some other island, where their lives would be safe. The French have since that time taken possession of New Caledonia, and have opened a penal settlement, and Roman Catholic priests are striving to persuade the poor natives to leave their religion and to accept the idolatrous rites of Rome instead. Oh! when shall the day dawn in which "every knee shall bow to Jesus, and every tongue confess him to be Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

A YOUTHFUL HINDOO CONVERT.

The subject of this notice, named Prabhoo is a youth in the boarding-school connected with the South Indian Mission Station, at Nellore, India. The remarkable conversion

ed to this young person by the missionaries, N. Baylis and J. Lowe, and by the school having been blest as the means of bringing new knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus recently admitted to the fellowship of the church on the interesting occasion gave the following of her mind and feelings:—

At the time past I had a desire to join the church to remember my Lord's death as He died for all His disciples. To prepare myself for that privilege, I used to pray alone, in a corner of my room, and in another place too, with a candle and beg for the help of the Holy Spirit, who is the author of all good things in me, but I did not open my heart to any, fearing that I should not be allowed to enter the church while so young. While I was in this state of doubt, I was greatly encouraged by what I heard from Dr. Lowe. One day, when he spoke to the school, he told us about a girl in Scotland, ten years old, who was converted and joined the church; and now I am very anxious to sit at the table, and remember His sufferings for me."



EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SACRED SCRIPTURE.

Isaiah. 43, 44.—"Fear, and the pit, and the snare. . . He that fleeth from the fear shall fall into the snare; and he that getteth up out of the pit shall be caught in the snare."

Various methods of capturing wild elephants have been known from the most remote antiquity, namely, the pit and the snare. In the first of these methods, a deep

hole is dug in the known track of the elephant, or in some place to which he may be decoyed or driven, and so lightly covered as to break when he is passing over it, and thus to let him through. With an animal so sagacious, it is necessary to be very careful in laying the turf over the covered pit, so as to make it appear just as it did before the pit was dug. The natives are very clever in doing this, as a dear friend of mine can testify, by a singular experience. He was walking, with two or three companions, through a jungle infested with elephants, and suddenly his companions missed him; indeed, they saw him sink into the ground, and found that he had been unconsciously walking over a pit which had been dug to catch an elephant, and had fallen through. With some difficulty his friends succeeded in helping him out again, and he was not hurt. It is sometimes intended to kill the elephant, in which case a pointed stake is fixed in the pit, which pierces the poor creature by his own weight in his fall, and puts him to death in a very painful and cruel manner. Through the good providence of God this had not been done in the pit into which my friend fell. The imitation of the natural ground must, however, have been very complete to have deceived eyes as sharp as his. But it is ~~only~~ when the wild elephant is troublesome in destroying the crops that the natives wish to kill him, for he is far too valuable an animal to be wantonly destroyed. The natives usually wish to take him alive, and the pit is not a good method of doing this, for, if not deep enough, he can get out, and if so deep as to prevent his escape he is liable, from his great weight, to hurt himself in his fall, so as to be useless afterwards.

The method in most general use for taking them alive is the snare. By this method whole herds of elephants

caught at once. A very large piece of forest is inclosed, trees and all, by fixing in the ground, and binding them strongly placing other stakes as props or buttresses, when done on a large scale, sometimes sends of people for months, and, when all elephants are driven in. But it is not an drive them in: it sometimes happens as to do so. They are driven in by harassed by fire and noise, but chiefly by the

river. 17, 18, the noise of the fear is perceived; and a frightful clatter it is that they, with drums, shoutings, and every possible producing a dreadful din, and distressing uproar. Indeed the success of the scheme is entirely to the distraction produced by the fear. If the elephants could measure their safety and strength, they could easily break down, and escape; but they are puzzled and the noise, and, escaping from an imaginary into a real one, and are taken. How aptly, this emblem represent the state of men who are that, until they have provided themselves. However sagacious and otherwise strong, cunning and strength will not help them if it leads to destruction. The same emblem, in some extent, the present state of the Jews, afraid of their false gods, the Jews are led, and, falling into the snare of the devil, spoken by him at his will. But there is the that God has not left them to perish. He is to send the Gospel to them, by which they turned from vain gods, from the power of the

devil, and from the bottomless pit. Whose fault will it be if they perish for lack of knowledge? At whose hands will God require their blood?—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

A LESSON FOR LADS.

NEVER say "I don't like lessons." For if you do you will let everybody know that you are a dunce, and that you will very likely be a dolt all the days of your life.

Why should you not learn lessons? Dumb things learn lessons, and they must, or they would not get their living. Look at those chickens, which only a few days ago cracked their shells and tumbled out of them; how soon they learn to scratch and seek their own food! If one of them were to turn dunce, and say it did not like to learn how to scratch, I think the old hen would cuff it a bit; and serve it right too. But I never saw a chicken in my life that could not or would not learn how to scratch for its own living.

But I have seen some lads to have been either so idle or so stupid, or both, that they would rather stand longing and wishing for what they will never get if they do nothing else; instead of that, they should first learn how to do a thing, and then fall to, and do it with a will. They would soon get what they had been idle wishing and longing for if they did. If they would I can give a pretty good guess what sort of men idle, drowsy, dreamy lads will make, and where you will then find them. You will find them in those abominable places called beer-shops, instead of at their work, or at home with their own wives and children. Pretty hard bands and fathers such men make!

I have here a tale of a lad, how he stood longing and

he trick an old man played him to teach

and stood listlessly watching some anglers

He was poor and dejected. At last,
a basket well filled with nice-looking fish,
If I had these I should be happy. I
can at a fair price, and buy me food and

give you just as many, and just as good
owner, who chanced to overhear his words,
do me a little favour."

What is that?" asked the other eagerly.

Attend this line till I come back. I wish to
errand just now."

His proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman
so long that the young man began to
tired. Meanwhile, however, the hungry fish
eagerly at the baited hook, and the youth lost
in the excitement of pulling them in;
the owner of the line returned, he had caught
a number. Counting out from them as many as
a basket, and presenting them to the young
old fisherman said, "I fulfil my promise from
what I have caught, to teach you, whenever you see
needing what you need, to waste no time in
fishing, but cast a line for yourself."—Penny



OSHESH, THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

BY THE REV. DR. DUFF.

North of British Kaffraria, where our Missions
and the Great Orange River, is a lofty mountain-
country, inhabited chiefly by the Basutos, one of the

subdivisions of the great Kaffir race. The most powerful chief of the Basutos and other allied tribes, upwards of forty years, has been Mosheesh. He long been by far the most powerful and sagacious chief in South Africa, bearing rule over a people estimated at between one hundred and fifty and hundred thousand.

About thirty years ago, when his country ravaged by the Korannas and Griques—mixed bloods—he was told by one in the camp of his own who had been taught by an English minister, that Christian religion alone could give peace and power to himself and his people; hence, in the wise providence of God, a strong desire on his part to procure of Christian missionaries in his country, the person who told him he imposed the task of his best efforts to send some to him. Shortly after the chief, fearing lest the promise to secure them had been forgotten, sent him some arms, with the promise that he would procure him in exchange a man of God. About that very time, some of the first Protestant missionaries arrived at Cape Town; and one of this singular request they proceeded direct to the land, and were hailed by the chief and his people.

Hush was the providential origin of the Free Mission among the Basutos, which now numbers twelve ordained missionaries, with six more stations, and many hundreds of converts.

The chief has all along been steadfast and constant in protecting the missionaries, in giving them pasture land for the grazing of needed animals, giving them pasture. In his earlier years he was wont to attend the public assemblages of Christian worship, and, though he has refrained from making any

his acquaintance with scriptural truth is extensive. Two or three of his sons were by the missionaries, and baptized, though recently apostatized. A brother of his was and is a consistent Christian now.

My abounds with lofty isolated table mountains on the summit of one of these that he gave his ordinary designation, "The Chief of Darkness." He himself resides in a native hut, of a beehive shape and structure; but close by a house after the European model, and furnished in the European fashion, for the reception of visitors.

My recent visit to the interesting French Basutoland, I was encouraged, by a letter of introduction from Mr. Burnet, the British Commissioner on the frontier, to visit the great chief on his mountain, Thaba Bosio, which signifies "The Mountain of Darkness." He received me in the open air where he was seated in full deliberation with his councillors, arrayed in their carosses, or dried skins of animals, such as the lion, leopard, jackal, &c. He rose, and shaking me heartily by the hand, proceeded with me into the European house, where ordered tea to be brought.

With an interpreter, our conference lasted between three and four hours. His whole demeanour was truly dignified, while his countenance displayed a combination of boldness, determination, firmness, and benevolence. The whole object of our missions was fully discussed. His inquiries respecting India and its people indicated no ordinary intelligence. His references to Bible facts and principles were often very striking. He spoke with singular

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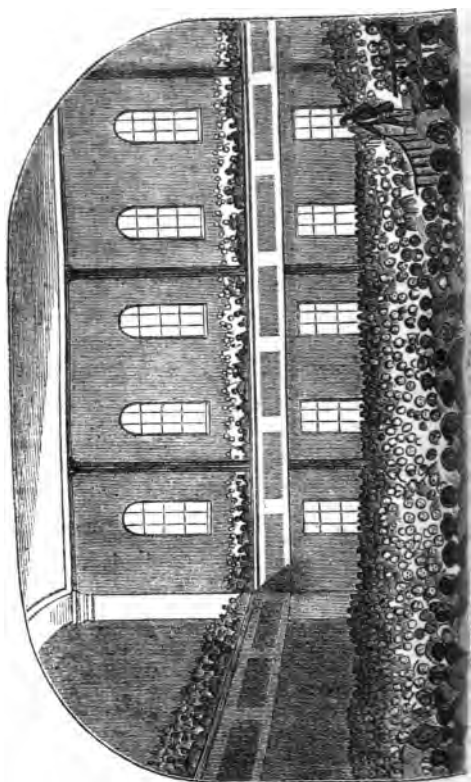
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THE
THE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1869.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE
INDIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

UL as are the events that have taken
place in our world during the past half-century
years, there is nothing more wonderful
progress that has been made in the
work. Some three hundred years ago
the Catholics, and particularly the Jesuits,
were zealous in sending out propagators
to the East; but, strange as it may
be, the Protestant Christians of this and
other lands were not aroused to the duty of
saving the souls of the distant heathen until
the close of the 16th century. Up to that
time the entire heathen world was involved in a
darkness that might be felt, and its teeming
multitudes lived and died like the beasts of the field.
Although a few holy men of God met
for prayer and consultation; and when
engaged the high privileges enjoyed by
monks and their families with the utter
darkness of the world.

degradation, helplessness, and hopelessness of the heathen, their hearts melted within them. Nor were they satisfied with mere words of sympathy. They determined to be up and doing. Meetings were convened, societies were formed, and funds were raised, small indeed at the beginning, but which, with the blessing of God, have swelled into proportions and produced results such as the benevolent promoters of the movement had scarcely ventured to anticipate. Through the agency of these societies the Gospel translated into many tongues, has been circulated in the remotest parts of the globe, and thousands of converts of every clime and colour have learnt to know and love the Saviour, while, through the same agency, the blessing of sound education, and the usages of civilized life, have been widely diffused.

At the great Anniversary Meeting of this Society held at Exeter Hall on Thursday, the 10th May, the crowded audience heard much of the trophies that had been won in the missionary field during the past and preceding years; but, as a full report of that meeting has been published in the "Missionary Magazine and Chronicle" for the current month, we shall endeavour to interest and gratify our young friends by giving a brief outline of the proceedings that took place at the Juvenile Meeting held at the Poultry Chapel on the evening of the same day.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

The interesting proceedings at this meeting commenced at a few minutes after 6 p.m., under the kind

residency of James Sidbottom, Esq., of

Robert Robinson, Home Secretary of the
ring given and the 21st Hymn of the Mission-
on—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne," &c.,

sung by the audience,

W. William Harbutt, of Yardley Hastings,
prayer.

followed by the singing of another hymn,
in the same collection—

"Oh, for a shirt of mail," &c.

German then addressed the meeting. He said
his tenderest years—almost from his birth—
were attached to the missionary cause; since it
and custom of pious families in Manchester to
sympathies and the help of their children in
valued almost even from the period of infancy:
down Moffat, of Africa, and Smith, the martyr
era, and others of kindred spirit; and he treasured
their self-sacrificing and devoted labours among
him. The young people of this happy land
also the advantage they possess, and had with
in upon the children in distant and heathen
is were perishing for lack of knowledge. He
in Malagasy; and the extraordinary increase
number of converts, he said he had been made
with Mr. Ellis's statement of the morning mass-
in the temples, sometimes amounting to 1000 in
one Christian, that might be even collected in
the public worship. He was happy to find that not
less the missionaries of the Society were engaged

in the field of foreign labour; but, in order to obtain the devoted men, more funds must be raised. Great was the power of the picture; and he hoped that all the people connected with the Society would at once purchase cards, and become collectors. He remembered the boy, having a collecting card given to him as long as an arm—that is, before his arm was full grown—and now the card all filled in. He hoped the dear young ladies present would go and do likewise; and he concluded, assuring them that they would best promote their religion by devoting their hearts and lives to the missionary work.

Mr. Robinson then rose, and, instead of reading tracts from the Report, offered a few remarks on contents. He adverted to the losses which the Society had sustained by the death of some of its valued ones, and how these losses had been repaired by the sending forth of additional missionaries to the field of labour. It was further matter for encouragement that the total income for the past year, including the contributions to the mission stations, amounted to £35,000; but, on the other hand, so numerous and pressing had been the claims on the Society's funds, that, within the same year, the expenditure had reached £100,000. How it was a matter of urgent necessity that the friends and supporters of the Society should strain every nerve to raise during the present year at least £10,000, if not £20,000 beyond the receipts of last year. He then adverted to the final sailing of the new missionary ship, after counteracting the fearful storm which compelled her to come to seek refuge in Portland Harbour. He had seen the missionary band at Weymouth, and was glad to find that, instead of being discouraged by their calamity, they evinced more active devotion for

great work; and one of their number, the missionary, who had sustained serious injury down with violence from her birth during the rebellion, declared to be put on board again, declaring to nothing should deter her from bearing a part in an enterprise to which she had dedicated her life. She resorted to the sufferings of the Christians slain during the time of persecution, and exhorted the young audience the money from ring and weighing fifty pounds, brought over by Mr. H., suspended round the neck of the martyr, as an instrument of torture, and which many, by doing their Lord and Saviour, bore about with them, released them from their sufferings.

Julius Furman, from Berlin, commenced by alluding to the number of the Society's members—stated to be 183, but, he observed, these only represented only half the number, for missionaries' wives were equally devoted with husbands to the work, the young friends present added the total number as about equal to the number of the days in the year, besides some 750 native Christians. He declared that the missionary enterprise had advanced,—that the Gospel had proved an incantation to the slaves in Berlin; and hence he took occasion to recall in grateful remembrance the honoured John Wray, the first missionary sent to that field. For the information of the young he would state that Berlin, though reckoned as the West Indies, was not an island, as some suppose, but was situated on the mainland of America and formed, together with Demerara and the united colony of British Guiana, an island the size of England. He described the

climate of Berbice, where the heat was at times all but insupportable, and where, during the wet season, the rain fell in unmistakable torrents—not like rain in England, but as if rivers were being emptied upon the housetops. Snakes and mosquitoes, and other unwelcome visitors of the like kind, found their way into the houses of the missionaries, but they got used to them, and did not mind them much. The inhabitants of the colony were drawn from different and widely-distant countries, and were of almost all colours, but the blacks greatly predominated. Since the days of slavery there had been a vast improvement in the morals and social habits of the people, and an English visitor would be surprised to see the smart and imposing attire in which the Creole ladies appeared at chapel. He then referred to the immigrant coolies from India, some 25,000 in number, who formed a large and increasing proportion of the population. These strangers exercised an injurious influence at the Mission stations, in consequence of their idolatrous practices, which are imitated by many of the young people brought up by the missionaries. Moreover, the negroes are themselves much addicted to superstitious practices, and the use of charms to avert the influence of evil spirits. He then referred to Dutch Guiana, where slavery had continued for years after it had been abolished in the British territories, and mentioned an affecting anecdote of a slave who had escaped from Dutch Guiana into British Guiana, thereby obtaining his freedom, and who at different times advanced from his earnings a sum amounting to £150, which he paid for redeeming several of his relations out of slavery.

The Rev. Henry Gee, from the South Seas, eulogised the missionary spirit of the children, some 120,000 in number, who had contributed to set the new ship afloat,

the beneficent object of the ship in carrying of a Saviour's love to the different islands. In the Samoan, or Navigators' Islands, I laboured, the inhabitants may be regarded as kindly people; but there is ample evidence of the horrid cruelties they had practised when heathen warfare. Since the missionaries began their labours—thirty years ago—almost every nation had disappeared; and it was now on record that they had amongst them 300 years, that they possessed a written language, the Bible and many other books had been sent that, in his own district, about £2000 had been expended for the purchase of the Scriptures. In the evening of the proceedings the audience joined in hymns commencing—

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel."

J. F. Gannaway, from India, then addressed the assembly. In Travancore, situated at the southern extremity of India, missionary operations were at about sixty years ago, and wonderful had been the changes which had since passed over the country. A few partial men laughed to scorn the idea of being evangelized by Christians; but, soon after that convert was made, in 1809, the great assembly had attended the labours of the first. The churches were now crowded with worshippers; and it was a most pleasing sight to see people, in the early morning, gathering together to listen to the things which concerned their salvation. The heathen part of the population were still addicted to the worship of demons, whom they had from long reverence, but to designate

their wrath, and to avert from themselves and their children the evils which it is vainly supposed they have the power to inflict upon them.

The Rev. G. F. Scott, from the South Seas, said that he had been originally appointed to Lifu, one of the Loyalty Group; but, in consequence of the aggressions of the French upon that island, he had proceeded to join the Samoan Mission. He took occasion to suggest that in future there should be a meeting for the juvenile friends in Exeter Hall, to be held on the day following that of the great meeting. He proceeded to remark that the watchword of all engaged in the missionary work should be—*Progress*. There was no standing still in this or in any other great enterprise. Idolatry no longer existed in Samoa; but there was nevertheless much to accomplish before every obstacle to the spread of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands could be removed. Through the forcible occupation of Lifu by the French, the native teachers had been banished; and he learnt with deep regret that the Peruvian slavers had again been at their nefarious work among the islands and carried off many of the natives. But, notwithstanding these hindrances, the Gospel was still found to be the power of God unto salvation; and he was happy to know that numerous converts were from time to time being gathered in from the ranks of heathenism. He then appealed to the young people present to consecrate themselves anew to the service of God, and to manifest a yet deeper interest and sympathy in the work of Missions. He further urged them to come forward as candidates for active service in the missionary field, or to aid the glorious work by the fervour of their prayers and the liberality of their contributions.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman having then been

Rev. H. Ollard of Derby, seconded, by Rev. f Woolwich, supported by Rev. G. Gill of d warmly responded to by the audience, the brought to a close.

SHORT STORIES BY ARONA.

(Continued from p. 110.)

iden" next called at Tana. We entered a
ay, and cast anchor not far from the shore.
r the natives were crowding the deck, and
sell their bows and arrows, or eggs, or shells,
r beads or fish-hooks, &c. I did not like the
natives. They were a small, thin, wiry race,
black; a very different race to the natives in
arotonga, Tahiti, and New Zealand. One
luring our stay here a sight presented itself to
which cannot easily be forgotten. The black
ad taken a great fancy to the white skins of
s, and had evidently tried to invent some
changing the colour of their skins. It would
ry easy for our clever English manufacturers
the skin of a negro, notwithstanding all their
he use of chemicals, and the wonderful dis-
uade by scientific men. How, then, could poor
savages hope to succeed in the attempt? Still
e brave little men, and refused to despair.
gly a number of them whitewashed their whole
and so presented the most vivid representation
st—a real ghost; nay, a live ghost—I have ever
t. The natives wore very little clothing, the
ng only a narrow girdle round the loins; hence,

when whitewashed, the spectacle was of the most hideous and ludicrous character. We laughed until our sides ached with pain. Dr. Turner has given a full account of the Mission on this island; I will therefore spare my young readers with a brief narrative of an expedition we made to see the crater of a burning volcano. The burning mountain is the most remarkable feature of the island. Day and night, as we lay in the harbor, we could hear the mountain groan and thunder, and huge masses of red-hot lava and smoke high up into the heavens. The ladies on board were also much interested in the great sight; and, accordingly, it was resolved to go round in two boats, and land at a village lying at the foot of the volcano, and thus observe the scene. Even then, it took four to five hours to reach the place. Dr. Turner and his companions had often visited the people in that village; and he assured us that there was nothing to fear from the natives. But it was not to be visited by two European missionaries; it was too much to require a party of twelve or twenty, and several ladies, and the party without any means of defense.

The party set off one bright morning in two boats. In an hour or so we reached the village, and both boats having two sailors to guard the boats. Our way led through the village. We paid our respects to the chief, and he gave us some presents, arranged for us to have a large amount of food under some magnificent trees in the forest, and then set off for the volcano. A crowd of natives accompanied us, all armed and all ready. They were trying to pick our pockets, and would have stripped us bare. I saw one rogue lay his hand on another's shoulder and say several times, "He has got the goods." It was quite a relief to find that the goods were not lost.

there, who had felt his repeated tugs, turned and hid him in the cave, and showed him a large which she proceeded to fasten her shawl right eyes. His preserved the process, and gave up it. The natives became so numerous that we excited alarm, and we were obliged to take of many a pretty theft.

A part of our route lay through a beautiful it with trees, and watered by a little stream. ascent took about three hours. The sides of him were covered with dust and ash, in some it deep, and every step upwards was half lost to slippery sand. Still not many times in our visit a volcano, and we felt hot heat beneath us. Often the ground trembled beneath and the roar at times was deafening. We found pure sulphur-beds not far from the top. When it near the summit the spectacle was grand to me: lofty mountains rose in successive peaks side; the vast ocean encircled, as in a silver a beautiful landscape; the sky overhead was the sun pouring down in scorching flames, winds wind tempered the heat and made it possible. Even and now we could feel the mountain with our feet moving and heaving, and then there a fearful roar and rapid thunder-peals and great clouds of smoke and ash would obscure were over our heads; the ashes fell in showers, as volcanic masses would fall from the crater of into the burning abyss.

And a small party who were anxious to look down crater and see the boiling lava. With great of volcanic danger we visited our steep, and being in wonder at the awful spectacle. Two

down we distinguished several smaller craters: the boiling fluid would pour forth from each, and, mingling, rise in red-hot glare towards the mouth. We had not finished our observations when we felt an alarming movement like an earthquake, and instinctively we turned and ran for our lives. It was well we did, for our position was full of peril. The earthquake was followed by an awful explosion, and immense masses of lava were hurled into the air, and fell smoking and writhing upon the very spot where a few moments before we had stood. Satisfied with the amazing sight, and prompted by a grateful sense of deliverance, the party descended, and reached the village in safety. The dinner was ready, and we were all hungry; but the natives were excited. Secret communications were constantly being made one to another. The chief could not put on a pleasant expression. We all saw in a moment that only by prudence, by showing no symptom of fear, and by trusting in God, could we could get away into our boats. The "blessing" was turned into a prayer for protection and safety. The meal was soon over, and in a body we walked easily and leisurely towards the beach. The boats were ready; but the armed savages crowded too closely around us. They evidently wished to separate the party; but we would not be separated. We reached the shore. Captain Morgan urged the ladies to be quick and jump into the boats. Never did ladies more quickly and more quietly jump into boats, regardless of a wetting. One boatful pushed off and waited; the other was loaded, and my father stood alone on the beach. He held a small open parcel of fish-hooks in his hand. These he threw on the shore with all his might. A perfect scramble took place; meanwhile he sprang into the boat, and we pushed off, more grateful than we could express for our deliverance.

reedy power of these savages. The sailors ; for we could see the natives gesticulating over, and clearly indicating their regret and that they had suffered the party to escape.

led the "Camden" towards evening, and, on some tea, and made an unusually good the quantity consumed, we knelt in lowly and poured forth our praises to the God of our

We never dreamed of danger. The village been visited by missionaries, and the natives behaved friendly, and sometimes begged for a Evidently the sight of so many English suits as the party wore, and the thought that much might be found in our pockets, tempted these plot evil against us. Had our stay been protracted that their plans might have been more matured, than probable we should all have perished

So carefully should our missionaries remember the merest trifles, as a penknife or the buttons on a coat or vest, are of the value of pearls in the hands of poor ignorant savages. May God give wisdom and great courage to all our beloved ones, and to Captain Williams and his crew, in visits to the numerous islands of the Southern



THE STORY OF KRISHNU.

*communicated by Rev. G. Shrewsbury, late of
Bombay, but stationed pro tem. at Almorah.)*

I. ABOUT VISHNU.

ONE knows that in India there are worshipped a number of gods—no less than 330 millions. Of every Indian does not worship all these. Some

choose one, and some another, and out of such a great number we may suppose it not very difficult for every one to get suited. Chief among the gods are the three, Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiv, and the others are all more or less connected with these. Brahma is scarcely worshipped at all. Vishnu and Shiv divide the empire of Hinduism between them, and between the Shivites and Vishnuites there are as fierce quarrels sometimes as there used to be between the two gods themselves. They fought for superiority, and the battle is now and then renewed by their followers. Since I am giving you the history of an incarnation of Vishnu, it will be well to tell you what is said by his worshippers to show how superior he is to either Brahma or Shiv.

There was a dispute one day between the Rishis, saints, as to which of the three gods, Brahma, Vishnu or Shiv, was the greatest; and to settle the matter it was agreed that Brahma's own son, Bhrigu, should go and try each of them. So he went first to Brahma, and sat down in his presence without saluting him. Brahma got very angry, and was about to curse him; but his love for his son prevailed, and he refrained. Next Bhrigu went to Shiv, who rose up to salute him, and stretched out his hand to welcome him, when Bhrigu sat down without speaking. At this Shiv got into a dreadful passion, and, but that his wife interceded for the offender, would have killed him. Bhrigu went last of all to Vishnu, who was sleeping on his golden and jewelled bed with his wife Lukshmi. Bhrigu awakened him with a kick on his breast! Vishnu got up, and, in the sweetest temper possible, said, "Forgive me: I am afraid my hard breast must have hurt your dear foot; but I did not mean it." Bhrigu came back to the Rishis with his

it was agreed that Vishnu was the greatest of
s he was most free from passion.

other story. Bikasur worshipped Shiv with
austerities, such as cutting off his flesh and
to the god, and was about cutting off his

Shiv appeared to him and asked what he
Bikasur begged that power might be given to
any one's head to ashes by merely touching
hand. This was granted, when, lo, the un-

n tried to destroy Shiv's head to begin with!
nd away went Bikasur after him. How far

nd where they went, I do not know; but Shiv

to Vishnu, who took pity on him, and, dis-
self as a Brahmin, said to Bikasur, "Why are
g after Shiv?" Bikasur told him. Then said

Why, what a strange thing this is, that a man
should be so taken in! Who believes that
unken eater of poison? He always covers

ith wood ashes, and, arraying himself with
wells with evil spirits in places where the dead

l. Nobody ever believes him. If you doubt
our hand on your own head and see." Bikasur

hink that Shiv had taken him in; he would
e put his hand to his head, as Vishnu had

and in an instant his head was burnt to
l so Shiv was saved. Such are the stories told

shnuites to prove *their* god greater than Shiv.

Vishnu was several times incarnate. You

d how he came as Ram to destroy Raban.

became incarnate as Krishnu it was to destroy

d other demons who were filling the earth with

ss.

II. THE WICKEDNESS OF KANS—KINGED IN DEVI.

Kans was supposed to be the son of Ugrasen, the King of Mathurá, or Muttá, as it is now called. When very young he began to show a wicked and cruel disposition. He used to take as many children as he could to a mountain, and put them to death in all sorts of shocking ways. At last no one dared to let his children go out of his sight. His father rebuked him for it, but not a bit did he care. He did more wickedly than ever, and even told his father to leave off worshipping Vishnu, and worship him instead. Ugrasen objected, whereat Kans got very angry, put his father into confinement, and took the government himself. He abolished the worship of Vishnu, and began to persecute his followers. The people groaned under his wickedness, and prayed for his destruction. At last the world of an great a sinner; so, to punish his worshippers and punish Kans, Vishnu once more came incarnate.

One day Kans went to the marriage of Deví and Bala. As they were all returning home together, he came a voice from heaven, "O Kans, the eighth son of her whom you are conducting home will destroy you." Kans heard this, and was alarmed. He drew his sword, and, seizing Deví by her hair, dragged her out of the chariot, and was about to kill her. But Bala, with much entreaty, promised Kans that even if that night he born should be taken to him for his purpose, he would do just as he would with it. Kans was satisfied with this, and so let them go. After a time a son was born to Bala and Hasudet, according to his promise, and he was given to Kans, who was greatly pleased with his keeping his promise; and, as it was not the eighth but the eighth that he feared, he let Hasudet take

Soon after, however, he altered his mind, and killed his youngest child to death. In this way six children were destroyed, to the great sorrow of their father. Basudev had several other wives, one of whom was named Satyawati. That they might be out of the way of the king, they had all gone to Braj, to live with the friends of Basudev's, and his wife Jashodha. His eighth child was carried away in a very mysterious manner to Rohini : this was Krishnu's elder brother, Arjun. And now Kans, to make sure of the safety of Basudev and Devi into close confinement, he put them in with chains, put locks upon the doors, and surrounded the house with soldiers. This was his thought that when his enemy, Devi's child should be born, it could not escape him. He was mistaken. Krishnu was born in the middle of the night, when a deep sleep was upon all the guards of the house. Basudev was told to carry the child to the forest. How could he, so fettered as he was, be able to do this? Astonished, and the house so guarded? As he was thinking these things in his mind, the chains fell from his hands, the doors opened of themselves, and he was free ; and with the child in his arms, he came out, passing by the sleeping guards, and went on his way. It was a fearful night ; the clouds were pouring down torrents of rain, and the beasts of the forests were howling behind him. When Basudev reached the river Jumna. How was he to cross it? The baby he carried thrust out a foot, and immediately there was a passage made through the middle of the rapid and swift-flowing river. Basudev came to the other side of the river ; but there, too, all were buried in sleep. His wife was lying with her newly-born baby, a girl, on her side (so soundly was she sleeping that she had not even seen this baby!) ; and so Basudev laid his

by her side, and took her's home with him. As soon as he got home the locks all fastened themselves in the door just as they were before, the fetters resumed their place again, and then the child cried. The keepers started up at the sound, and one of them went and told Kans, who came running to the house in a state of great trepidation. This, then, was the time he had so long expected. His enemy was now fairly within his grasp; so he thought as he ran breathlessly into the house where poor Basudev and Devi were confined; and, lo, a girl! He took her from Basudev, and went outside to dash her to pieces on the stones, when she slipped out of his hands and went up to heaven, calling out as she did so, "Ha, Kans! what have you got by trying to kill me? Your enemy is born somewhere else: now, we are lost." This, as you may think, filled Kans with dismay; so he went to Basudev and Devi, said he was sorry that he had treated them so ill, struck off their fetters, and, taking them to his house, entertained them with kindness. But still he was intent upon destroying his enemy if he could find him; so he sent a number of his servants into all that part of the country, with orders to kill all the children they could find, hoping that they would kill his enemy among them. How they fared when they came near Krishnu you will see hereafter in the account of his childhood.

III. KRISHNU'S CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Nand, with whose wife Krishnu was left, was a Gop, or cow-keeper, and he and Jashodha thought that Krishnu was their child, for Basudev did not tell them for some years that he had changed his baby for theirs. So they brought Krishnu up as their own child, and afterwards when he grew to be a man, he was often reproached

an birth and low occupation. When he was young, even in his cradle, Kansa made many attempts to destroy him; but he, though only a babe, killed all that tried to kill him. He grew to be able to run about with other children, the sons of the nobles; and what do you think he made himself?

Theft and falsehood. These crimes he committed when only a child. He was very fond of going to houses when the people were out, and stealing and curd. If anything nice was put within reach, he would put one of his companions upon his back, and so reach it, just as he would himself, and giving the man a scolding. Once he was caught. The people expected him, so one day they had to wait for him in the very act; but, as they were taking hold of him, he managed to slip out of their hands, and one of their own boys in his place. They went home, and began to complain of their son's theft. They found that they had got the wrong boy, and went back into the house very quietly, and when they found he came, looking very innocent, and saw that these people were bringing false charges against him; and so they were obliged to go away, very foolish. Such was Krishna as a child—ready to do any wickedness, and equally ready to cover it. Kansa was ever smiling among his friends, but he never could do all that he wished. He would make a great bull, then a huge bird, then a donkey—any thing; but Krishna always killed them with his arrows. One night he and his companions were lost in the jungle, when all at once, in their great fear, the jungle was found to be on fire. But Krishna killed the fire at a touch, and so they were saved.

A very wonderful story is that of the way in which Krishnu abolished the worship of Indra, and substituted that of the mountain Gobardhan. "Come," said he; "let us leave Indra, and worship the hill Gobardhan." To this Nand and all the rest consented; so, at the appointed time, they all set off with carts, and men, too, laden with sweetmeats and flowers. These were all heaped on the hill until it was completely covered with them. Then Krishnu bade them meditate upon the God of the hill, for he was about to appear and eat before them. So they all shut their eyes in silent meditation. And now Krishnu made himself into two bodies, one of which he caused to come from the midst of the mountain, beautifully dressed with a garland round his neck, a crown on his head, and his mouth wide open. Krishnu, whose other body was kneeling with the rest of the people, called out, "The god of the hill has come!" and they all fell down in adoration, saying one to another, "When did Indra come in this fashion?" The god now began to feast. One by one the dainties were eaten, until all were gone, and then he sank back again silently into the mountain. The people were all gratified, and much praise did Krishnu get for his advice.

But Indra was not at all gratified. His worship in that place was abolished, and Krishnu had eaten the good things which had been prepared for him. All done by craft and cunning, too! It was too bad; and he determined to punish those people for forsaking him. So he sent the clouds with orders to rain upon that country till it was all washed away: not a vestige of house, people, or land was to be left. And the rain came down in torrents: the people had never seen such rain; it was quite a deluge. In great alarm they ran

1; and he, as usual, was quite ready
 pedient. He plucked up the hill Go-
 d held it up by the little finger of his left
 ven days. The people all stood under it, as
 mbrella, while the rain went hissing off it as
 ot iron. The clouds returned to Indra with-
 ble to do any mischief; and he, quite beaten,
 ad soon to make peace with Krishnu.

(To be continued.)

LAPPING WATER.

brought down the people unto the water, and the Lord
 o him, Every one that lappeth of the water with his
 as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself."—
 ii. 5, &c.

hundred men that lapped as a dog lappeth,
 heir hand towards their mouths, were the
 persons for the intended enterprise.

lappeth by means of forming the end of his
 to the shape of a hollow spoon, by which he
 hrows up the water into his mouth.

ottentots have a curious custom, resembling
 nd the three hundred chosen men of Gideon's
 On a journey, immediately on coming to water,
 op, but no farther than what is sufficient to
 eir right hand to reach the water, by which
 ow it up so dexterously that their hand seldom
 es nearer to their mouth than a foot, yet I
 ver observed any of the water to fall down upon
 casts. They perform it almost as quickly as the
 d satisfy their thirst in half the time taken by
 man.

quently attempted to imitate this practice, but
 ucceded, always spilling the water on my clothe-

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

THE EDITOR'S GREETING.



"HOW DO YOU DO?"

A NEW EDITOR enters this month upon his new work. You see he wishes to be very polite, and so makes a low bow, and puts a kind inquiry. But, though he asks you how you "*do*," he believes you have *done* very well; yet he

NO. I.—JULY 2, 1866. B

quite hopes you will "do" *better*, both for the Magazine and for the Society, in time to come.

Now, as he much wishes to secure your *very* good opinion, he has tried to come before you well dressed—he has put on, not his "best bib and tucker," but a *new jacket*, in the form of a new cover ; and he hopes, when you have taken a good look at it, you will like him in it very much.

The Editor is fond of pictures, and he rather thinks his young friends are too ; and he means to make this Magazine a little more pictorial ; and so, when you have looked at it, and like it, and have persuaded others to take it in, month by month, the increased circulation will show that he is giving you exactly what you wanted.

And further, he intends to supply you every month with "*a picture-frame*," in which he hopes you will always find something worth looking at and worth remembering ; while, in every other part of the Magazine, he thinks you will also be able to find some "kind words," "good words," instructive words, amusing words, and precious words from far-off lands.

You see in this month he begins with *Madagascar*, the land which was so long a land of

ut which is now likely, by the grace of
become the land of joy, where even *the*
children will be able to shout, as you often
in dear old England:—

fully, joyfully onward we move,
and to the land of bright spirits above.'

He hopes that all his juvenile readers
will be led to think about Madagascar more than
before, and pray for it, and get more money to send
an additional number of teachers to train
young people in the way they should go.

You see, the Editor thinks that the
work will at least be worth *two farthings*;
and much more is a secret which you will
know if you will only take it in every month,
and let it through and through.

Now, as he began by asking, "How do you
think it will finish by saying, "Good-bye."

—He very much wishes you to believe
that he has "an old friend with a new face" in

THE EDITOR.

MADAGASCAR.

THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST.

By an Eye-witness.

THIS festival began on Saturday, 10th February, 1866, by the killing of a red cock and the Queen anointing her forehead with the blood. From that Saturday night till the following Thursday, the Queen eats no meat, and all work is suspended for a week.

On Tuesday morning we went to pay our "debt of allegiance" to the Queen; the ceremony was very short; we each shook hands twice with her Majesty, who appeared very pleased.

The whole of Monday and Tuesday were occupied by the people in cleaning their houses, washing the old mats, or putting down new ones. On Tuesday afternoon the heads of the tribes paid their allegiance to the Queen, and on Wednesday evening several ceremonies were gone through, one of which was the sprinkling of the people with water by the Queen.

On the same evening there was an illumination; lights were exhibited at all the houses out of the city, the effect of which was very pleasing, as the lights were made by tying long dried grass together, lighting one end, and then swinging it in all directions. Some houses showed six or eight

h lights, and much excitement prevailed, the
ys seeming to enjoy the sport immensely.

On Thursday morning bullocks were killed
rywhere: many of them were fattened for the
asion, and would have passed very creditably
the Smithfield Cattle Show.

Throughout the week it is the universal custom
make presents. On the Thursday a noble of
h rank sent us a present of a prime piece of
f, weighing nearly 30lbs.; other friends added
least 30lbs. more; so that we soon had enough
make presents of our own to all the servants
d bearers in our employ. There is always an
undance of good beef here, and we can usually
it at something like 2d. per pound.

The nobleman just referred to is a Christian;
l a short time since, when he was ill, I heard
ne singing in the direction of his house, and
n recognised the strain as one of our "songs
Zion;" and on going near, I found forty or fifty
ristians sitting on the floor of the great room
the nobleman's house, with their native teachers
the head of them.

I hastened to join them, and then found that,
the nobleman's affliction had prevented his
ing the worshippers in public, they had thus
ne to have evening worship in his large room,
I offer special prayer on his behalf.

During this festive week the Queen showed her kindness to the missionaries by sending the mission families a present of a bullock.

Thus we see that where once there was only bitter hatred and strife, now, by God's gracious overruling providence, peace and goodwill abound. May it long continue!

W. P.



A SCENE IN THE PALACE.

By a Visitor.

SHORTLY after the festival, we were invited to the palace, a sketch of which is given above. The chief Secretary of State met us at the door, and

polite manner bade us welcome. The
 appeared to be floored with ebony, inlaid, in
 with a wood resembling satin-wood.

part of the room there was a large oil-
 of our beloved Queen Victoria, hand-
 framed, and also one of King George IV.
 er part there was a photographic likeness
 queen and Prince Albert.

some glass chandeliers were suspended
 e ceiling, and the dining-table was pro-
 justed in length. Our respective names
 the plates on the table, and I found
 seated between two Catholic priests; we
 ch supplied with a plated fork and a table
 ; and the *only beverage was water*, which
 n four decanters down the centre of the
 so you see no drunkenness could be
 aged there.

as hope and pray that the Queen who in-
 this palace may soon desire and prize the
 ion which the Lord hath made, and of which
 g—

"Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

"Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine."

W. P.

A HEARTY WISH.

God bless the little children—
 We meet them everywhere ;
 We hear their voices round our hearth,
 Their footsteps on the stair ;
 Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
 With mirthfulness and glee :
 God bless the little children,
 Wherever they may be !



A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

YOU can, if you will, live as if you were surrounded with beautiful flowers and birds of song, or as if you were encompassed with dismal fogs and croaking frogs ; the amount of happiness which you may each produce is incalculable, if you will only show a kind and smiling face, and try and speak pleasant words. But, if you put on sour looks, utter cross words, and display a fretful and peevish disposition, you may thus make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do ? There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act, or a loving deed. Christ is the joy of the whole earth. Help to make this joy known, and you will become more joyful yourselves. Serving Christ turns sadness into gladness.

SOUTH AFRICA.

SS STURROCK, from the Mission Station at Poolton, South Africa, sends you
 the following letter:—



GOOD ADVICE—HEED IT

Dear Children—Although to thousands
 readers of our Magazine I am unknown,
 happy I can see some dear little faces
 light up when they see a letter from their old
 and teacher. This is now the only way in
 which I can have a talk with many dear young
 people whom I feel deeply interested in happy
 to

when I was young, like many of you, I used to

pore over the pages of this same Magazine, and say that when I grew up I should try to do something for the poor heathen. And my heavenly Father has graciously granted me the realization of that desire.

Doubtless some young hearts will thrill, and the resolve burst forth from the lips, that their lives, too, shall be devoted to the service of Christ, in seeking to win poor lost sinners into the fold of the Great Shepherd, who came to rescue a fallen world, and lead it back to its Creator. Many of you have already done something towards this great end. You have nobly provided another vessel, which, we trust, will weather many a storm, and safely carry many a true and brave-hearted missionary to the islands afar off, that he may unfurl the banner of the Cross, and proclaim to those who sit in darkness the unsearchable riches of Christ.

From all quarters of the mission field the voice of thanksgiving has been raised on your behalf. Many a faint and weary heart has grown strong again, and been cheered and stimulated to yet greater effort, by this fresh manifestation of your deep interest in the great cause of missions. And, now that you have done this much, your desire thus accomplished, still there is more work for you.

We would reiterate the admonition of a noble

missionary who lately wrote to you—"Do
ken your efforts; we need your help as much
ea, more than ever. The coral reef is not
ed in one day, nor formed by one, but by
s of tiny insects toiling on for years." Will
be like these? Think what glorious results
rue from your tiny efforts. Your reward
be wanting even in this life. Though you
t be able to go yourselves to the heathen,
t will be helping those whose busy hands
ling hearts are already engaged in seeking
down the strongholds of sin, and to upraise,
and bless the heathen.

ld missionary, long gone to his rest and
ard, once said, "I am willing to dive into
egraded India, but you, my friends, must
e rope." Now that is exactly what we
ou all to catch and keep hold of. We will
, but you must hold and bear us up. We
there are many who would willingly join
nd of missionaries, and whose hearts are
g to be engaged in the service, did they
re some one would hold the rope. Your
wanted. You can help to provide the funds.
r little part, solicit your friends, keep them
sted by your regular applications for their
ptions, and willingly add your own little
Little drops fill the ocean.

Miss Sturrock also sends you the following

PLEASING SKETCH—LOOK AT IT.

I should like to tell my little friends something about my school for Kaffir girls.

Our school is not so large as it once was. The Kaffirs are very poor, but I fear, too, that some are indifferent, and often make the want of clothes an excuse for not coming to church and school. I wish you could be here of a morning, to see the Kaffir children gather round us. Many of them come with little bits of blanket wrapped round them, sometimes sacking. A few, whose parents can afford to buy a little bit of calico, have frocks and in these they look very nice. I have frocks for the others, which they put on in school and take off ere they leave.

Very many of our Kaffir girls are very quick and like to learn; and could you see their bright faces as they sit in their classes or in the gallery, you would be pleased. Reading, writing, geography, and singing they delight in, but arithmetic and the other exercises seem to be second with them. Some can sew very neatly. I have seen some of them do needlework quite as well as any English girls; but these children have not the home-training many of you happy children

England. All they get must be from her. My heart often fills with deep pity when I see some who, were they taken away from their friends, might do much. I have seen several native children in the mission, but I must tell you all about these another time. I sometimes go out among the heathen and talk with them, because they can be taught as much as their children. Sometimes they will listen very attentively; and, though the fruit of our toil does not always appear, believe it is not in vain for us to sow the seed of life: the seed may spring up here and there, though we may never know it in this life, or hereafter.

My part of South Africa in which we live is beautiful and healthy. We have here beautiful valleys, beautiful trees, fruits, and flowers. We are not free from the great droughts, which formerly characterized among the natives, we should have seen all the most luxuriant spots in this country.

There is being done in Africa for the poor heathen people, but still we want more help. You pray for us that God would prosper us in our work, and that poor Africa may soon be under the bright and rising beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

of righteousness? I hope to have another chat with you by-and-by.

I am, yours faithfully,


E. H. STURROCK.

THE CHIEF AND THE IDOLS.

SOME years ago the Chief of Vavon, in the presence of several other chiefs and other persons, ordered his attendants to place seven of his principal idols all in a row. He then addressed them in the following words: "Listen to me, ~~the~~ you may be without excuse; I have brought ~~you~~ here to prove you." Then, looking at the first, he said, "If you are a god, run away at once, or you shall be burned in the fire that is ready for you." Of course the idol made no attempt to escape. In the same manner he spoke to the next, and to the next, and so on, until he came to the last, and then, as none of them ran, he directed that they and their temples should all be burnt. The order was at once obeyed, and eighteen temples, with their idols, were thus consumed.

The Bible tells us the day must come when all the idols, everywhere, shall be *utterly* abolished; pray and strive, dear young people, that this day may soon come.

J. F.



Two Ladies presented a brass plate to be hung in the cabin of our first Missionary Ship

THE DUFF,

on which were engraved the following suitable passages of Scripture:—

I.

“See that ye fall not out by the way.”—*Gen.* 45, 24.

II.

“Behold how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity.”—*Psa.* 133, 1.

III.

“Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.”—*Isa.* 41, 10.

Will you each try and get these passages engraven on your heart?

THE PICTURE FRAME.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

THE psalmist David said he prized God's Word above thousands of gold and silver. Well he might; for it is much more precious: wherever it is sent it conveys riches—

“Riches beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.”

A traveller one day called at a cottage to ask for a drink of water; entering, he found the parents quarrelling and cursing, and the children crouching in a corner trembling. Wherever he looked, he saw only marks of degradation and poverty. Greeting the inmates, he said, “Dear friends, why do you make your house so like hell?”

“Ah, sir,” said the man, “you don’t know the life and trials of a poor man, when, do what you can, everything goes wrong.”

The stranger drank the water, and then said softly (as he noticed a dusty Bible in a dark corner), “Dear friends, I know what would help you if you could find it. There is a treasure concealed in your house: search for it.”

And so he left them.

The cottagers at first thought it a jest, but after a while they began to reflect. When the woman

at, therefore, to gather sticks, the man
o search, and even to dig, that he might
treasure. When the man was away, the
did the same. Still they found nothing;
ng poverty brought only more quarrels,
ent, and strife.

lay, as the woman was left alone, she was
g upon the stranger, when her eye fell on
Bible. It had been a gift from her mother,
ce her death had been long unheeded and

ange foreboding seized her mind. Could
his the stranger meant? She took it from
lf, opened it, and found this verse inscribed
e title-page in her mother's own hand-
g, "The law of Thy mouth is better to me
ousands of gold and silver." It cut her to
art. "Ah!" thought she, "this is the trea-
hen, we have been seeking in vain." Her
ell fast upon the leaves.

in that time she read the Bible every day,
ayed, and taught the children to pray, but
at her husband's knowing it. One day he
home as usual, quarrelling and in a rage.
d of meeting his angry words with angry
s, she spoke to him meekly and kindly.
band," said she, "we have sinned grievously;
ve ourselves to blame for all our misery, and

we must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What do you say?" was his exclamation. She brought the old Bible, and, sobbing, cried, "There is the treasure. See, I have found it!"

So time went on.

It was a year after that the stranger returned that way. Seeing the cottage, he remembered the circumstances of his visit, and thought he would call again. He did so, and found the cottage the picture of neatness and cleanliness. He entered, saying, "How are you, my good people?" Then they recognised him, but for a time could not speak; at length they cried, "Thanks, dear sir! thanks! we have found your treasure. Now the blessing of God dwells in our house and His peace in our hearts." And that it was so the happy faces of both parents and children fully proved. And happy are you, little reader, if you take the Bible as your guide, and lovingly say—

"Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure thou art mine;
Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love."

Think how many tribes and nations are poor and unhappy because they have no Bible, and do all you can to help in sending out this treasure to them.

SOUTH SEAS.



THE PLAGUE AND PUNISHMENT OF HATO.

ON leaving Taou, we gained a passing glimpse of the island of Eromanga, a name which excited mingled emotions—emotions of despair for the martyrdom of our beloved and heroic Williams, emotions of profound pity for the savages, emotions of indignation that our noble society should have been slain by the heaviest

natives, in retaliation for robbery and murder committed at that very village by white men.

In a few days we reached the Navigator Islands, stopped at Upolu, and anchored in the beautiful little harbour at Apia. While there it was resolved to destroy the rats on board, for they had increased so much, and were so impudent in their thefts and general conduct, that they had become more than a mere nuisance. Accordingly the captain took out the greater part of his cargo, and the hatches were fastened down; every way of escape was closed, and then the hold of the brig and the cabins were smoked. During the operation all hands slept on shore; only a watch remained on deck to take care of the vessel.

Next day the hatches were opened; and when the stifling, sulphureous smoke had been allowed to escape, it was almost pitiful to find dead rats lying on the floor of every berth, upon the beds, and upon the saloon table. Dead rats were picked up everywhere. The poor creatures had crept out of their hiding-places in the hold and lockers, and had come out in search of air; for the sulphureous smoke stifled them, and the smoke penetrated everywhere, and there was no escape. Hundreds of rats were thus destroyed in one night. The goods were brought on board again, we hoped to be free from them during our

oyage to England. Unfortunately, some had sawed their way into the boxes and bales of goods taken ashore, and were brought back again when the goods were reshipped; and we found no small inconvenience from their depredations before we reached England. For instance, one night, about eleven o'clock, a piercing scream rang through the ship. Many of us rushed to see what was the matter; and it turned out that a wicked rat had actually bitten the big toe of one of the young ladies on board, while she lay fast asleep. The bite was so sharp that she had screamed in her sleep, and was scarcely awake when help reached her. The poor toe bled profusely; but no further inconvenience followed. From that night, three boys, of whom I was one, resolved to commence a crusade against these savage little monsters. We trapped them in many ways, and not a few perished in consequence of that bitter scream. The watchword of our war was, "Remember the bleeding big toe."

ARONA.



WOMEN IN INDIA.

ONE who has spent a long life in India says of the women there, that "they are mourned over at their birth, untaught in their childhood, enslaved when they are married, accursed when they become widows, and are unlamented at death."

Yes, they are regarded too commonly as inferior beings to men, and are not considered as having a soul of their own. Will not happy English girls endeavour to send the Word of life to them, that through its power they may be educated and fitted for heaven? Well may you say—

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in this Christian land
A happy English child.

"I was not born as thousands are,
Where Christ was never known,
And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone."

J. F.



MISSIONARY FLOWER SHOW.

LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Y a little girl tell you of a new way of gaining money for the missionary box? I have a rather a large one at home, which is on the breakfast-table every Sunday morning. Every one in the house drops a penny into it. A little doll at the top courtesies her

at the end of the year we generally find rather more than two pounds in the box.

This year we had not quite so much as usual, but as we do not like to go back, I have been obliged to get something extra.

My little cousins about my own age have helped me to get up a little "flower-show." We made some pretty devices, and arranged them in a summer-house, which was also decorated with flowers. Then we made some tickets and sold them at a penny each. We gained altogether two pounds and fourpence, which I put into the missionary box with our usual weekly offering, making a sum of three shillings. We intend to have another "flower-show" when the roses are in season.

E. F. E. M.

VARIETIES.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

THE KID.

"Oh! mother dear," said a little girl, "I gave you water and a dish of bread to-day, hungry and poor as I was! I asked you so humbly, and in such a low tone, I shall never forget it." Remember, acts of kindness are the touch of all. If you feel brotherly, try and do something for me, and it will turn you in "the other way."

SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

A little boy and girl were discussing the best words to say. The boy imagined the word "No" as something to be said, and "Yes" as "I tell you," and "I say," and "I do so," and "I say I say I say." "I say," said the girl, "I say 'Yes' with your mouth, and don't you say 'No' to yourself, and don't you say 'I say' to yourself!"

A GOOD KIDNEY.

At Piquet, New York, the children were told that they were to learn to think of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not. They were told that they were to think of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not. They were told that they were to think of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not.

A SCENE.

One day, a young man was walking down the street, and he was thinking of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not. He was thinking of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not. He was thinking of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not. He was thinking of things as they are, and not to think of things as they are not.

THE END

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

BETTER THAN GOLD.



“WHAT’S a nice little boy,” said I one day to a mother, as she looked lovingly on her little one. “Yes,” said she; “and he’s good as gold.” She thought she could not go beyond that. Now, I say, if a good child is “as good as gold,” a good mother is “*better than* gold.”

D. II.—AUGUST 1, 1866.

On the list of brave men who have made for themselves a good name in India, that of General John Nicholson holds a high place, and he had a mother who was always regarded by him as "better than gold." Her last words to him when he left for India were, "Never forget to read your Bible;" and he never did forget or neglect this parting counsel, which came to him with his mother's blessing. The seed his Christian mother tried to sow took root in his heart very early. When he was quite a little fellow, she found him in his room one day with a knotted handkerchief striking at the air as if he saw somebody there; and when he was asked what he was doing, he said, very seriously, "Oh, mamma dear, I am trying to strike the devil; he is wanting me to be bad. If I could but get him down, I'd kill him!"

Good Mr. Knill, who was for so many years our missionary in India, thought *his* dear mother "better than gold;" for he tells us that when he came home after her death, and slept in the little room which was his own when a boy, as he lay awake at early morn, his eye rested on a particular chair in one part of the room, and he then remembered that it was there he knelt down with his

mother as he was about to leave home, when she came to him in the morning and said, "Richard, kneel down here, and let me pray with you before you go;" and Mr. Knill says that the thought of it, after all these years, made him leap out of bed and fall on his knees again there, and, with weeping eyes, thank God that he once had a praying mother. Boys! girls! prize your mother's prayers. She wishes you to be *good* rather than *great*. She has no greater joy than to see you walk in the truth: to have a son a missionary like Mr. Knill would be to any pious mother an unspeakable joy. Shall I tell you how I think some of you could make both father and mother wonderfully happy? Well, just carry out this resolution:—

"Now that my journey's just begun,
My path so little trod,
I'll stay before I further run,
And give my heart to God."

B. B.



SHORT AND SWEET.

THE members of the Society of Friends improperly, though commonly, called "Quakers," sometimes meet for worship and sit in silence for a considerable time, until some one feels inwardly urged to speak for the benefit of the rest. At one of these meetings, after a long silence, a little boy stood up and said the words:—

"My friends, I wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder, till there is no more left."

Wasn't this a grand wish? Why, the Lord wants nothing but its fulfilment to make a happy world; and it will be so some day, when all missionary labours have been crowned with success, and the knowledge of the Lord comes forth as the witness over the sea, and then all will know the Lord from the least to the greatest.



AFRICA.



GETTING INTO SUNSHINE.

WE all like sunshine. I know *I* do. So do you. There's many of you can't bear to go to bed in the dark: you ask for the candle to be left burning until you are asleep; and if you don't get it, you put your head under the bed-clothes, because you don't like the darkness! To stay in a dark *room* is bad enough; but to have a dark *mind* is much worse: many who *stand* in sunshine yet live in the darkness. There is a certain kind of sunshine which we can carry about with us, but the sun in the heavens can't make it. *True happiness* is the *real* sunshine, and the Bible says, "*Happy* is he that hath the God of Jacob

for his help." Only such as know God can have such happiness; and there are millions of our fellow-creatures who do *not* know Him: "their foolish hearts are darkened;" they dwell in the dark places of the earth, in the region of the shadow of death, like the poor Africans who said to Dr. Livingstone, "We don't know where we shall live after death; for, though the dead sometimes appear to us in dreams, they never speak to us and tell us where they have gone or how they fare." Ah! they would know if they had the blessed Bible and the Christian teacher; then they would learn the way to the better land and the city of brightness, which has no need of the sun, of which they might sing with gladness—

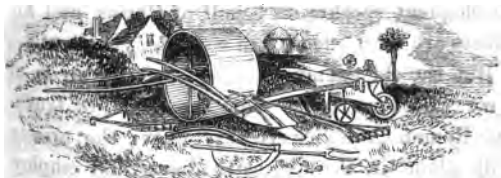
"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Thus it was with the good old African chief whom you see in the picture lying on his death-bed. It is a quiet Sabbath evening, and the missionary has come in to talk with his dying friend. The missionary told him he had been preaching about heaven. "Have you?" said he; and then, raising himself on his elbow, with sunshine in his heart and beaming out of his eye, he added, "I shall soon be there, all in the light." Then, after

short pause, he said, "When I pass in through the gate of the city, I shall go at once right up to the throne of the Lord Jesus, and thank Him for having sent you to tell me of Him and the way of salvation; and then I shall come back to the gate, and wait there until you arrive; and then I shall go before you as you go up to the throne, and say to all the happy ones as we go, 'This is the man that taught me the way to the better country.'"

Dear young reader, have *you* "heard of heaven, and learnt the way"? If you have, then I ask you to do *all* you can to help such as are now sitting in darkness to come and see the great light—"the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," that thus their path may be as a shining light, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day!

R. R.



MADAGASCAR.

A NEW HOUSE.

A SHORT time since, one of our missionaries went to open a new place of worship to the south-west of the capital. This chapel has been built by two brothers who have long attended that missionary's ministry, and they had the village chapel nearly finished before they told their minister anything about it. It is a neat little place, seating about 300 persons, and makes an altogether new station for spreading the Gospel.

One of the brothers prayed at the opening service, and will occasionally preach in the church. These two brothers are the nearest living relatives of the late persecuting Queen. The one who will sometimes preach has often assisted her in carrying out her heathenish practices, but he is now an eloquent speaker on behalf of Christ, and his efforts are most effective in spreading the truth.

But the old enemy tries to sow the seeds of error where we try to sow the seeds of truth. The Roman Catholics are very busy: the priests walk about in their priestly dress, and employ nine "sisters of mercy," who wear the convent garb. They have some schools which are well

attended, but they do not keep their scholars long. These Romish priests give away what they wish the people to receive as "charms." I saw the other day, on the neck of a native, a trinket called 'The Bleeding Heart.' On examining it, I found on the back of it a lying statement that its possession would *chain the heart of the wearer to the heart of Christ!*

Let us pray God so to bless the teaching of His pure Word that the Malagasy people may be preserved from these popish delusions.

W. P.

~~~~~

## DRINK! GIVE ME DRINK!

### THE VALUE OF WATER.

**D**O you remember those words in the Book of Psalms, "A dry and thirsty land, where no water is"? I want you to try and understand their meaning; but how can you do this in such a land as ours, where water is to be had for the seeking, or asking, anywhere and everywhere? Ah! but if you were to go to Southern or Eastern countries, where many of our missionaries are toiling and travelling, you would understand their meaning fully, by actual experience, and then you would



also feel what a gracious invitation is conveyed in those Bible words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the *waters*."

"Should you ever be one of a fainting band,  
With your brow to the sun, and your feet to the sand,  
You then will be able most fully to tell  
What a treasure is found in the cold, deep well."

Yes, you will then see that the grateful negro did the right thing who, when about to drink, looked up and said, "T'ank de good Lord for drop of water." Some of our missionaries have been in perils on the sea, and have known what it was to endure thirst, while they saw—

"Water, water everywhere,  
But never a drop to drink."

Others of our friends have had these perils by land, especially in Africa; for though Dr. Livingstone has found many beautiful and well-watered regions in Africa, yet there are parts of it that may well be called "a dry and thirsty land;" and along such a part, some time since, one of our beloved missionaries, with his wife and family, travelled, in order to get to the natives in the interior, and preach Christ to them. After travelling some weeks, the water they carried with them was fast failing, and they had yet many weary miles to go. The oxen were parched with thirst;



the men were getting exhausted; and so, giving two bottles of water for the mother and her children, the missionary urged them to hasten on with all speed towards the spot where they might get water, and he, with one man as his attendant, would follow with what speed they could. How the devoted mother and her dear children fared, you may know by her own words, if you will first look at the picture and then read—



### THE MOTHER'S STORY.

"The poor children continually asked for water. I put them off as long as I could, and when they



would be denied no longer I doled the precious fluid out a spoonful at a time to each of them. Poor Selina and Henry cried bitterly. Willie bore up manfully, but his sunken eyes showed how much he suffered. Occasionally I observed a convulsive twitching of his features, showing what an effort he was making to restrain his feelings. As for dear Lizzie, she did not utter a word of complaint, nor even ask for water, but lay on the ground all the day perfectly quiet, her lips quite parched and blackened.

“About sunset we made another attempt, and got on about five miles. The people then proposed going on with the oxen in search of water, promising to return with a supply to the waggon; but I urged their resting a little and then making another attempt, that we might possibly get near enough to walk on to it. They yielded, tied up the poor oxen to prevent their wandering, and laid down to sleep, having tasted neither food nor drink all day. None of us could eat. I gave the children a little dried fruit, slightly acid, in the middle of the day, but thirst took away all desire to eat. Once in course of the afternoon dear Willie, after a desperate effort not to cry, suddenly asked me if he might go and drain the bottles. Of course I consented, and presently he called out to me with much eagerness that he had



found some.' Poor little fellow! it must have been little indeed, for his sister Selina had drained them already. Soon after he called out that he had found another bottle of water. You can imagine his disappointment when I told him it was coconut oil melted by the heat. Henry at length cried himself to sleep, and the rest were dozing feverishly. I sat in front of the waggon, unable to sleep, hoping that water might arrive before the children woke on another day. About half-past ten I saw some persons approaching: they proved to be two Bakalari bringing a tin canteen *half full of water*, and a note from Mrs. Price, saying that, having heard from the man we had sent forward of the trouble we were in, and being themselves not very far from the water, *they had sent us all they had*.

"The sound of water soon roused the children, who had tried in vain to sleep, and I shall not soon forget the rush they made to get a drink. There was not much, but enough for the present. I gave each of the children and men a cupful, and then drank myself: it was the first liquid that had entered my lips for more than twenty-four hours, and I had eaten nothing. All now slept comfortably excepting myself: my mind had been too much excited for sleep. And now a fresh disturbance arose—the poor oxen had smelt the water, and be-



came very troublesome; the loose cattle crowding about the waggon, licking and snuffing, and pushing their noses towards me, as if begging for water.

"At length I saw in the bright moonlight a figure at a distance coming along the road. At first I could not make it out—it looked so tall; but, on coming nearer, who should it prove to be but my servant-girl Kionecoe, eighteen years of age, carrying on her head an immense calabash, holding about a pailful of water! On hearing of our distress, she volunteered to assist us. She had walked four hours. A young man had set out with her, but he had driven on the sheep the day before, a great distance, without either food or water, and became so exhausted that he lay down under a bush to rest, and on she came alone, in the dead of night, in a strange country *infested with lions*, bearing her precious burden. Oh, how grateful I felt to her! I made a bed for the girl beside me in the forepart of the waggon, and the children having now slaked their thirst with the deliciously cool water, we all slept till six o'clock. I had the happiness of seeing the children enjoy a meal of tea and biscuits; and then, once more filling up my two bottles, I sent the calabash with the remainder of its contents to my husband, who by this time stood greatly in need of it. The distance



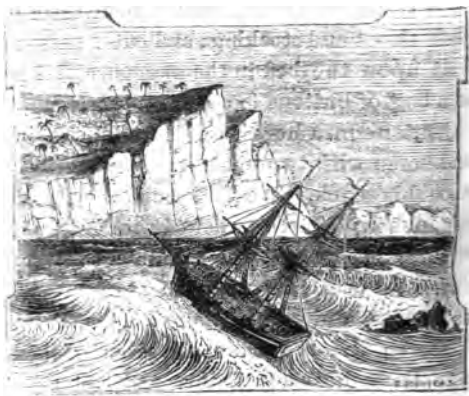
at twelve miles. I afterwards found that about the same from the water. Another had now commenced, and I had still only bottles of water; so, thinking employment for the children, I made them take shoes and stockings and outer garments upon the bed in the waggon, and I gave a bag of buttons to assort and string.

At noon a horseman drove up, leading a horse with two water-casks and a can on his back. We had now an abundant supply, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to them in heaven, who had watched over me as over Hagar of old, and sent us relief at that and other instances of God's care to Jacob the day before, and exhorted them to their heavenly Father, and were assured He would send us help. They now returned joyful, saying, "It was just as I had said." I did but wish that the simple experience and now had might prove a valuable testimony.

I said, dear young people, how much reason you have to think of and pray for the missionaries here, families, and how grateful should you be you can hear the good God saying to you, "Forever will, let him take the water of life."



## SOUTH SEAS.



## DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

## THE SUNKEN ROCK.

**N**OW let us go back to Apia, from whence we have wandered. I shall say nothing about the mission, because my young readers know all about it. I shall therefore hurry on. The "Camden" sailed to Tutuila, one of the Samoan group. The sky began to look threatening, and we were right glad to sail in through the



ade into as snug and magnificent a harbour anywhere be found. Lofty hills rose on every water's edge up into the clouds—hills with wood to their very summits. At the end of the bay was a plain, in which stood the chief's house, the large chapel, the mission cottage were easily distinguished. The whole scene was one of the most beautiful imaginable. As the "Cander" lay at anchor the hills curved round so as to command the whole of the harbour. We had arrived just in time to escape the full violence of an ordinary storm. The captain secured the vessel by chains, but, as the wind shifted, an unusual surge upon one of them snapped the chain, and the fragments of the good ship was in some danger. The promptitude of Captain Morgan saved the good brig. This incident will teach any vessel how a vessel may be lost when in harbour, our dangers were not passed. There was a rock situated about the middle of the bay-mouth. Some time before, the captain of a French ship had sought to enter the harbour, saw nothing of the hidden rock. He could not understand the language of the natives. Missionaries had not arrived. His ship sailed gaily towards the mouth, and struck upon the rock; the rock split its way through the bottom of the ship, and



she filled and sank down bedily. During our stay at Tutuila I joined a party who rowed in a boat to the spot, and there, deep down in the clear blue waters, we could see the hull of the ship and part of the masts. It was a sad sight; and, being so far from a civilized country, the vessel could not be raised, and her cargo was almost all lost.

Near that same spot the "Camden" was nearly lost. We had taken up our anchor, unfurled the sails, and, with a fair wind, Captain Morgan was piloting our vessel most wisely out of the harbour. He kept clear of the sunken rock, and avoided the rock-bound headland on the other side. The opening, however, was narrow, and just as we were coming out into the open sea the wind failed us.

The lofty peaks which had sheltered our ship from the blast of the storm now deprived us of the fair breeze we needed, and so the vessel drifted on towards some rock. The boats were quickly manned, and every attempt was made to pull the "Camden" out some three or four hundred yards where the wind was lifting the sea into many laughing waves. But every effort was vain; for a while she drifted and drifted. The man at the helm cried to the captain that the stern was close on to the rocks. It was an anxious moment. We all expected to hear the crash, and then to be



to the sea, and then have to swim as best to the shore or to the boats. Captain stood in the strand, in a position from which he could see the rocks and the boats. I

looked at him narrowly, for I loved the man: he was moderate to the natives, so prudent and so kind in all his actions, so kind to his passengers, and so eminently devout, that, and it is not too much to say, he was beloved alike by the missionaries and by the natives. There he stood in the strand, calmly giving his orders in a firm, steady voice. In a moment the vessel plunged as if upon some curling wave, and she dashed against a projecting rock. The vessel rolled round as if mad, and hurled the captain at the helm several feet forward, and he prostrate upon the deck, not very far from the captain. The sailor rose instantly, and Morgan said to him, "Jack, are you hurt?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Then take him up again," said the captain. Jack took the captain up, and another word was spoken; and all that was left to be done in a few moments. The blow upon the bow had jerked the ship forward a little; the blow upon the starboard had swung her to the right; and, more than all, the wind had shifted to a gale from the east, and the good brig was driven forward and was saved. The captain

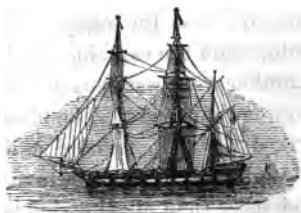


leaped on deck, walked up and down the deck with short, quick steps, rubbing his hands, according to his wont, and we went on our way rejoicing. Strange to say, the rudder was not much injured, and was soon put to rights.

Thus we had already experienced three wonderful deliverances out of great dangers by the merciful help of God.

These facts are told in order to induce every dear shareholder in the new ship to pray the Lord of winds and of waves—the Lord of the intellect and the heart of man—to preserve the missionary ship amid the numerous dangers she must encounter in the fulfilment of her mission, and to give prudence, and skill, and self-control to her present able commander and his noble crew.

ARONA







## THE GEM OF THE WEEK.

“THE LORD’S DAY.”

---

THIS pearl of days, in Zion’s ways,  
We hail with grateful gladness,  
And seek, with notes of joy and praise,  
To chase away all sadness.  
We humbly bring to Zion’s King  
Our tribute of devotion,  
And blend our voice with those who sing  
On continent and ocean.

Increasing still from vale and hill,  
Sweet songs of joy are rising;  
And soon the strain the world shall fill  
With harmony surprising.  
For Christ our Lord, by all adored,  
Must reign o’er every nation;  
Diffusing wide His gracious word,  
To show the world salvation.

Abroad, at home, where’er is known  
Redemption’s wondrous story,  
Poor wand’ers shall no longer roam,  
But onward march to glory,  
That so at last, all dangers past,  
The ties that none can sever  
May bind, unite, and keep them fast  
To Christ—to Christ *for ever*.

R. R.



## SOMETHING SOMEWHERE WHICH MIGHT BE EVERYWHERE.

### AN EXAMPLE.

**A**MONG the pleasant fields and sunny slopes on the southern side of London, there is a pretty village, having in its immediate neighbourhood an old-established and widely-known young gentlemen's boarding-school, where, for twenty years, they have had an association to help the London Missionary Society, and during that time they have raised the noble sum of £1261.

On Wednesday, the 23rd of May, there was the annual gathering of pupils, friends, and former scholars, to hear the Report for the year.

The chair was taken by the principal of the school, and on the platform were "two real, live missionaries," as one of the committee described them in his speech. After singing and prayer, one of the young gentlemen read the Report which showed that this year they have raised more for the Society than they have ever done before; namely, £87 5s. 5d.

However did they manage to gather so large a sum? Well, by steadily and earnestly working their missionary boxes and their collecting books and cards, by the sale of waste paper, by contributions from a neighbouring ladies' school, by donations and annual subscriptions from old



scholars, and by the sale of honey, made by their own busy bees, which had set them a good example of industry, bustle, and business.

It was made quite clear that the money raised had been well spent, for the Report explained that, by these contributions, the scholars supported native teachers in Madras, Nagercoil, and Bangalore, and also in China and the South Seas. This year, as a missionary from the West Indies visited them, they voted £10 for a school in Berbice.

A hope was expressed by one of the missionaries, who addressed the meeting, that at a future anniversary the dear young secretary might be able to report that some scholar who had thus given his contribution had also not only given his heart to the Saviour, but had consecrated his life to missionary service in connection with the London Missionary Society.

After singing and a concluding prayer, the company dispersed themselves over the building or hastened homeward, feeling they had had a very happy afternoon; and the young people ran off to their play-ground, believing that they might play joyously as long as they were striving to live usefully. All such may well sing—

“ Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.”

J. F.



# LAST WORDS.

## WORKERS WAITING.

THE bees are busy enough, and they seem to be hastening humming away at their work. What seems to me is always much worry; what you do sometimes, you know nothing. Nobody can be happy without making his home. The Rev. George Wetherill was saying lately, but as a rule, he said, saying, "I want to be one of Christ's men, and as such a driver; I deserve to be thrust out of the room." Am I working for Christ and His church? There are many good missionary books, and missionary reading-books, written for you. Now who among you will have one, and will work with it?

## HOW TO WORK.

Jesus is a great Master, and He wishes to have very good work. He has a special thing for those who are strong enough. So a good old minister when giving advice to a young friend in those words: "Do all the good you can to many people as you can, as long as ever you live, and tell the world about it as possible." To do these things is possible is possible.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

—Look Jesus so kind and tender—of which you have seen many—

"Down in a quiet and sleepy bed  
A lonely young man

He shall not sleep, he longed for home  
So it is told him now

"And yet it was a fearful hour,  
He longed for light and love,  
It might have been a holy hour  
Instead of hiding love.

"Thus he goes to the valley of,  
That valley of the dead,  
That I have only been to know  
To a good family."

May the Lord ever make the world a good one, and let all the children say

"Amen!"



# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

## THE ROBINS.



**G**H, there's a dear little birdie!" Ah, you may well say that! Who doesn't like Robin Redbreast? Many people love the robins. A little boy once said he thought a robin the most beautiful bird, for he would see one on a dark November day, when we are all gloomy, and in a lively manner say to us, "Chirrup, chirrup," cheer up; and so he thought he ought to.

**O. III.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1866. D**



## THE ROBINS.

to give him a good word. But sweet little Robin, in rain or sunshine, frost or snow, is always welcome, always pretty.

~~Some~~ birds have such a winning voice, ~~you~~ can't help liking them. A sweet little birdie was once perched on a field gate, and a thoughtless schoolboy seized a stone and was about to aim at it; but just then birdie commenced trilling his beautiful song, and a gentleman, who was watching the boy, saw him, after listening, quietly drop the stone; he then said, "My boy, why didn't you throw it?" to which he replied, "Couldn't, 'cause he sung so." Ah! he sung the boy's evil thoughts away; as David with his harp played down Saul's evil passions.

But I am losing sight of the robins; but of course you are not—you are casting your eyes at the picture. Well, just give another look, and then go on reading my little robin's song in the following lines:—

“ Two robin redbreasts built their nest  
Within a hollow tree :  
The *hen* sat quietly at home ;  
The *male* sang merrily ;  
And all the little robins said,  
‘ Wee-wee, wee-wee, wee-wee.



“ One day the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky.  
Cock Robin said, ‘ My little dears,  
’Tis time you learnt to fly.’  
And all the little young ones said,  
‘ I’ll try, I’ll try, I’ll try.’

“ I know a child, and who she is  
I’ll tell you by-and-by,  
When mother says, ‘ Do this, or that,’  
She says, ‘ What for ?’ and ‘ Why ?’  
She’d be a better child by far  
If *she* would say, ‘ I’ll try.’ ”

There, now, I hope you will all learn a lesson  
from the *robins*, and try and do more for the poor  
neathen, and thus I shall find I have not written  
quite in vain.

R. R.





## CHINA.

## THANK YOU!

## A MISSIONARY'S GRATITUDE.

**T**HERE is a Juvenile Missionary Association connected with the congregation at Crown Court, London, where the Rev. Dr. Cumming preaches; and the young folk sent last year £26 to our zealous missionary the Rev. W. Muirhead who has long been doing a great and good work in China. This money has been spent in the training of two native Christian students, and one of them, called "Chang Yang" (which would sound better if it were John Smith), has gone as a preacher and teacher to one of the large cities on the banks of a great river; and the other has been engaged by Mr. Wylie to go beyond the Yellow River, selling or giving away Bibles wherever he goes; and the money raised has helped to pay the expense of this journey; and good Mr. Muirhead is so glad that this could be done, and is so hopeful about the good that will come of it, that, in a letter he has written to Dr. Cumming, he seems to wish to say "Thank you"



1 the young friends at Crown Court who are  
ributors; for he says—

I beg your Juvenile Missionary Society to  
inue, and, if possible, to increase its interest in  
matter: 'The harvest is great, but the  
rers are few.' We are much encouraged by  
young friends at home taking up and sustain-  
the Mission work, as in the present instance;  
we pray that both they may be rewarded a  
hundredfold, and their labours, in this way, be  
sed to the conversion of many to the Saviour.  
Please convey my warmest regards to the  
hers, children, and others connected with  
Society, and believe me to be,

"Yours very truly,

"WM. MUIRHEAD."

"This is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above,  
In which the Lord designs to show  
What His almighty grace can do."





TOO BUSY TO FICKLE,  
ON THE SWIFT-FLYING BROOD.

MAY we, like the hawk, in our path, through life,  
As active and steady, pursue  
The course in which real utility lies,  
Which is lovely, and useful too.

Yes, while there's a brother to win from sin,  
A sister to save from shame,  
A penitent heart to be quickly brought  
To utter the Prodigal's prayer,

An orphan child to be turned to God,  
A son to be brought to his home,  
With heathens yet to be sought and led,  
We must be too busy to frown.

Thus let us cheerfully labour and pray,  
And seek to be busy and wise,  
To bring back the wanderers going astray,  
And show them the path to the skies.



## INDIA.



## THE RESCUED SISTERS.

BY MRS. BEVELL.

SOME of you, my young readers, have heard of our Mission at Bangalore, in the south India. A few of you have subscribed towards support of both boys and girls in our orphan schools, and will, perhaps, like to hear something of them.

To-day I will only speak of two of the little ones, and, though these are not real orphans, yet, as I tell you their circumstances, you will, I



am sure, rejoice that we were able to take them under our care.

I first saw the eldest in one of our day-schools, and, learning from her that her mother was sadly afflicted, I determined to go and see her at their home. This was not in the city, but in a lonely place in what we call in India a "tope," which was a grove of wild mango-trees.

Mornings and evenings being all engaged, one day at noon I took an umbrella to keep off the hot sun, and, with Lydia, our Bible-woman, as guide, set out in search of the house. We were soon over our shoes in hot sandy dust; but, after a zigzag route among bushes, rank weeds, and occasional huts, we reached the one for which we were looking.

Never shall I forget that wretched abode and its still more wretched inmate! Immediately inside, stretched on the bare mud floor, her head shaved, and eating raggy pudding (the coarsest kind of food imaginable) most voraciously, was poor Simperee.

Not a word, scarcely a look, could we get from her as long as this miserable food lasted, at which I was not so much surprised when I learned that she got only one meal a day!

For about three months she had been suffering from paralysis of the right arm and leg; and her



husband no sooner found that the case was hopeless than he abandoned her and their two children, and took to himself another wife.

The children were nice little girls of five and seven years each, but half starved, and so wild and naughty from neglect, that they would not afford their poor mother the trifling assistance which even they, little though they were, could give.

The hut was just four mud walls, with a flat roof of bamboos and mud, half of which had fallen in during the late rains, leaving the invalid exposed to both sun and rain. It was perfectly empty, and she had nothing but the bare mud floor for her bed. She looked distrustful and almost idiotic. I sat down in the dust, and expressed sympathy with her sad affliction, her inability to move about, and the desertion of her husband. She made no reply, and almost to the last maintained a sullen silence, but greedily clutched a small piece of money given her. So, telling the children to come to our house for some clothes, I left this poor deserted sufferer.

The next day the children came, accompanied by a relative of their mother, himself a poor man, who appeared to be their only friend, and who out of his own poverty supplied them with all the *regular* food they got. After giving them a cleansing bath, some decent clothes were substi-



tuted for the rags they had worn, and I wish you could then have seen their bright and happy faces.

Our next desire for them was that they should come to school, for while wandering about the streets they were learning all that was evil; but here there were difficulties peculiar to India, which I will explain.

Poor and destitute as they were, they were of "good caste." Our day-schools would have suited them in this respect, but, having no one at home to mind them and see that they went to school, their regular attendance could not be secured. If they came into our orphan school and ate with Christians, their caste (which is all the world to a Hindoo) would be broken.

I could only propose the latter to them, urging in all kindness its many advantages.

Their unnatural father heard of this, and protested against anything so disgraceful: they might starve, or they might be left to fall into any wickedness; but lose caste!—never! never!!

This being the case, there was nothing to be done but to mitigate the sufferings of the miserable mother, and seek to win her soul to the Saviour. A friend gave us money to put her house into repair; another kindly offered a monthly subscription towards her support, and an elderly



native woman, who, though unable to read, knew much of the Scriptures, and loved them too, cheerfully engaged to visit her once a week, and try to enlighten her dark mind.

Many weeks passed away before she believed we were her true friends; but gradually she came to a settled conviction that we were people to be trusted, and that it would be best to give up the children to us and "to our caste."

Soon after this they came, and although the elder, unused to any restraint, once ran away, she did not object to come back; indeed, from the first they were very happy, and are now intelligent and most well-behaved little girls.





**Come to Jesus.**

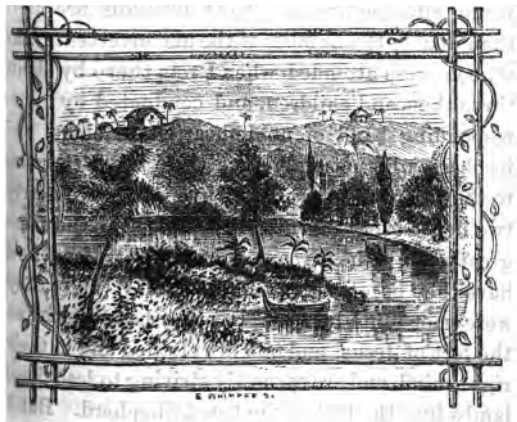


**ROOM FOR ALL IN EVERY LAND.**

**THE PICTURE FRAME**



## SOUTH SEAS.



## THE ISLE OF BEAUTY.

**R**AROTONGA is, in my judgment, and I have seen not a few, the most beautiful of all the beautiful spots in the South Seas. Its lofty peaks, soaring between four and five thousand feet into the clouds; its magnificent scenery; its deep gorges; its fruitful valleys; its splendid timber; its coral reefs; its stone public buildings; its beautiful cottages,



with their gardens ; its large schools ; and, above all, the numerous triumphs of the grace of God in the hearts and lives of its inhabitants—these, in their degree, constitute its peculiarity and its glory. There the Church of Christ is gathering old and young into her bosom. The Christians are more than double the number of the unconverted. The schools were attended when I was there by about three thousand children, and conducted by a corresponding band of noble-hearted teachers, and teachers who not only gave their Sabbath hours to the work of instruction, but who gave nearly two hours every morning in the week to the same great work. Whence came those teachers ? and how have they become qualified to teach ? Once they were poor blind heathen, but they have sat long at the feet of Jesus, and now are clothed and in their right mind, and are earnestly striving to lead these lambs into the fold of the Good Shepherd. But I must not allow myself to go into such details on this occasion.

### THE WELCOME HOME.

The "Camden" met with strong and contrary winds on her voyage, and thus, instead of a week, it took a whole month to reach Rarotonga. Even then the wind was contrary, and we found it no easy matter to effect a landing. The vessel came



to an anchor off our station, Avarua, and we went ashore. The natives had long expected our arrival—had counted the months—and to their impatient minds it seemed ages since their missionary and his wife had left them on a short trip to Sydney and back for benefit of health. But now they had come back, and the excitement was intense. It may be that their bounding joy displayed itself in a manner more becoming great boys and girls than wise men and women; still we are glad to get the fine gold of the heart, albeit it comes to us in the shape of a rough nugget. So soon as the boat grounded upon the beach, the native men rushed into the water, and insisted upon carrying their missionary and his wife on shore—nay, right away up to their house, which was about a mile off. Somehow they had got hold of the idea that the floor of our own house was the first spot we ought to set foot upon; and so, against every remonstrance, they, with many a cheer and merry saying, carried the missionary and his wife and children up to their mission-house, and then, and not till then, put them down on their feet.

It was certainly a novel way of reaching home, provoking not a little mirth. One thing was certain at once, that never was a more cordial welcome given to any man, to any king or prince; and in this case it was rendered to a humble missionary



and his family. It was unspeakably pleasant to reach *home*, that island home, again. All the passengers were housed on shore, and a happy, busy week soon passed away. During that week the whole settlement brought gifts, each according to his ability—gifts expressive of affection and joyful welcome.

### THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION.

That bright week ended for Arona and his clan in tears, bitter tears; for it was deemed best, and it was best, that he and his sister should go to England in the "*Camden*" to be educated. English boys and girls know very little of the bitter separations which are part of the life and sorrows of missionaries and their children. Yet the natives understood that I was coming home; they pleaded and remonstrated against my separation, and, finding their efforts vain, they brought many little presents of sympathy.

### THE GRAVE MOUND.

But there was one spot in that village which lay most kindly and sweetly on my heart. It was a little grave, in which the sweetest and truest of our home garden had been laid some years before. Whooping-cough had almost lost her little, yet she sang sweet little hymns before she



xyms. That spot must be visited again, and  
wed with tears. The little loved girl seemed  
e as there she slept, the only European amid  
y native graves; and yet she was not alone, for  
pathy, as pure as ever England can yield, was  
ered by the natives, and when she wakes on  
morning of the resurrection she will not be  
strange faces only, but many a one familiar  
er.

### THE FAREWELL.

cannot say one word about the parting. The  
e memory is bitter and sad even now. We  
ched the island from the deck receding into  
distance, until night threw its dark mantle  
r sea and land. Before the first streaks of  
vn had tinged the east with gray we were up,  
ing eagerly for a last sight of beloved Raro-  
ga, but in vain. A fair wind had borne us  
y pleasantly through the night, and we were  
on our course. The "Camden" subsequently  
led at Tahiti, Eimeo, Huahine, Tahaa, and  
rabora; and at each we took in juvenile passen-  
ers, and witnessed the agonies of separation at  
h station. The "Camden" then turned south-  
rds, and towards Cape Horn. We reached it  
good time. The cold was intense. We were sail-  
g round the southernmost rock very pleasantly,



the moon was shining brightly, and at eight o'clock the prayer-bell rang, and, except the watch, all on board were assembled at prayers, when suddenly the wind began to whistle through the rigging, the vessel lurched almost on her side, and the mate's voice rang clear down the gangway, "All hands on deck." The sails were reefed, and during the night and several succeeding days a small gale lay upon us. The wind was, however, fair, and the trusty little brig dashed through the foaming billows as if she enjoyed the fun: During that storm we made our first acquaintance with snow, and sleet, and ice, and felt how intense cold can make the fingers burn and tingle. I need say no more in illustration of the future voyages of our beautiful new ship. I have many things to tell about the South Seas, but these I must tell in future Numbers.

ARONA.





## DON'T GIVE UP.

**T**HERE was a devoted Christian young lady who looked with tender compassion on three rough and ragged boys in her district, and resolved, with God's help, to do all she could to instruct and raise them; but one of them seemed as if he would baffle all her endeavours to save him. She provided him with decent clothes, that he might have no excuse for keeping away from her class in the Sunday-school; but he parted with his garments as fast as she provided them, and the case seemed so hopeless that her friends told her she had better give up, for she would make nothing of him. But she was not to be moved; she couldn't give him up. She persevered in her kind acts and earnest prayers until, at length, by the grace of God, there were signs of a change. He felt his sinfulness, and sought the Saviour; his mind was filled with increasing light, and his heart was soon full of Divine love; and then he began to care for others. After a time he gave himself to the missionary cause, and became one of the most learned of the Chinese scholars. Thus you see how God can, out of rough stones, make precious polished gems for His own glory.



## POOR GIRL!



**A** MISSIONARY was walking very early one morning on the beach at Edina, Liberia, for air and exercise, when he saw a company of natives approaching. They were armed, and one held something which they seemed desirous to conceal from the "white man." The missionary was determined to examine what it was, and commanded them to halt and explain. A Christian missionary must be a man of much physical, as well as moral courage. They quailed before him, unarmed and single-handed as he was. One could speak English enough to tell the story. And



what was the object to be concealed? Reader, your heart will ache to know. It was a little girl, poor and emaciated, her body lacerated and wounded. They had obtained her from her willing parents as a sacrifice to an angry god who, they verily believed, lived in the waters of the St. John's River, and who had been the cause of several deaths by drowning; for they, too, had lost a friend. This "unknown god" dwelt at the "Bar Mouth," and must be appeased. No palm oil or wine, no camwood or ivory, would purchase his favour. Blood, human blood, must be offered. A council of chiefs had determined it, and they were taking the child, tied and lashed in a *king-jar*, or basket, made of palm leaves, to the Bar, there to be sunk as an offering to the water-demon. The missionary rescued her, but too late to save her life. She died on the soft bed and under the care of Christians, and found a grave in a Christian burying-ground, while the man of God continued to preach to these idolaters "the only true and wise God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent."





## GO, OR GIVE, OR GET.

BY REV. W. S. MOORE.

SON, daughter, of the Sabbath School, your great life-long work is to live to tell of Christ. Little boy, will you go to tell the story of His cross, and turn sinners to it? Would you like this above every other work? Tell your parents, your teacher, your minister, what you so earnestly desire. Pray to God daily to direct you. Say, "Here am I: send me to carry thy message of mercy away to foreign lands of idolatry, if it be Thy will! If not, oh, give me work to do for Thee in the school and the Church at home!" But, my dear children, ninety-nine out of a hundred of you either cannot or will not go. The next best thing you can do is to get and to give money, to aid those who are qualified and willing to go. Money is required for their outfit, money to pay their passage to their far-away place of labour, money for their houses, money for their furniture, money for their clothing, money for their food, money for sickness, money for their education in the strange language, money for school teachers and Scripture readers, money for Church and school houses, money for translating the Bible, and getting it printed in the native tongue. Those



g to go likely have no money of their own; if they had, it would be unfair that they should bear the whole expense of a duty which is as well as theirs. At first the missionary forth taking nothing of the Gentiles. In cases they must give the heathen savages presents to secure their good-will. As soon as they believe the Gospel, they begin to give means of money to keep its ordinances for themselves, to send it to others who are ignorant of it. In 1847 the converts in the South Sea Islands contributed some £16,000 to the London Missionary Society, which at first sent them "the good word."

**THEN, ARE TO GIVE MONEY FOR CHRIST'S WORK?**

*Every one of you*" (1 Cor. xvi. 2)—*all children to whom money is given, or who can earn it.* More than thirty years ago it was proposed by Todd, a great friend and teacher of both teachers and scholars, that Sabbath scholars should be *trained* to contribute to Christ's cause *monthly*. The only change I would suggest in this is that, for every scholar who can, it is better to take Christ's plan—that is, to contribute "*upon the first day of the week*" (1 Cor. xvi. 2). The generous are loved and honoured. Few will be generous unless they are trained to it in youth. Begin, then, dear child, to give money to Jesus as soon as you begin to get it.



# THE TAIL-PIECE.

## SENSIBLE TALK.

A PRIVATE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MAMMA, SISSY,  
KATIE, AND BERTIE.

*Mamma.*—Well, Sissy, how do you like your new magazine?

*Sissy.*—Why, let me see: I think I like it a *little*.

*Mamma.*—Oh, I'm glad to hear it. Of course, you only like it a little, because you are a very *little* girl. But now, Katie, let me hear what *you* think about it.

*Katie.*—Well, mamma dear, I like it *very much*. I look at *all* the pictures, and I go through most of the reading without being *very* tired.

*Mamma.*—Oh, but if you look at the pictures *without* going through the reading, you won't understand *them*; so, little missy, remember you may play at *skipping* with your rope, but not with the magazine. Now, Bertie, my boy, what have you to say?

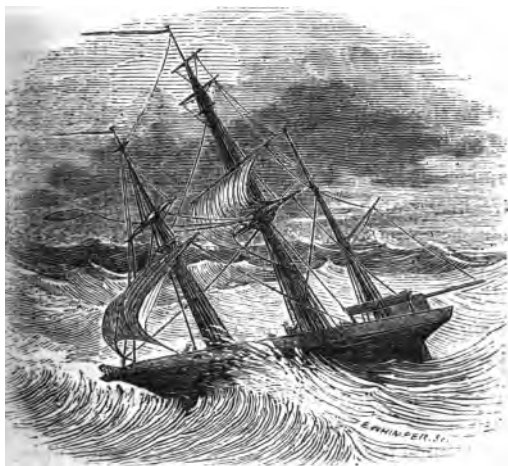
*Bertie.*—Well, I think it will do, mamma; but I wonder whether Mr. What's-his-name, the Editor, has done his *best*, because I think there's room to make it *better*. But you may guess I like it pretty well; for last month, when I got to the end, says I to myself, "Bless me, what a pity!

"THERE'S NO MORE!"



# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

GOOD NEWS!  
THE SHIP'S SAFE.



**T**HE captain of the "John Williams" has written to let us know that the ship has had a somewhat rough, but very rapid voyage to  
NO. IV.—OCTOBER 1, 1866. E



Australia; and our young friends will be very pleased to learn through their own magazine what their fathers and mothers have gathered from the "Missionary Chronicle," that their good ship is as *swift* as she is *strong*. She overtook one fast-sailing vessel that seemed to get ahead of all others, and during the night passed her, so that early in the morning she was nearly out of sight, and reached Adelaide in ninety-four days, while most of the ships that started about the same time took 130 or 140 days.

The captain says he is proud to be the commander of such a ship, and our young friends may well be thankful that they can call it their own, and say, "By the kind care of the good God, our ship is safe;" for she has left Adelaide and we have heard of her safe arrival at Melbourne and Hobart Town.

The Rev. J. Sunderland has sent a very interesting account of the stir which her arrival made among the good people of Adelaide, in which he says—

"The children of the various Sunday-schools in South Australia collected upwards of three hundred pounds towards the purchase of the new ship. The Directors were requested to allow the 'messenger of peace' to touch at Port Adelaide. They kindly consented; and on the 4th of May the



It rapidly circulated that the vessel had arrived. As agent for the London Missionary Society in Australia, I was waiting for her, and soon went aboard and gave the captain and the missionaries hearty welcome. Arrangements had been made with the kind Christian friends in Adelaide to receive the missionaries into their homes. They were glad to see land again. Two conveyances were taken from the port to Adelaide, about seven miles distant.

Adelaide is a very beautiful city. There are long fine streets and large shops, and a noble cathedral, and many very pretty churches. The buildings forming the background of the city are very high. There are vineyards and beautiful gardens on the sides of these hills, and beyond the hills are copper-mines, where the miners raise an immense quantity of copper ore, most of which is sent to England.

There are no many warm Christian hearts in this Australia. People say it is a land of doctors and school-houses. Many years ago old people came to Adelaide, and their influence felt throughout the whole of South Australia.

The missionaries preached in the various meeting-places on two Sabbath days. There was a large public meeting in one of the largest churches. It



was crowded. All took a deep interest in the visit of the ship and the missionaries. On the 9th, 10th, and 11th of May the ship was open for inspection. The railway authorities agreed to convey the children of the schools to and from the ship at sixpence each. It was an interesting sight to behold the various schools, with banners unfurled, walking in procession from the railway to the ship. Hymns were sung, and short addresses were given to the children when they were on board the vessel. They were greatly pleased with her, and felt glad that they had helped to purchase so good a vessel to carry the glad tidings of mercy to the heathen. Nearly 3000 persons visited the 'John Williams.' Some children came thirty and forty miles distant, with their teachers, to see the ship. The officers of the ship, and all who had to make arrangements connected with the children's trip, testify to the excellent way in which they all conducted themselves.

"The day came when the missionaries had to say to the kind friends, farewell. A public service was held in Freeman Street Congregational Church, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Although the missionaries had been so short a time on shore, yet they had found so many kind friends, who loved them for their work's sake, that it was painful to say farewell. The Rev. C. Manthorpe



**gave out the hymns, and called upon a good Presbyterian minister, Rev. J. Gardner, to speak to the missionaries. His words were very kind, and many tears were shed. Then the young missionaries spoke. Their names were Revs. Michie, Chalmers, Saville, Watson, and Davies. Then the Rev. J. Jefferis spoke a few tender words, and prayer was offered by Rev. C. J. Evans, and the solemn service ended.**

**“ All the missionaries went on board the good ship on Monday night, May 14th, and by daylight on Tuesday morning the pilot got the ship out of the dock, and the steam-tug took her out to sea, and then she spread her wings, which were filled by the favouring breezes, and away she flew along, and is now making her way to Melbourne.**

**“ Dear young friends, you must not cease to pray for your missionary ship. She is a noble barque: long may she be protected from the dangers of the deep. The work she has to do is God's work. Many hearts will be gladdened by the sight of her in the South Sea Islands.**

**“ Captain and Mrs. Williams are very kind to all on board, and the officers of the ship, together with many of the crew, are good men, doing the Lord's work. Oh, pray for them !”**



## A TREE WORTH KNOWING.

BY A LADY TRAVELLER.



MANY among you have read about palm-trees, and some, perhaps, have seen them growing in New Orleans or the Cayal Islands. You may remember, too, that they are frequently spoken of in the Bible.

There are various kinds. *Lyons*, which some of you may like to see, grow on a palm-tree, and which you are no doubt familiar, common to the



pith of a palm; the *Cocoanut*, which most of you have tasted, is the fruit of a palm. There are likewise other kinds. One, called the *Talipot*, has such large leaves that twenty children could find shelter under a single leaf. Another is the *Palmyra*.

It is concerning this palm that I wish specially to tell you, because I lived for many years in a part of India where many thousands of them are growing. The *Shánárs*—a race of people living chiefly in Tinnevely and Travancore—are the principal cultivators of this tree, and by means of it they obtain their livelihood.

The *palmyra* flourishes best in a light sandy soil. It has a straight stem, which grows to the height of about sixty feet, and then is crowned with a tuft of large leaves, somewhat resembling a fan in shape. These leaves are very stiff—not gracefully drooping like those of the *cocoanut*-palm. The roots penetrate the soil to a great depth: they were found as low as forty feet, when a well was being dug. This accounts for the fact that the *palmyra* flourishes in dry and hot sandy plains, where rain is often scarce, and the heat of the sun soon dries up all the moisture at the surface. Thus the roots make their way low down into the soil, to find water wherewith to sustain the tree. There is another advantage to the tree from this depth of root—it enables it to



stand firm, though it grows so tall and straight. High winds prevail in Travancore during the monsoon, or rainy season; and yet but few palmyras are blown down, unless the storm becomes a hurricane. What a kind Father is our God to make so wise a provision for the growth of a tree which supplies food to so many people, who, but for this palm, could not live in such sandy plains! The root, when young, is eaten and much liked, especially by children. In shape it resembles a carrot. I have tasted it, and found it by no means unpleasant; but the young fruit is more agreeable: it is enclosed in a husk, and is like clear, colourless jelly. The ripe fruit is little worth, though eaten by the natives.

It is not, however, the root or fruit which renders the palmyra so valuable to the Shánar—it is the *juice* which flows from the flower-stalk at the top of the tree. This juice can only be obtained during certain months in the year. You must not think that it is an easy matter to obtain this juice. Men have to climb these high trees daily in order to collect it. The climber, as he has very hot and hard work to do, needs but little clothing; and that consists of a cloth bound round his waist. To this he hangs a strong basket, made of slips of palmyra-leaf, plaited double, and so closely that the juice will not run out. In



addition to the basket, he has a knife, and probably some small earthen vessels. Having loosely tied round his ankles a strip of the bark of the leaf-stalk, he begins to ascend the tree. He clasps his arms round the trunk, keeping his hands locked one in the other, first moving his arms upwards, both together, then his bound feet, the soles of which cling to the tree, the roughness of the bark no doubt aiding him in his rapid ascent. When at the top of the tree, he looks out for the flower-stalks, of which probably there will be several. He now has need to use his knife to cut off the tips of these stalks, and underneath he will hang one of the earthen vessels, to catch the juice which will drop from the wounded flower-stalk. He may have before this hung other little vessels to some of the flower-stalks, and these may now contain juice; if so, they must be emptied into the basket at his side. And again having cut the stalk, that it may yield more juice, he will descend rapidly, as his work is done, and perform the same operation on many other trees. Thus, in one morning, a climber will often go up forty or fifty trees; and then his day's work is not done, for he has to climb the same trees in the afternoon.

In the next Number I will tell you how they climb for a breakfast.

S. W.



## THE STARTLING VISITER.

**A**N incident occurred which you will think rather strange.

A servant came to me to say that Sunjuree (the mother spoken of in the last Number) was at the door. "Impossible," I said; "she cannot walk." "No, but four men have brought her in a blanket, each holding one corner, and she is at the back door, wishing to speak to you."

I went out, and there she lay. We made our salaams, and I naturally inquired what had brought her to see us. My readers will perhaps suppose that she had come to see her children—no, for they often visited her; or that she wished to express her thankfulness for the many comforts she was now enjoying through the kindness of Christian friends. Wrong again! she had come to demand more than double the amount that we were giving her! Her tongue was loosened now, and the objections I made only made her tongue go faster, until her noisy threats, that she would remove her children if we did not comply with her demands, were perfectly stunning.

Poor thing! she was only acting on the belief, common to all Hindus, that the bounty we had bestowed upon her *must belong* to her by right, through some merit of a former birth, and, excited



by what she had already got, thought that she had only to *demand* more, and we *must* give it.

Thus our interest in her and her children was quite mistaken—she had no idea we could have a real desire to do them good for their own sake, out of Christian benevolence, but thought they must in some way be worth a great deal to us. To reason with her was useless; so, requesting a moment's attention, I told her that she could please herself, that I could not give her more, and that if she liked to take her girls away, she could do so. But they were dancing about her as lively as larks and as merry as they could be, and were become quite attached to their school-fellows; so, when I had spoken these few firm words, I left her to make her own choice.

The struggle in her mind lasted some hours, but before sunset she had gone to her home, leaving the girls, and from that day has never again spoken of their removal; so that, with upwards of twenty others, they are now under Mrs. Rice's kind and Christian care.

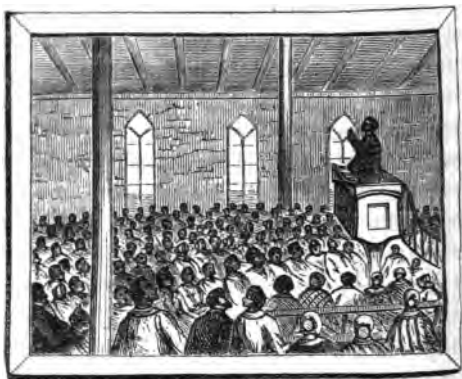
Dear young friends, is it not a pleasure to you to help your missionaries thus to care for, instruct, and train up in the knowledge and fear of God heathen children like these?

Will you not also unite with us in praying that they and their mother may meet you in heaven

C. SEWELL



## THE BLACK PREACHER'S SERMON.



**C**OLOURED preachers employ homely and pithy illustrations, which more cultivated preachers might imitate with the best results.

I once, says one, found myself, in company with a party of friends, in the gallery of a small village church, listening to a discourse from a coloured minister, or rather exhorter. After some preliminary exercises, a grey-headed man, evidently quite a patriarchal personage, arose, announced as his subject "The History of Dives and Lazarus," which he proceeded to explain and enforce.

One illustration he used was so full of quaint



mplicity, and at the same time so adapted to press the idea he meant to convey, that it struck e forcibly. He was trying to show how a sinner ould accept the Gospel offers of salvation.

“Suppose,” said he, “any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase e. Well, he has one that exactly fits you, and all respects is just what you need. You ask e price, but, when told, find you have not got ough money, and shake your head—

“‘No, massa, I am too poor; must go without,’ and turn away.

“But he says, ‘I know you cannot pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you: will you ave it?’

“What would you do in that case? Stop to em and haw, and say, ‘O, he’s just laughing at e; he don’t mean it’? No such thing. There s not one of you who would not take the coat, and ay, ‘Yes, massa, and thank you too.’

“Now, my dear friends, God’s salvation is ffered you as freely as that: why won’t you take s as freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and eel that you need a covering from His wrath. If ou would keep His holy law blameless, you might urchase it by good works; but, ah! you are all ull of sin, and that continually. Prayers and ears are worthless. You are poor indeed; and if



this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in despair. But, stop! look here: God speaks now, and offers you the perfect robe of Christian righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit all your wants, and says that you may have it 'without money and without price.' O brethren, my dear brethren, do take God's word for it, and thankfully accept His free gift."

What impression the words had on the old man's coloured auditors I cannot tell; but, as our group left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another, "What a strange idea that was about the coat!"

"My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was. I am so glad that I came here! This is the way I have been despairingly seeking for years. How simple! How plain! Yes, I will take God at His word,—

'Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.'"





## A SUNDAY SCHOOL HOLIDAY IN SAMOA.

**WILL** suppose that you have reached Samoa, and are safely landed at Apia, on the island of Upolu, and are now waiting to go with us on excursion, as soon as the boats are ready to receive us.

The mission-house is built about sixty yards from the beach, and faces the sea; so that when you look out you have the bright, pleasant waters of the bay, with the ships riding at anchor, before you. Under those beautiful waters, however, may sometimes be found some of the worst and most dangerous enemies that sailors meet with—namely, sharks; and, as we pass along in our boats, I will tell you what took place in that very bay some little time since.

A messenger has just come to say that all things are ready; so we go down to the sea-side, and there find several boats, belonging both to natives and white men, waiting for us. A number of strong, brown-skinned Samoans soon lift the children into the boats, and away we start over the beautiful salt lake, towards Vaialele. Look down into the water: see how bright and clear it is. See, too, what lovely coral gardens



we are passing over. Some of the coral looks like sea-mushrooms; another kind resembles the human brain; and other kinds branch out like the horns of a stag. Look, also, at those many-coloured fish—some red, others green, blue, or striped—swimming about amongst those coral gardens. Some of you, I expect, have an aquarium, which I have no doubt is very pretty; but this is an aquarium of God's own making, and beautiful beyond description. Now for the tale I promised you about the sharks. At the time I refer to, the "John Williams" was anchored in the bay we have just left, about two hundred yards from the shore. On board the "John Williams" was a large dog (partly Newfoundland) called "Boatswain." This dog was a great favourite not only with Captain and Mrs. Williams, but with all the crew as well. He would distinguish the mission-ship from fifty or one hundred others when in port, and would swim off to it when it was at anchor away from the shore. On the day I have mentioned, Captain and Mrs. Williams came on shore, and the dog came with them. After Captain and Mrs. Williams had finished their visit, they returned to the ship; but "Boatswain" was not to be seen. Shortly afterwards, however, when Mrs. Williams was looking out from the ship, she saw the dog swimming towards her. After swimming more than



half the distance between the ship and the land, "Boatswain" gave a howl of pain and tried to jump out of the water, then went down and was seen no more. The sailors quickly put down a boat and went to the place where the dog was last seen, when they found the water around tinged with blood. A large shark had seized "Boatswain," and had doubtless swallowed him entire. The sailors resolved, if possible, to get the dead body of the dog; but, though they caught three sharks, they could not catch the one they wanted. After such a feast as the shark made upon poor "Boatswain," it is not to be wondered at that he did not feel hungry enough to take the bait thrown out to catch him. The largest of the three captured sharks had jaws of such a size that a very stout man could easily have crawled through them. These jaws, I believe, were on board the "John Williams" when she was wrecked at Danger Island. You need not be afraid of sharks here, as we are in shallow water; and I never heard of them upsetting a boat in Samoa.

We are now, however, near to Vailele. There it is yonder; and there is a party looking out for us on the beach. Do not those cocoanut-trees look beautiful by the shore? See how the sunlight plays upon their leaves, almost like the play of light upon rippling water. It is said that dust



will not rest on those leaves while they are growing upon the tree. I never saw dust upon a fresh-gathered palm-leaf; but that may be owing to the fact that there is scarcely any dust ever seen in Samoa. These trees are ever green—always beautiful. So may each of you be, my dear young friends, and then you will know the joy of those of whom it is said, "They shall flourish like the palm-tree."

We now land at Vailele; and, as we feel thirsty after travelling three or four miles upon the water, we will ask a Samoan to gather a coconut for us. Notice how he climbs that tall, straight tree. First of all, he takes a piece of rope, about a yard in length, and ties the two ends of it tightly together. This finished, he gives the string a twist in the middle, and thus forms two loops, or stirrups, for his feet. He then puts his feet into the stirrups, takes hold of the tree with both hands, and draws his feet up towards his body. The rope on his feet slides easily upwards, but, owing to the places formed by the falling off of the coconut leaves, it will not slip easily down; so that, when the weight of the climber tightens the rope, it rests upon the tree, and forms a resting-place for both his feet. In this way the native soon climbs to the height of eighty or ninety feet, gathers the nuts, and then descends. A sharp-



nted stake is put into the ground, and upon  
s the Samoan strikes the nut, and strips off the  
side husk. He then, by a few hard blows,  
takes a piece out of the shell, and then you find  
out a pint of cool, delicious drink, as clear and  
sparkling as soda-water, and much pleasanter to  
the taste—a very different beverage from that  
acid stuff you see in old cocoanuts in England,  
called cocoanut milk. The children now run  
out and enjoy themselves till dinner-time. Some  
swim and bathe: others go and walk in the forest,  
and will perhaps find a pineapple, or some oranges;  
while others will play at some Samoan or English  
game.

As soon as dinner is ready, the teachers and  
children are collected together, and seat themselves  
cross-legged, like so many tailors, upon mats. For  
a plate, they have a nice bright and clean bread-  
fruit leaf, which answers very well for the purpose.  
Their dinner consists of pork, fowls, fish, and  
vegetables, and their drink cocoanut-juice and  
water; and most, if not all of them, will enjoy their  
pic-nic very much. After dinner they will amuse  
themselves in a similar way to what they did in  
the morning, until it is time to return home; when  
the boats are again made ready, and we go rowing  
or paddling back over the clear waters till we  
reach Apia. Nearly all the children who atten-



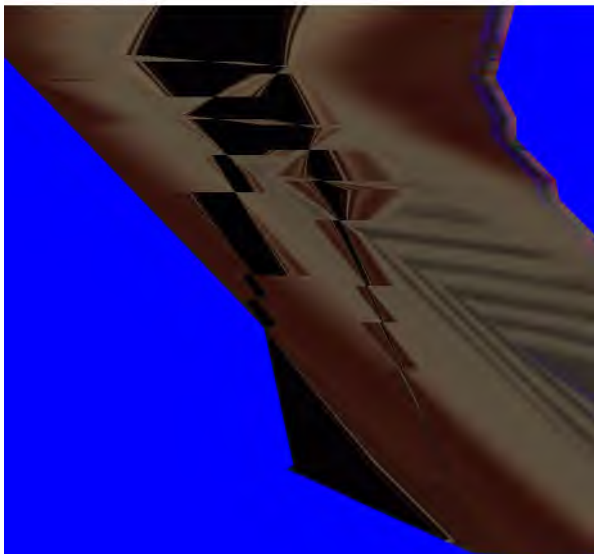
the holiday I have been describing are the children of Samoan mothers, and are called half-castes. We have a school for them, in which they are taught English, and, what is far more important, taught to read the Word of God. Altogether, in Samoa, we have more than eight thousand children in our Sunday-schools; while thirty-six years ago there was not one. I wish you could see their happy faces, and could hear them sing about heaven, and about Jesus, in their own soft, musical language, and then, I think, you would all try to do as much as possible to let other little South Sea islanders have the Bible too. There are hundreds of islands yet in the South Seas where the people are all heathens—not a Bible or a missionary on any of them. Which of you will be a missionary? You can all do something; ask Jesus to show you what to do.

“Young lips may teach the wise, Christ said;  
Weak feet sad wanderers home have led;  
Small hands have cheered the sick one's bed  
With freshest flowers:

“O teach me, Father! heed their sighs,  
While many a soul in darkness lies  
And waits Thy message; make me wise.  
Lord, here am I!”

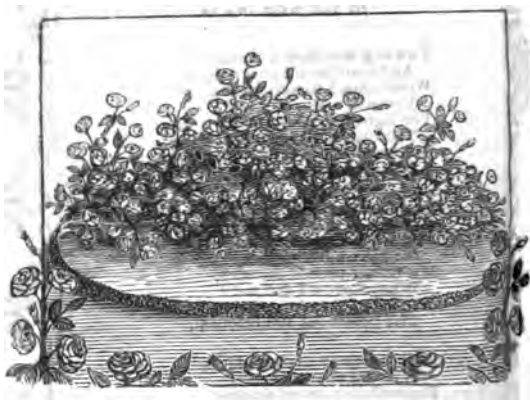
H. G.







## CHOICE ROSES.



**W**HEN the Bishop of Calcutta once visited the schools in that city, he found upwards of a thousand children gathered, besides the youths attending the College. The Bishop seemed very delighted both with the appearance and progress of the scholars. After looking at them for some time, he took a native gentleman by the arm, and leading him up to the group of young ones, he exclaimed, "Is it not beautiful?" to which the Indian gentleman replied, "Yes! yes! it's a bed of roses! a bed of roses!"



Now, if these young people had indeed given their hearts to God, they might all be regarded as *lowers in the garden of the Lord.*

"When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;  
A flower when offered in the bud  
Is no vain sacrifice."

### THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S FOUR GREAT WANTS.

1. *More thought.*—So few think about its great work and urgent claims.
2. *More prayer.*—So few pray believingly and continuously for its growing prosperity.
3. *More men.*—So few well-qualified persons offer themselves for missionary labour.
4. *More money.*—So few give according to their ability and according to the claims of a perishing world.

"Give, give; be always giving:  
Who gives not is not living.  
The more we *give*,  
The more we *live*."



## THE SOONER THE BETTER.

**A**N old man one day took a child on his knee, and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him and love Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian, and felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face and said, "But why don't *you* seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young; and now my heart is so hard that I fear I never shall be able."

Ah, believe him, dear young folk! "To-day, if ye will hear the voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow. ~~And~~ weeks, and months, and years hence, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! "They that seek me *early* shall find me."

"'Tis easy work when we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes,  
But sinners who grow old in sin  
Are hardened in their crimes."



# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE



THE WRECK.

N. Y.—NOV. 1, 1863.

Digitized by *See next page.*



## THE WRECK!

**W**HOSE who go down to the sea in ships often witness strange and exciting scenes. When the Rev. W. Ellis was on his way home from Madagascar, he saw a sight which when once seen is not likely to be forgotten.

He had scarcely ended a conversation with the captain, when he heard a shout on deck—"A wreck! a wreck!" and, hastening to see what it meant, he saw, on the tops of the waves, about two miles off, a small flag or signal of blue cloth; and then, in a few minutes more, he could see a sort of raft, with two figures, a white man and a man of colour, sitting upon it, the water reaching as high as their waists. Up went the flag of the ship, to let these poor castaways know that they were seen, and that help was at hand. One of the ship's boats was lowered, and five stout and brave British sailors pulled away towards the raft, every eye eagerly looking after them, and every heart yearning with a desire for the success of their endeavour; but no one moved, not a word was uttered, even breathing seemed difficult, so intense was the excitement. But when they saw, first one man, and then the other, stiff, benumbed, and swollen with water, gently but safely lifted



into the boat, they made the ship ring again with the shout, "They're saved! they're saved!" Some shed tears, and others were ready to faint under the influence of their strong feelings of pity and joy. The boat soon came alongside, and the men, all bruised and bleeding, were tenderly raised over the ship's side, and carried into the cabin; but, in a short time, Mr. Ellis was called for, and hastened to the cabin, there to find what may be called—

#### UNEXPECTED FRUIT.

It was found that one of the men saved from the wreck was a Sandwich Islander, a man of colour. The white man was the captain of the ship, which had been upset in a violent gale two days before, when all on board, with the exception of these two, had perished.

The islander was a young man, one of the crew. He was sitting with his head bent down, and his long black dripping hair hanging over his eyes and down his face. Looking at him kindly, Mr. Ellis addressed him in the native language, saying, "Salutation, dear friend—affection." The man instantly lifted his head, swept with his hand his long black hair to one side of his forehead, and,



looking as one startled at the sound of his own tongue, he returned the salutation, and, in answer to a question, stated he was a native of Oahu, the island on which Mr. Ellis once lived. He said he was up aloft furling a sail, when the ship suddenly went over, and all in an instant were plunged in the deep. Other islanders were on board, but they soon sank. Mr. Ellis said, "God has very mercifully preserved you: you must remember His goodness and pray to Him." He replied, "I did pray to Him in the night when I was in the sea; I did pray to God in the morning when I saw the captain: I prayed that we might be saved; and God sent away death and sent your ship, and we are here." Mr. Ellis then said, "I am glad you prayed to God: you must be thankful to Him, and love and serve Him. You must try to serve God in your future life." Mr. Ellis then repeated the first two lines of a hymn which he had written when he was a missionary in the country. The man's countenance brightened; he took up the strain where Mr. Ellis had left off, and finished the remaining verses with evident satisfaction.

Mr. Ellis said, "Where did you learn that hymn?" He answered, "In the school of the



missionaries at Oahu." And when Mr. Ellis told him that he had written that hymn many years ago, when he lived in the Sandwich Islands, he looked with greater astonishment, and said eagerly, "Who are you?" The answer was, "I am Maka Eliká" (the native way of pronouncing Mr. Ellis's name). He was greatly surprised and pleased; said he knew the missionaries who were now at the islands, and that his brother was a native teacher and his sister a Christian,

What a cause is this for thankfulness, that the Christian sentiments of a hymn learned in youth were thus thought of and found to be comforting in the time of a great sorrow! We see that what is acquired in early life is seldom wholly lost in riper years; and all who work for God, however discouraged they may sometimes be, will find out, sooner or later, that their labours have not been in vain in the Lord.





## ISAIA'S LETTER.

**S**OME of you will remember that Isaia is the native teacher from the South Seas who once visited England and was introduced to us by the Rev. W. Gill. He is now labouring very usefully in the islands among a very interesting people, as you will see by looking at the specimen faces below.



His letter to the young people has been kindly translated for the Magazine by the Rev. W. Gill; and here it is:—

“Arorangi, Rarotonga,

“April 9, 1866.

“MY FRIENDS, the Children of England,—  
Blessings on you all, through our Lord Jesus.  
Amen. I, Isaia, your friend, whom you knew



in the years 1854 and 1855, now write to you. You may be thinking that I am dead, or that I have forgotten you. No, my dear friends, I am not dead; and, although separated from you, I shall never forget you.

“ I am still dwelling in Rarotonga, at the settlement of Arorangi, doing the work of our Lord Jesus in the midst of my own people; and God has prospered me.

“ My friends, the children and the teachers, will you not continue to sympathize with the children and the young people who dwell in ignorance and sin? Many such there are remaining in these our lands and beyond us: in heathen lands their numbers are numberless who have no knowledge of Jesus the Saviour. Let us compassionate them: be not weary, but let us pray that the Word of God may grow in all lands.

“ Now I ask you all to compassionate me in the great trouble which has come upon us. We are in great distress in consequence of a terrible hurricane, which came upon us in Rarotonga on the 27th of March last. Our plantations and our houses are destroyed, and part of our house of prayer at Arorangi is unroofed. Our trouble is general; all are suffering; and our grief is great.



"You will sympathize with us, and perhaps send the children in my school a few garments, and a few slates, and pens and paper for school use. Pray to God for us, that we may be sustained by His help. My wife and three children are well. I often ask whether I shall meet you again in England, and I say, Perhaps not. Let us, therefore, be strong in our diligence, that we may obtain the joyful meeting in the heaven of God.

"May you all live. Amen.

"ISAIA PAPRHIA."

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## A PEEP AT A CHINESE CITY. HANKOW.

**T**HIS city, which is on the Yang-tse-kiang about 600 miles inland, was first opened to Europeans in 1861. Before that time the rebels had four times visited it, and destroyed a great part of the city, thereby scattering the population. Now the houses have been rebuilt, the inhabitants have returned, and Hankow is once more in a flourishing state. It is called by the Chinese "Heart of the Empire," and "Middle of the Empire," on account of its position. There are three walled cities very near each other really forming one, and only separated



by the rivers Yang-tai and Han: these are Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang. Were you to pass Hankow during the winter season, and not revisit it until the summer, the change is so complete that you would scarcely think it was the same place. The reason of the change is this:—Many of the houses on the river bank are built upon piles twenty or more feet high. In winter the water is low, and the whole of these piles are visible: in summer the river rises from thirty to thirty-five feet; then the inhabitants can step from the door of these houses into the boat. This, you can fancy, makes a great difference in the appearance of the place. The principal street is said by the natives to be ten miles in length; and, although this may not be quite true, yet it certainly extends for a very long distance by the river bank. The streets are broad and well paved. There is no carriage-road, as all burdens are borne by labourers called coolies. In the summer planks are placed across from roof to roof, and over these matting is put, so that the streets are thus nicely shaded from the sun. The shops are handsome, and well stocked; they have no fronts. The arrangement of their goods, I have often noticed, is very like our own. People of the same trade seem to live near together. As you pass along, you will notice shop



after shop with the same kind of articles exposed for sale. For instance, going down one street, you will come upon furniture shops; down another, braziers'; then clothes, &c. And a whole street in Wuchang is devoted to chop-stick makers. Here is a sketch of a bookseller's shop:—



As their houses are small, they frequently work at their trade in the shop. They are plodding and industrious, but not nearly so active as English workmen. Instead of the name of the owner of the shop and his trade being painted over the front, as we see it in England, they have it in



large gilt characters on a long red or black board which hangs by the door, and gives the street, as you look down, a very gay appearance.

At night the shops are dimly lighted with oil-lamps, or lanterns with candles inside; and, as there are no street-lamps, each man carries his own lantern, which generally has his name and place of residence painted upon it.

The four brick walls of a private house have usually no other opening than the door. As you enter, there is a small court-yard in the centre, and all the windows open on to this. Very little glass is used: instead, they substitute oiled paper and thin oyster-shells.

There are a great many poor. They live in huts made of matting, which are placed against the brick walls of the larger houses. There are also many families living in small boats, in which they cannot stand upright, yet they seem happy and contented. The wants of a Chinaman are few: good bedding, and the apparatus for cooking and eating his rice, are what he most cares about. Instead of public-houses they have tea-shops, *which are far better*. Here they can walk in, sit down, and have a cup of tea for about the eighth of a penny. They drink it weak, and without sugar or milk. It is the very rarest sight to see a Chinaman intoxicated. Would that the



same thing could be said of Englishmen in this Christian country ! There are many beggars. Even priests may be seen begging from shop to shop for their support. The usual dress of both men and women is dark blue cotton. The wealthier classes, however, wear silks and satins of many colours. The predominance of one colour strikes the eye at first as being very singular. The complexion of the Chinese is a yellow-brown. All over the empire they have, without exception, black eyes and hair ; so that they are very much astonished to see the fair hair and blue eyes of English children.

I could tell you many interesting things about the manners and customs of the people, but I will close by telling you what the missionaries are doing for the good of the people of Hankow.

In June, 1861, Mr. John and Mr. Wilson, of the London Missionary Society, arrived there. They were the first Protestant missionaries who settled in this city. They rented a house, and very soon preaching was commenced. The people had never before heard this "doctrine." Numbers came to listen. In time the "story of the Cross" touched the heart of one, then another, and another ; so that at the present time there are between thirty and forty Church members, besides inquirers. The Society has two churches



or the Chinese; one in Hankow, and the other in Wuchang; and three schools, in which there are this year between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and fifty children being instructed in the religion of Jesus.

The churches are open for several hours every day, and preaching is going on; but it is not a quiet, orderly service, as we are accustomed to hear: people walk in and out, just as they like. If a barber is passing, he will come in with his shaving apparatus, listen as long as he chooses, then walk out. In like manner, a cobbler with his shoe-mending materials, or a man with his implements for riveting earthenware, or a coolie with his burden. No one is refused admittance; and in this way from two to three hundred hear daily of Jesus in this idolatrous city. There are two services on the Sunday specially for the converts; then passers-by are not allowed to enter, as they would disturb the quiet of those who really wish to worship in sincerity and truth.

Many boatmen attend the week-day service, and carry away books to distant places. In this way good seed is sown, which we pray may bring forth an abundant harvest. Hankow has no Sabbath!—no day set apart for worship! Think what a bright spot in the Chinese Empire it would be if its millions of inhabitants were



worshippers of the true God, instead of bowing down to idols, the work of their own hands. God can do all things, and He has promised that all shall know Him. Pray for it, dear children, and He will bring it to pass.

EMMA E. WILSON.

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## THE PALMYRA.

### PART II.

#### A CLIMB FOR A BREAKFAST.

**T**HE juice of this tree, when taken pure, is very nourishing, and forms the breakfast of many Shánárs. During the season it is a common sight to see a mother and children sitting down in the tope, or plantation, waiting for the father to descend from the tree with their breakfast. A piece of the leaf is then twisted up at each end and secured, forming a kind of long cup, into which the juice is poured and partaken of by all. The greater part, however, of the juice is carried home by the females in large earthen vessels, and boiled till it becomes thick. This, when cold, forms a coarse sugar called by Europeans "jaggery." The jaggery not required for home use is sold, and rice and other necessities bought with the money obtained. It can be refined and made into white sugar. Some-



times, too, the Shánár will make a little into sugar-candy, and bring a portion as a present to the missionary's children.

Sad to say, there is no rest on the Sabbath for the palmyra-climber; for, if the tree is not daily attended to, the juice will cease to flow. I knew two or three Christian families in Travancore who, being wealthy, did not climb their own trees, but hired men to do this work. On the Sabbath I think they tried the experiment of having their trees only climbed once during the day; and the produce was not taken home and boiled down into sugar, which would have been work for the females, but was given away to the poor.

There are many lessons which Christian England might learn from those who have been reclaimed from heathen darkness, and this desire to keep holy God's day is one. It speaks loudly, too, to little boys and girls, who sometimes go to shops on Sunday to buy sweetmeats, and by doing so break God's command, which says, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

If the juice is not boiled soon after it has been obtained, it will ferment, and then it becomes an intoxicating drink called toddy. But generally the Shánárs are not drunkards. It is considered a great disgrace among them to be intemperate. This fermented juice is likewise used as yeast in



making bread, though generally that obtained from the cocoanut palm is preferred.

But there are other parts of the palmyra which are very useful. The wood is excellent for building purposes. The leaves are used as thatch, and, when closely laid together and tied down, form a covering through which the sun's heat and the rain do not penetrate; so that a house thus covered remains dry and comparatively cool. There is likewise another use to which the leaf has been put. It constitutes the writing material of the country. The leaf has a number of ribs which run down its whole length. These are split up and trimmed; and this is their paper, ready for use. The pen is an iron style with a sharp steel point, and with this the Hindo scratches upon the leaf. Some neatly folded up letters, written on the palmyra leaf, are now in our possession, which we received from some of our native friends. We have likewise a book made of the strips of the same leaf, which are strung together and enclosed on both sides with boards. Law documents, too, are written on this leaf. Very pretty baskets and mats are likewise made from it.

The leaf, when gathered up at each end and turned over the top so as to form a handle, makes a bucket with which to draw water from



the wells. From the bark of the leaf-stalk a strong basket is made, which is in daily use among all classes of the people. From what I have told you of the various uses of this palm, you will not be surprised that the Shánár thinks it the most useful tree God has made.

The Gospel has been preached among the Shánárs for many years, and a large number not only know the way of salvation, but are, we believe, walking in it. Many of them illustrate the words of the Psalm, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree" (Ps. xcii. 12). You often sing Bishop Heber's beautiful hymn, beginning—

" From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a PALMY plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain."

These multitudes in other lands "call" to you, as well as to those that are older; for you too can aid in sending them the Gospel and Christian teachers. You can all pray, and He who loves to hear you can pour down a rich blessing on those now sitting in darkness, in answer to your prayers. May you thus learn to become a blessing to others in the days of your youth. S. W.



## WORK NOW !

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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Do what thou hast to do  
Whilst thou hast eyes to see,  
Whilst thou hast ears to hear  
The word which Wisdom speaks to thee ;  
Whilst thou hast power to walk,  
Whilst thou hast voice to pray,  
Whilst thou hast Reason's guiding lamp  
To guide thee on thy way.

Do what thou hast to do,  
And not to others leave:  
They may thy purpose misconstrue,  
Thy plans may misconceive,  
Thy purpose cannot test,  
Thy work with coldness view.  
Now, while the life-blood warms thy breast,  
Do what thou hast to do.

Do what thou hast to do  
Before the night of gloom,  
Which swiftly wraps the sun and moon  
In darkness o'er the tomb.  
For though thy feet may tread  
On blossoms bright with dew,  
Know that the grave is for thee spread :  
Do what thou hast to do.

## THE PICTURE FRAME.



## THE GOD-FINDERS.

## A SOUTH-SEA TRADITION.

"The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to *wood* and *stone*."

**S**O sings the poet; and missionaries often see that it is a fact. Look at the picture: it represents the finding of the god SHILIU (pronounced Sheeleeoo).



Here are two women of the Island of Lifu (Leefoo) stooping over, and looking with surprise at a log of wood. The wood is called, on some of the islands of the South Seas, *O le Fāusōngā*. It is a small tree, with spreading branches, and belongs to the nettle tribe. It is the tree of whose bark most of the South Sea



islanders make their twine for fishing lines and nets. The following is the tradition concerning a log of that tree :—

There was a god named *Shiliu*, who lived on a low island off the west end of Lifu. He left this low island and went up to Lifu, on to a spot called *the Sacred Rock*. He entered into a log of *the Fäusöngä*. Two women came that way by night, each carrying a lighted torch. They were probably going to fish. When they came up to the said log of wood, they heard a sound like the crying of a little child. They looked about, but saw no one. They rolled the log over, and the sound then seemed to come from the under side of it. They lifted it up—the crying was within! “It’s a god!” they exclaimed; “let us take him to Namena” (the land of chiefs). “No,” cried the god; “I do not wish to live with the chiefs: take me to Nadoao” (the land of the common people). And to Nadoao the women carried him. Thenceforth the people of Nadoao became illustrious as the possessors of the god *Shiliu*. They became also his priests, and objects of dread to the inhabitants of all the surrounding islands! And the *Fäusöngä* became to them an object of worship wherever and in what state soever met with. Whether it was found as a living tree by the road-side, spreading its grace-



ful branches to the wind, or as a decaying log lying in the unfrequented bush, the inhabitants of Nadoao might have been seen bowing down to it and worshipping it as the shadow of their god.

The sacred rock on which Shilin was found became an object of superstitious dread. It was believed that if any one went near it, whether man, woman, or child, the individual would certainly die in consequence.

Dear young reader, how many thousands of people there are who, for no better reason than the above, leave the worship of the Creator to worship wood and stone! How just and fearful will be their condemnation at the judgment-seat of Christ, for not making a better use of their powers of mind! They have not the Bible, it is true; but the invisible things of God, even His eternal power and Godhead, are clearly manifested, and may be discerned by the mind through the things which God has made. "So that they are without excuse." (See Rom. i. 20.) Hence, though they have not the Word of God, they must perish; for we read, Rom. ii. 12, "As many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law." Awake, awake, then, dear reader, to the perishing state of the heathen! Do all you can to "snatch these firebrands from the flame."

T. P.



## GOD THE BEST KEEPER.



**O**F course you have heard of John Bunyan, and I hope you have read his "Pilgrim's Progress:" well, let me tell you of one instance out of many which taught him to cast all his care on God, and led him to say, thankfully, "The Lord is my keeper." He lived, you know, in the times of persecution, and the enemies of pure religion managed to keep him for many years as a prisoner in Bedford Gaol; but there, by God's good providence, he managed to gain the kindness and confidence of the gaoler so com-



pletely that he allowed him to go sometimes to visit his friends and stay out all night.

Some of his persecutors at last heard a whisper about this, and so, to be sure about it, they secretly sent an officer down to Bedford from London, who was to manage to reach there so as to get to the gaol in the middle of the night, and thus detect the gaoler. Now that very night good John Bunyan had gone home to his family; but, from some cause he could not explain, he felt so uneasy he was unable to sleep; and at length he said, "I must get up and go back to gaol at once." He did so, and then the gaoler chided him for coming back at such an unreasonable hour; but by-and-by they were aroused by the officer, who inquired, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan here?" "Yes." "Let me see him." He was called, and soon appeared, and thus all was well! After the officer had gone, the astonished gaoler said to Bunyan, "Well, now you may go out whenever you like, for you know when to come back a great deal better than I can tell you."





## SELF-SACRIFICE.

**N**O be a Christian is to be Christ-like, and Christ willingly gave *His* life a ransom for *ours*. Two men were engaged off the coast fishing, when a sudden squall upset their boat. One of them could not swim, and the only oar that floated near was caught by the other. The drowning man, in piercing tones, cried out, "Oh, my poor wife and children, they must starve now!" On hearing which the other, who was able to swim, but had very little hope of reaching the distant shore, said, "Save yourself: I will risk my life for theirs!" and then thrust the oar beneath the arms of the sinking fisherman. What a noble example of self-sacrifice! By the goodness of God they were both able to keep afloat until a boat picked them up and they were brought safe to land. Forget not, it is Christ-like to do all we can to save both body and soul from death. For this purpose the Missionary Society is formed, and missionaries are sent out to make known the Gospel.

"The heathen perish day by day;  
Thousands on thousands pass away:  
O Christians, to their rescue fly;  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die."





# JUVENILE MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

IT WON'T DO!



WON'T DO!

*WHAT WON'T DO?*

say, SIDNEY, just look here; this  
'-O-O-L-I-S-H E-D-I-T-O-R says—

NO. VI.—DEC. 1, 1866.



'IT WON'T DO.'

Now *We* say,

'IT WILL DO!' don't we?

And then, you know, there are many others who say the same thing. I fancy after all, he isn't half as sharp as I thought he was, or he wouldn't cry down this little Magazine like this."

"Why, Sissy, it's *you* who are F-o-o-l-i-s-h: of course the Editor wouldn't do anything so silly as to speak against himself. But you just look at the picture: there he is, I suppose giving the books away, all for nothing and there are so many quite ready to take them at that price, that he now says 'It won't do!' and of course it won't. Why, I shouldn't like the Magazine I like so well if I didn't buy it; for, now I buy it, I take care to read it all through, and



see whether I've got my two farthings' worth ; and I mean to try and persuade TOM and BESSY to do the same."

Thus I imagine my two little friends have chattered away; they were both in the right, and both in the wrong.

They were *right* in supposing it would not do for the Editor to find fault with the Magazine, or to make a common practice of *giving* it away; but they were *wrong* in concluding that his words, "It won't do," have anything to do with the picture; for that is only intended just to catch your eye, that you may then go on reading about the things which the Editor thinks "won't do."

Well, "IT WON'T DO" to expect to be happy without being useful: you may try it, but the happiness won't come.

He once saw a weary, woe-begone traveller limping down a mountain side, with a piece cut out of his boot, as if he had been trying to let the pain out at the hole; but it wouldn't do, for he walked on as painfully as ever.

Now, if you will try, in the name and by the grace of the Lord Jesus, to be useful, then you will be able to run in the way of God's command-



ments, and you will find that "the joy of the Lord is your strength."

Then, again, "IT WON'T DO" to send the Bible to the heathen, and neglect to read it yourself; for that will be the way to have them rise up in the judgment and condemn you.

"IT WON'T DO" to give your money to the missionary cause and keep back your heart from the Saviour; for that would be a robbery of God, and you may be sure the sin would find you out.

"IT WON'T DO" to say "Thy kingdom come," and yet do nothing to make it come. But

IT *WILL* DO to honour God in word and deed; for it is said, "Them that honour me I will honour;" and remember, it is GOD that says *that*, and not the Editor.



## PLEASE TAKE Notice!

WHEN the Rev. J. Macgowan left England for China a few months since, he promised the Editor that he would send him an account of his voyage and overland journey, for the Readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." This promise he is now fulfilling; and the first Part will appear in the January Number, entitled

"OFF TO CHINA:  
JOTTINGS BY THE WAY."

So pray do not forget to order that Number for yourself, and try and get others to take it also.



# China.



**T**HE good men who founded the London Missionary Society knew little or nothing about China, except that it was a vast region full of people, and that there was a great wall stretching over the country, and no foreigners were allowed to pass within. But *now* China is open, and, our missionaries are there with the Bible; and, though they find millions of people in heathen darkness, they find also that the Book of *Light*—the Word of God—can chase away the darkness of the mind as



readily in China as in India or the South Seas, or any other part of the world.

That these Chinese are willing to hear the truth as it is in Jesus when addressed to them, and to read the Bible when it is circulated among them, is quite evident from what the missionaries tell us, who represent the people in many places as eagerly waiting for or surrounding the teacher's boat, as you may see in the picture.

A missionary, describing the scene, says:—"The news of our coming had spread, and the people were already waiting; near a thousand crowded on the bank. Keeping the boat in the middle of the stream, first Chang and then I preached, and had excellent order and attention for half an hour." He then went further, and came to a busy spot, where 5000 people were all marketing; but when the missionary climbed a terrace and stood upon a stone pillar in front of an idol temple, about 2000 Chinese came around him, and listened to his good news about Christ and salvation. Then, in another place, after a great throng had listened with much seeming pleasure, they crowded round to say good-bye and to express their regret that the missionary was going so soon, many of them shouting "Again see, again see." "Won't you come soon?"

"I hope so; and bring plenty of books."



**"But when, when?"**

Thus you see God has prepared the way, and given the people a willing mind. Oh, help, help very earnestly to send more books and teachers to them.



## **"MERRY MAY"**

**IN THE SOUTH SEAS.**

**"Tahiti, South Pacific,**

**"10th May, 1866.**

**"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You often sing,**

**'Hail, all hail,**

**Thou merry month of May;'**

and well you may, for your fine weather, your large meetings, and your frolicsome amusements justify you in doing so. We can sing the same song in these far-off lands; for the children here have fine weather, large meetings, and frolicsome amusements.

"Would you like to know how we have spent our May? Listen, and I will tell you where I went, as well as what I saw and heard. I live on the island of Tahiti, a beautiful island belonging to Queen Pomare, and under the protection of France. This year I accepted an invitation to a



district on the island of Moorea, about fifteen or twenty miles distant across the sea. We set off last Friday, with fine weather and a smooth sea; but when about half way the wind began to blow very much. The sea rose, the boat rolled, the men pulled the ropes, and the native ladies began to be afraid, and to jabber away in fine style. But our Heavenly Father watched over and kept us, and I was happy to feel myself once more on *terra firma*.

"The next day (Saturday) was the first day for the May. After preaching, we had the general salutation. What a shaking of hands, a chattering of tongues, and smiling of faces! This over, we adjourned to the outside of the chapel, where the feast was prepared. The tables were arranged in temporary houses, forming the four sides of an oblong, leaving a large space in the middle. The houses were very prettily decorated, and flags were flying. The whole was shaded by several large old tamanu trees. The united length of the seats at the tables was not much below a thousand feet.

"You can easily imagine what a pretty sight it was to see lots of people and children all well dressed, sitting down with willing hearts, hands, and mouths at these tables, on which there were lots of roast pigs, fowls, and fish, with an abundance of vegetables of many kinds. The eatables having been quickly despatched to the various



places for which they were intended, the young people came forward to repeat the passages of Scripture they had learnt, which they did with much credit to themselves. We had preaching again in the afternoon, and afterwards continued the work of feasting.

"On Sunday we had preaching as on Saturday, with the addition of the ordinances of the Lord's Supper and Baptism. The festival was kept up, during which speeches were delivered. Two blind men gave us very good addresses. There was a third blind man, whom I could not persuade to make a speech. In the evening, the young people sang many hymns and pieces in their own style, which, however pleasant to themselves, did not appear to me to rival in any way the sweet strains you hear in Exeter Hall and the Crystal Palace.

"The elder people sat down to have a conversation on passages of Scripture. It was a strange sight to see some ten of us sitting round a table, under the shade of a large tree, in the darkness of night, enlightened by a few flickering lamps, and around us a crowd of eager listeners. These engagements were continued far into the hours of night. I retired for a short rest, and by about three o'clock on the Monday morning was again on the boat to return home.



"How pleasant it was to spend this time on the island where the Gospel was first received by the natives of the South Pacific, and where such a glorious triumph has been gained over ancient heathenism and modern superstition.

"Rejoice, dear young friends, in what the Gospel has done, and pray that it may continue its blessed and peaceful triumphs.

"Whilst you sing, 'Hail, all hail, thou merry month of May,' unite with it your shouts of hallelujah to the adorable Saviour, the blessings of whose Gospel has made this month so dear to all of us.

"I remain,

"My dear young Friends,

"Yours affectionately,

"GEORGE MORRIS."





## INDIA.

## A VOICE FROM MADRAS.

**M**ANY young ladies who attend happy working meetings are thus helping to support various Missionary Orphan Schools in India, where many faces are seen as interesting as the one of the sharp little Indian Girl sketched below.



In *Madras* Mrs. Corbold has an excellent school, which she superintends with great love and devotedness. Not long ago she addressed a very



interesting letter to the secretary of a juvenile sewing party, by whom a scholar has long been supported in her school. There is a portion of the letter which will, no doubt, please all our young readers:—

“DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will be glad to find that I have been again privileged to see *three* of my elder girls join the Church. One is an orphan child; her parents were heathen. The second is the child of Christian parents; and the third has a mother living who is a Christian woman. The first mentioned is the first girl in the first class; the second has lately been married. For some three or four years she has walked consistently as a Christian child. Mr. Corbold examines the children monthly, and he often remarked that this child, though not at all clever, and often finding it very difficult to answer questions on secular subjects, could almost invariably answer any question on Scripture, and the spiritual meaning of it. She is now the wife of a young man, teaching in our Institution; he is also the son of one of the catechists of our Society.

“The third girl spoken of is teaching one of the younger classes in the boarding school. She speaks of attending the united communion service at the commencement of the year, as the means of leading her to decide for Christ. In a note



addressed to me, she says of that service—"I saw all sorts of people there; and it was to me as if they had come from the north and the south, and the east and the west, to sit down at the table of the Lord; but the saddest thing was that I was not among them. When I came home I said, "I must come to Christ yet again." My wicked heart said to me, "It is too soon;" but I said, '*Now* is the proper time; I may not have another. I come in my sinful state, holding Christ's promise, in which He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' "' &c., &c.

"By my report you will see that I think many of the children have improved; there is more love among them, I trust, and less deceitfulness. Some of the little ones had a habit of running out of sight when any one was looking at them, as if they were doing wrong and were afraid of being seen. One day three little ones were in the front of the house looking for something. As soon as they saw me, two of them were for running away, but one of them turned round, came up the steps of the verandah, and said, 'We have lost a bead ring, ma'am; we are looking for it.' And when I said, 'By all means try and find it,' the little body ran down so merrily, and looked so pleased, evidently with the determination that when she was doing anything again she would not run



away, but would come and tell me at once. This is a trifle in itself, but it showed the effort had been made to do right, and also that there was the desire to obey me. They are also sorry when they have displeased me. One day, when I went into school, I said to one of the little ones, 'Oh, Ruthie, your hair is untidy again; I am afraid you don't love me much, or you would try to obey me.' The poor little thing looked up at me so sorrowfully, and her eyes filled with tears, while she put up both hands to her head to try and smooth her hair. I felt I might learn a lesson, and that I need to pray that my heart might be as open to receive my Heavenly Father's admonitions as this dear child was to receive mine. I must conclude now, dear friends, with warmest thanks to my kind young friends for the money sent me last year. Pray for me, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, as it is also with you. With Christian love, believe me,

"Affectionately yours,

"BESSIE E. CORBOLD."





# THE MISSIONARY CAT.

a retired village in Somersetshire there is a neat farm-house, surrounded by shrubs, with a garden in front. A fine myrtle-rose covers a considerable part of the house, which in summer is full of blossoms.

When I first knew the family, it consisted of a father, mother, and seven children. Their mother trained them up in the way they should go. In the providence of God she was removed to a better world when they were young, but her instruction was not forgotten, and her prayers were afterwards answered. The clergyman of the parish, a most devoted minister, took a deep interest in the children, and impressed on their minds the truths their dear mother had taught them. They had accompanied her in her weekly distribution of religious tracts, which she never omitted when in health, and they soon

became interested in foreign Missions, and wondered what they could do towards the conversion of the heathen. They were not old enough to go from house to house to solicit subscriptions, if they had had neighbours to whom they might apply. They thought they would sow flower seeds in the garden, and sell the produce to their friends. It occurred to one of them that their beautiful cat might be a missionary collector; and Pussy was called into office. A pretty bag was made and put around her neck, fastened to her collar, and when visitors called, she came and politely requested a contribution, which was never refused. These young people are now grown up, and follow Him who went about doing good.

The missionary cat, having done all she could for the heathen, is now in her quiet grave.

*Bristol.*

M. W.



## The Ship again !



*The following letter has been written by Mr. Dr. J. Gundelach for the readers of the LONDON MISSIONARY MAGAZINE :—*

"Sydney, July 13, 1833.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**T**HE interest in the new 'John Williams GUY' does not abate, but, as she sails from colony to colony, there are thousands anxious to see the vessel; and when they have been on board and inspected the ship, they go away, saying, 'What a beautiful missionary harp!' Many will think about her when she is far away among the interesting islands in the South Seas. Some will



pray to God for the ship, and the missionaries, and the natives to whom the missionaries are going to tell them of Jesus, who came to seek and save sinners. But I must tell you about the voyage of the missionary ship from Geelong to Hobart Town, and the manner in which the kind people there received the missionary party.

“The pilot was on board at Geelong on Tuesday morning, the 5th of June. Many Christian friends came down to the railway pier to see us leave. There was a very strong fair wind, and, after we had got away from the wharf and passed through a very narrow channel in Corio Bay, all sail was set, and the ship seemed to fly through the water. We soon got out to sea, and the pilot said ‘Good-bye,’ and went off in his boat, and left us to make our way through Bass’s Straits. We had a fine day on Wednesday. It was beautiful to look upon the green glassy waves as they came rolling alongside the ship, and towards evening we saw the outline of some of the Tasmanian mountains, which are very high. On Thursday, June 7, we got through Banks’s Straits, and were on the east side of Tasmania. Ben Lomond raised his lofty head, and was a prominent object at sea. On Thursday afternoon the sky looked angry, the barometer began to fall, and Captain Williams said, ‘We shall have a blow ;’ and he made all needful pre-



parations. Thursday night was very stormy, and on Friday the wind blew in terrible gusts : it increased to a hurricane, and only one small sail was set. It was very grand to look at the furious ocean, a day or two before so calm, but now raging with fury. The ' John Williams ' was tossed about very much, but she lifted her head to the rising waves, and she dashed the spray around her, and nobly battled with the storm. On Friday night all were startled in their beds by hearing a great crash. Some of the ladies gave a sharp scream, wondering what was the matter on deck, for the water came into the saloon. A sea broke over us. It tore a boat from its place, and dashed the bell from its fastenings, and broke the safe on the quarter-deck to pieces. The brave sailors soon gathered up the fragments, and secured the boat. Captain Williams was on deck, ready to meet any difficulty that might arise ; but, although the ship was tempest-tossed, all on board felt great confidence in the ship, and the captain and officers said, ' The ship was *behaving very well*.' On Saturday the gale abated. The wind blew from the north. We had plenty of sea-room, and therefore we were not afraid. The strength of the wind was equal to the gale which the ' John Williams ' encountered in the British Channel, when so many ships were lost, and when the steamship ' London ' foundered.



“ We were glad to see Maria Island on Saturday evening. On Sunday the sea was calm, but the wind was against us, and we had no prospect of getting to Hobart Town until the wind changed. We had a hallowed Sabbath. Two services were held on board ; and you would have been pleased could you have seen us in our worship in the saloon of your beautiful ship. Many of the sailors love Jesus, and we hope those who do not serve the Lord will be induced to give their hearts to Christ, that *all* the sailors may be the true followers of the Lamb.

“ On Monday and Tuesday we made little progress : the winds were light and contrary. We sighted Cape Pillar and saw Tasman’s Island. On Wednesday we got up Storm Bay, and the vessel was near the *Iron Pot*, the name of the lighthouse at the mouth of the beautiful river Derwent. We had a calm ; we drifted down the Storm Bay. The pilot came on board. He told us we were expected that evening at Hobart Town. The people were to have a tea-meeting to welcome the ship and the missionaries. He gave us a newspaper, and showed us the advertisement ; but it was of no use : the vessel would not sail without wind. The man did not see our signals on Mount Nelson, for he was unwell ; so we had to continue on board, admiring the bay and gazing on the snow-capped mountain-



of Tasmania. I had never seen so much snow since I left England, twenty-two years ago. Mount Wellington looked very grand early in the morning, as the golden rays of the sun fell on his white head; he looked like some venerable sage with silver locks and noble form, and we were ready to pay our respects to him, but could not get on shore. On Thursday we were becalmed, and some friends came to us in a steamboat, and took us to Hobart Town, leaving the 'John Williams' in the bay to wait for a wind. The venerable H. Hopkins, Esq., was on board the steamer. He is the tried friend of the London Missionary Society, in his eightieth year, yet his heart is warm and loving towards the good cause of Missions. He gave the new missionaries and their wives a hearty welcome, as he has done previous missionary bands visiting Hobart Town.

"We had a kind welcome when we got on shore. On Friday there was a public tea-meeting, and H. Hopkins, Esq., presided. The 'John Williams' got up to the wharf on Friday, the 15th June. On Sunday missionary sermons were preached; and during the time the 'John Williams' was at Hobart Town, thirteen days, missionary meetings were held in various places, children and their parents visited the ship, and great Christian kindness was shown to all the missionaries.



“One gentleman presented a very valuable telescope for the Institution for native teachers in the Society Group.

“Some of you remember that there was a house on the deck of the ‘John Williams’ for a cow, but there was no inmate for it when the vessel left England. At Hobart Town we made known our wants, and the Rev. W. Law, once a missionary in Samoa, but now a minister in Tasmania, said to some friends, ‘The missionaries ought to have a cow.’ A kind gentleman and his wife said, ‘Get a cow, and we will pay for it;’ and before the missionary ship left Hobart Town, through the liberality of the Hon. P. O. Fysh, Esq., M.L.C., a cow was obtained to occupy the nice house built before the ship departed from Aberdeen.

“The valedictory service was held on board on Monday, the 25th June. The deck was crowded with people. Several ministers took part in the service. Prayer was offered; a hymn was sung, composed for the occasion by a friend of Missions in Hobart Town, and two addresses were given, and then many said ‘Farewell’ to the missionaries. The ship did not sail until the 28th June, owing to the illness of the captain.

“Our voyage to Sydney and our reception there must be left for another letter.—Your friend,

“J. P. SUNDERLAND.”



## LOVE YOUR BIBLE.

A negro slave, who had been taught to read by Mr. Wray, called at his house about two years after. He had so far lost the use of his sight as to be quite unable to read his Bible. Concerning this man Mr. Wray wrote as follows:—"I think I never heard of a person expressing greater desire to read the Bible. He calls it his meat, his drink, his all. He says, 'If I had a bad wife, a bad master, a bad house, and only a plantation to eat, and water to drink, it would be to me as nothing, if I could only see to read my precious Bible.' He has, however, read some parts of it so often that he can repeat them, but he says, for want of being able to see, he begins to forget some words, and so loses the meaning. I was deeply affected, but greatly rejoiced that the poor man felt such sincere love to the Word of God." Have you a Bible? Do you love it? Have you sight to read what God has written therein? Then be thankful to God, and re-  
mains—

O To love your Bible more,  
And take a real delight  
By day to read its precious words,  
And meditate its truth—



Rejoicing that they were counted worthy  
to suffer for Christ's sake.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH!



The Glorious Army of Martyrs Praise Thee.

These thro' fiery trials trod,  
These from great affliction came,  
Now in peace, they rest with God,  
Seal'd with His Almighty name.

THE PICTURE FRAME.

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## Serving the Lord.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
In this life's little day ;  
To spread around the "joyful sound,"  
As those forgiven may ;  
To tell His loving kindness,  
His promises so true ;  
To urge the young, that they may come,  
And trust this Saviour too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,  
For Him who loved, and gave  
Himself for us, an offering thus  
Our ruined souls to save.  
Glad service we would render,  
For grace so rich and free ;  
Yet, Lord, we mourn that we have borne  
So little fruit to Thee.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—  
Oh ! weary not of this,  
But onward press with cheerfulness,  
Though rough the pathway is.  
Hold on, unmoved and patient,  
Till He shall call thee home,  
With joy to stand at God's right hand,  
To serve before the throne.







